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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS COMICS

#11

**100
PAGES!**
**52 IN FULL
COLOR!**

**NEW
ARTISTS!**

DIEGO GRECO

**AL AZIF
& MORR**

STARRING:

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RYP & BROOKS

ATILIO & IVAN

ANDROS

DE HARO

FEROCIUS

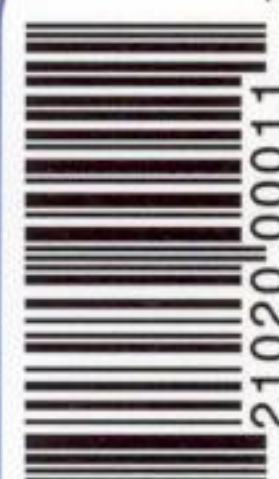
ALVARO

ARINO

MAN

NOE

**XXX RATED
HARDCORE
ACTION!**



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Editorial

JUST DON'T STOP

Over the last few years, therapy groups with the aim of curing so-called sex addicts have appeared in certain films and books. These groups, one supposes, offer help to members of both sexes whose libidos are so out of control they pass the entire day thinking about getting laid. No, we aren't talking about rapists or child molesters or anything like that. These people are of the most everyday sort, but they have a marked tendency to give themselves over to below-the-belt pleasures more easily than most: plumbers who after fixing the pipes lay the pipe with the receptionist, journalists who veer off from their daily reports to beat off in a public bathroom, construction workers who take advantage when the foreman isn't looking to screw their girlfriends behind the cement mixer. Yeah, a group of people with sex on the brain who meet up to kick the in-n-out addiction offer a starting point in a sea of juicy details for creating stories filled with unbridled passion, sentimental doubts, infidelities, blame, pangs of guilt...In short, all the ingredients necessary for a fun situation comedy or for heartbreaking drama.

Surely that's why we've come to think that these groups of people are nothing more than fiction created to relate colorful tales. Well, truth is, they aren't. They really exist, which leads us to the next question: why find a solution for the problem of controlling desire when it's so pleasurable to just let it go? But above all, the question is: Why would you want to rid yourself

of a vice when fucking is one of the healthiest hobbies in this crappy life?

Answer: There's no telling. While we wait for someone to give us a clue, we'll enjoy the gorgeous women of Noe, Ferocius, Greco and all the other artists who are part of this *French Kiss*, 'cause in just a few hours some flesh and blood women will come our way, and the party will go on.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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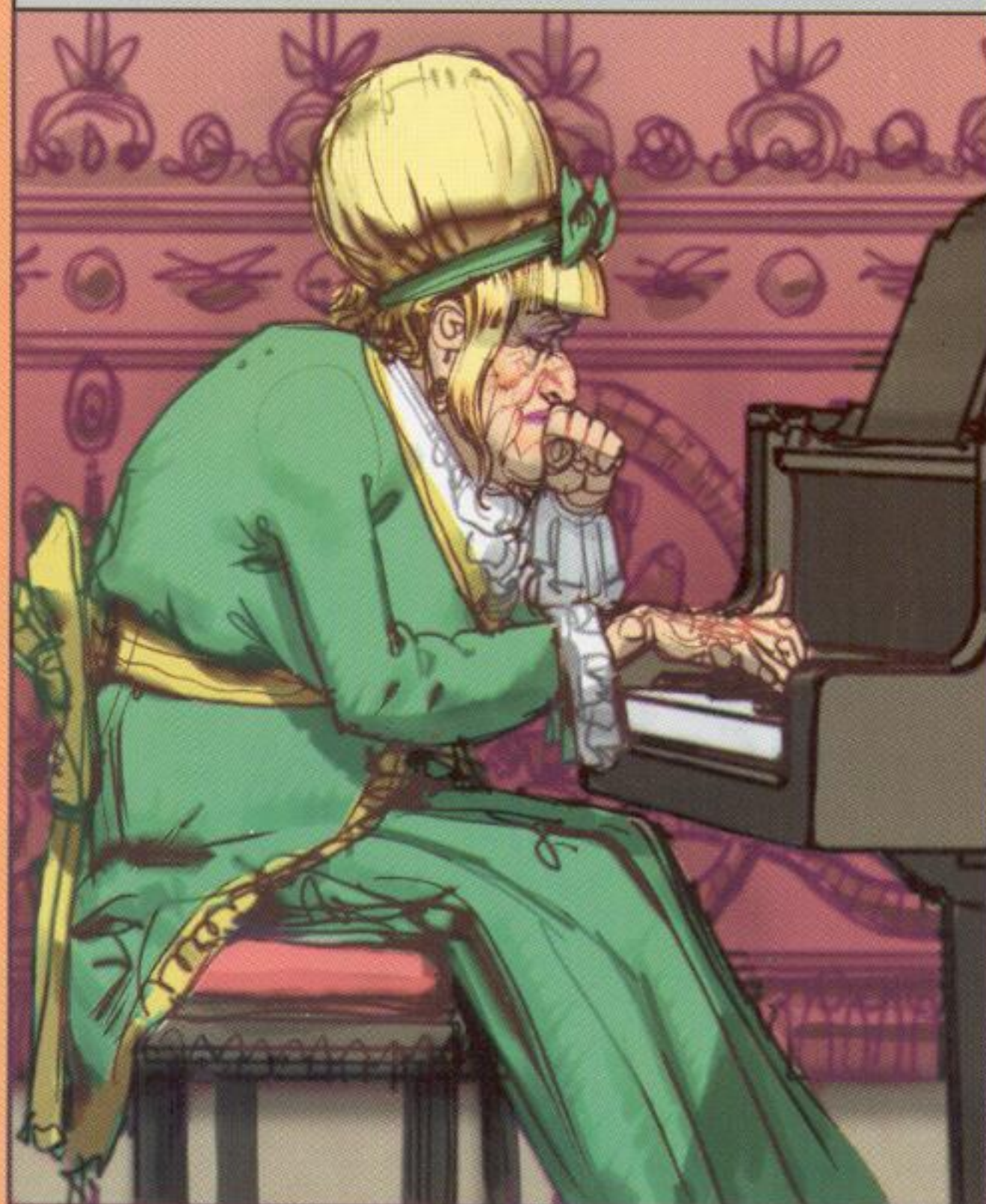


The Piano Tuner and the Old Folks



IT WAS AT KLARA KISS'S CONCERT. SHE WAS THE BEST INTERPRETER OF THE PYROTECHNIC COMPOSITIONS OF COUNT SANDOR KISS, HER LATE HUSBAND. HE HAD HIS MOMENT OF GLORY DECADES BEFORE, BUT TODAY HE'S ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, EXCEPT BY HIS FANATICAL FOLLOWERS OF THE PAST.

MY DAD ADMIRED HIM AND PROUDLY KEPT A SCORE SIGNED BY THE COUNT. AFTER MY DAD DIED, I CONTINUED GOING TO KLARA'S CONCERTS, WHERE SHE PLAYED IN THE SAME ACROBATIC STYLE.



I WAS PART OF THE AUDIENCE, THERE TO REMEMBER MY DAD AND TO KEEP A SECRET PROMISE...



...MY DAD HAD ASKED ME TO GET KLARA'S AUTOGRAPH, SOMETHING HE ALWAYS WANTED BUT WASN'T ABLE TO GET.





CHANN!!!



UGG!!

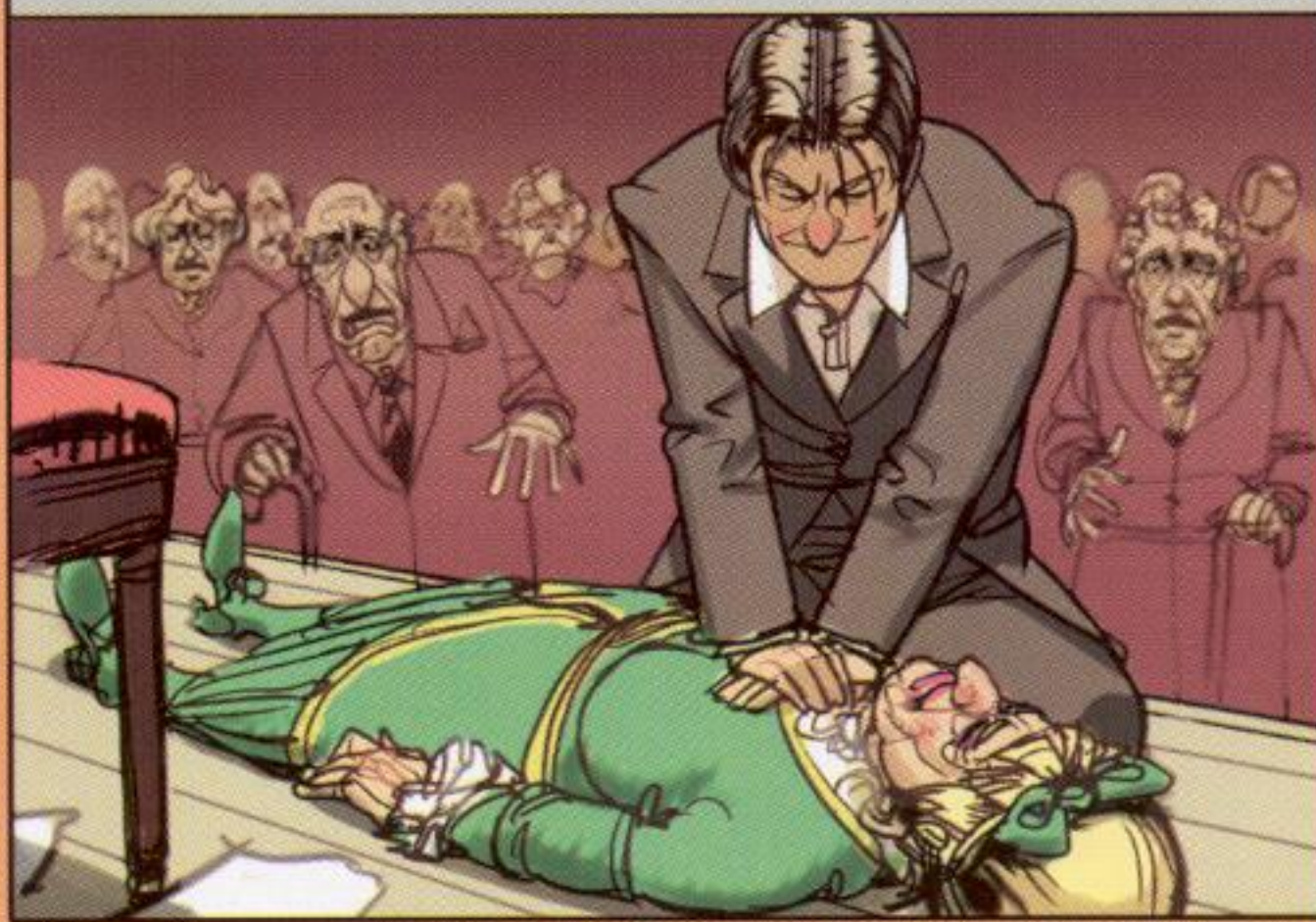
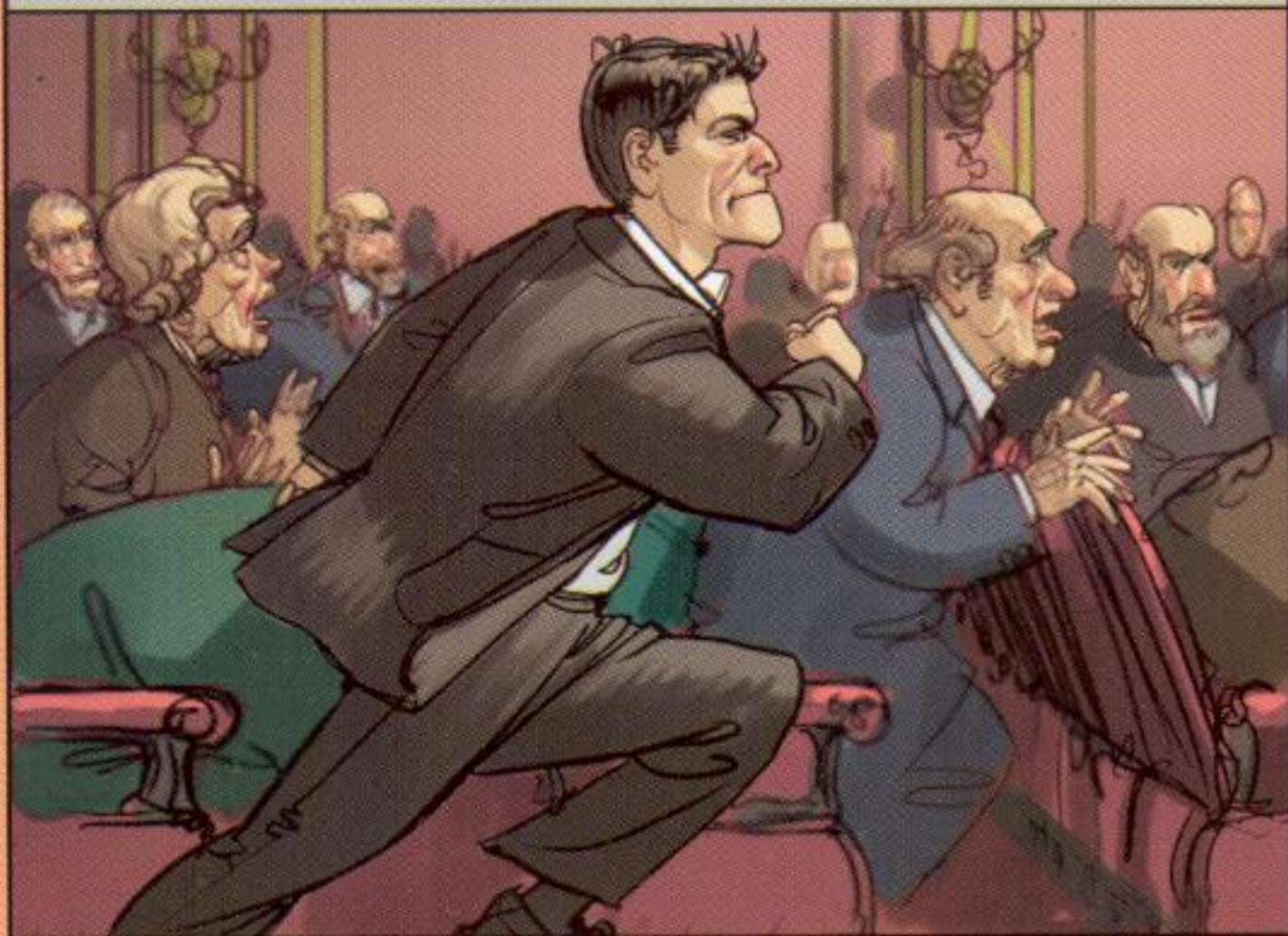


PUM!

GGGGGGGGGG.....

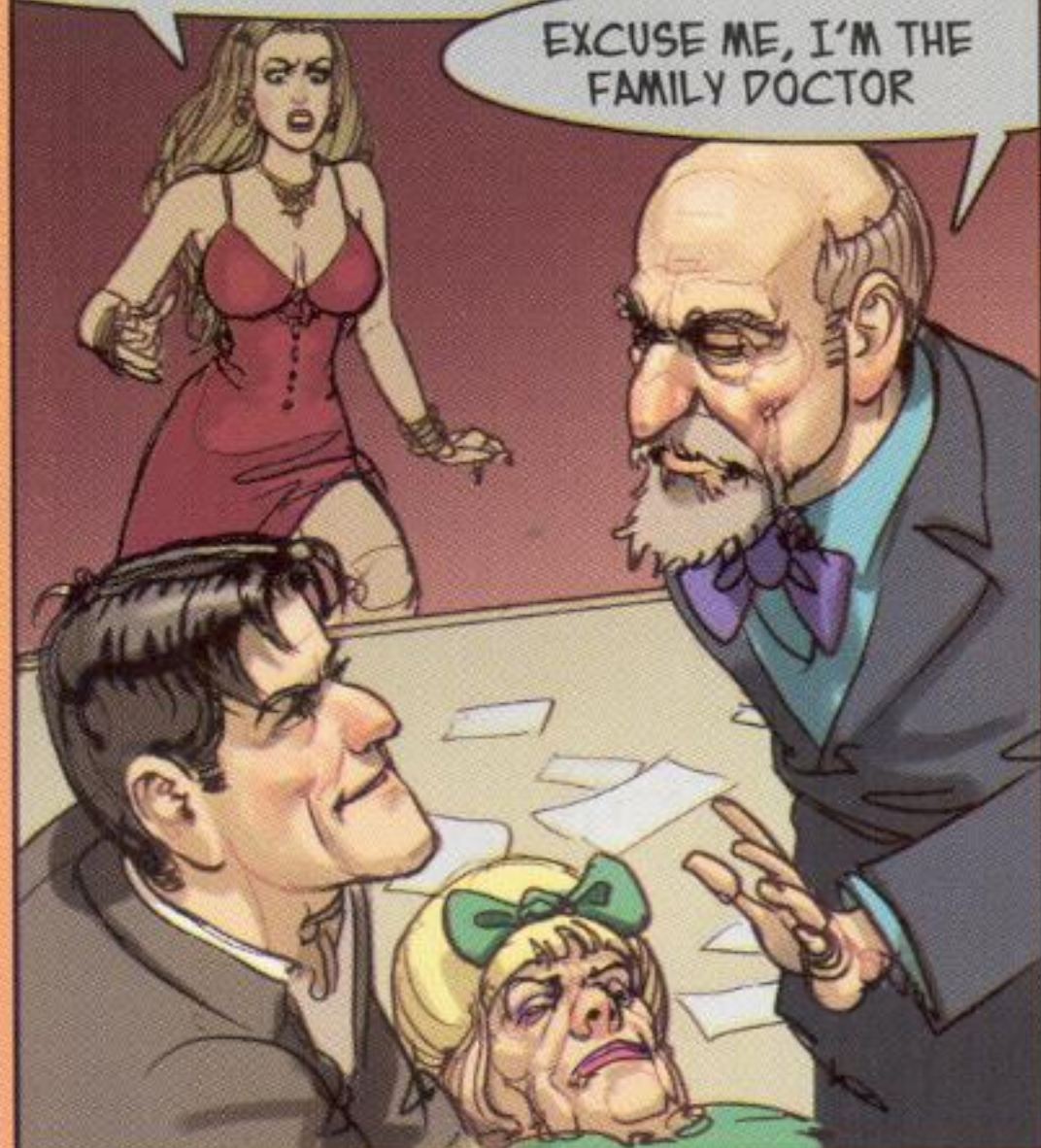
WHEN I SAW THAT NO ONE WAS MOVING, I RAN TO THE STAGE FROM THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM TO HELP HER. I WAS SURPRISED BY EVERYONE'S INDIFFERENCE.

I GAVE HER CHEST COMPRESSIONS—COMMON SENSE AND TV HELPED ME MAKE THE DIAGNOSIS THAT SHE NEEDED THEM. I COULD SEE A WAVE OF OLD FOLKS DESPERATE TO HELP, SLOWLY STUMBLING TOWARDS THEIR ADORED ARTIST.

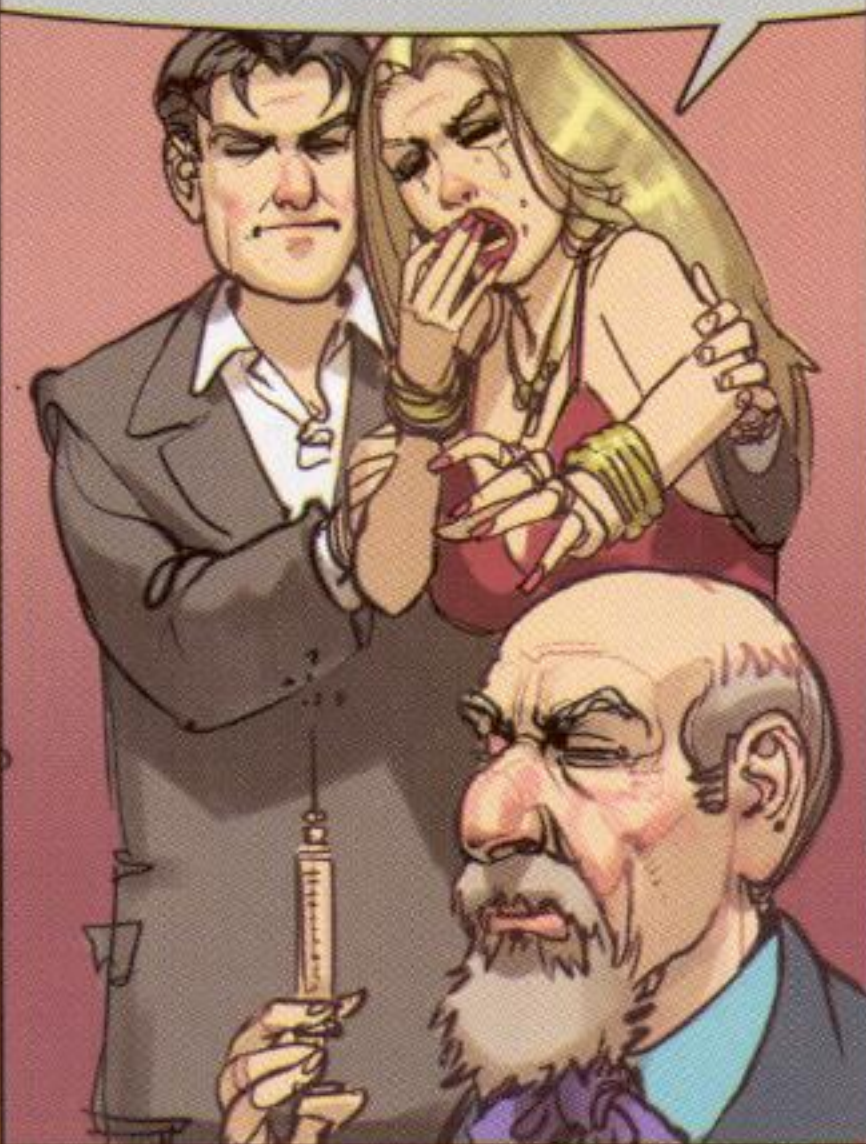


AUNTIE! AUNTIE! NOOO!!

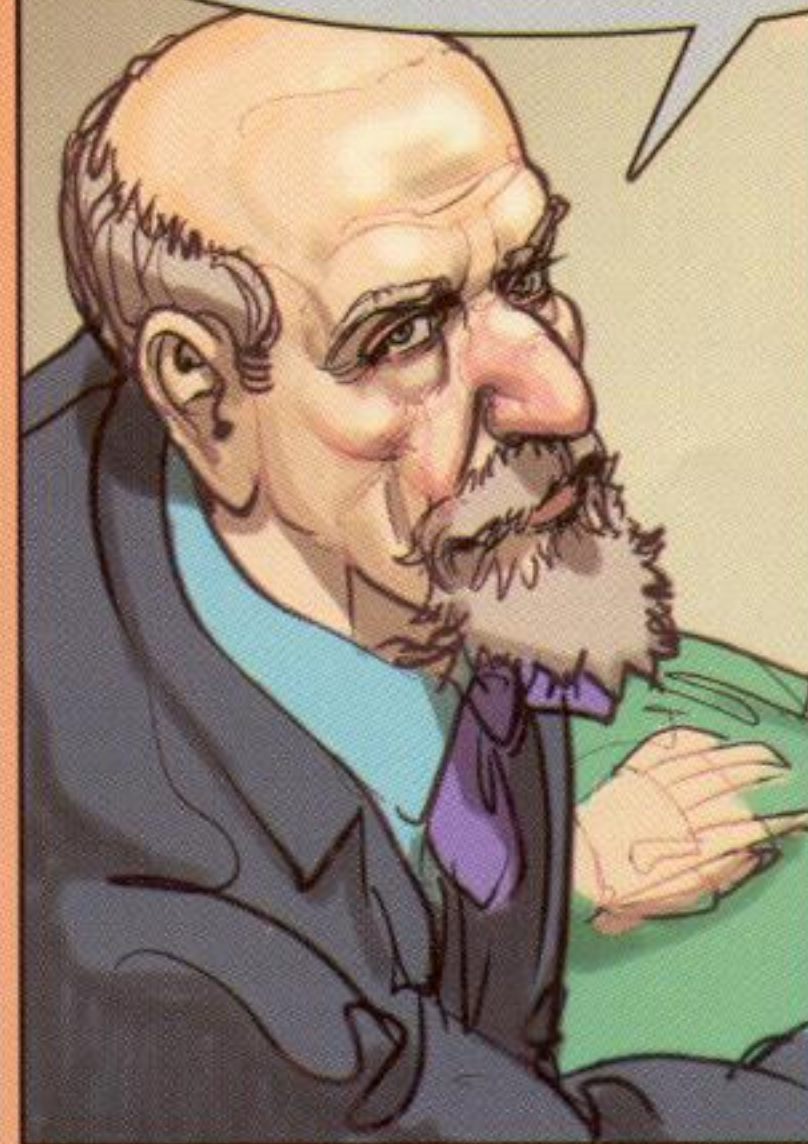
EXCUSE ME, I'M THE FAMILY DOCTOR



I TOLD YOU NOT TO DO THE CONCERT! I TOLD YOU!



SHE'LL BE OK. LET'S TAKE HER HOME, ALANA.





I ASSURE YOU THAT IF IT WEREN'T FOR MARIANO, THERE IN THE NICK OF TIME, KLARA WOULDN'T BE WITH US.



THANK YOU, MARIANO, YOU SAVED MY LIFE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

PLEASE, IT WASN'T ANYTHING.



I BEG YOU, PLEASE LET ME DO SOMETHING FOR YOU...

OKAY...COULD YOU AUTOGRAPH THE SCORE OF BALTIC RHAPSODY? IT WOULD MEAN A LOT TO ME.



WHAT A STRANGE REQUEST, ESPECIALLY COMING FROM SOMEONE SO YOUNG.

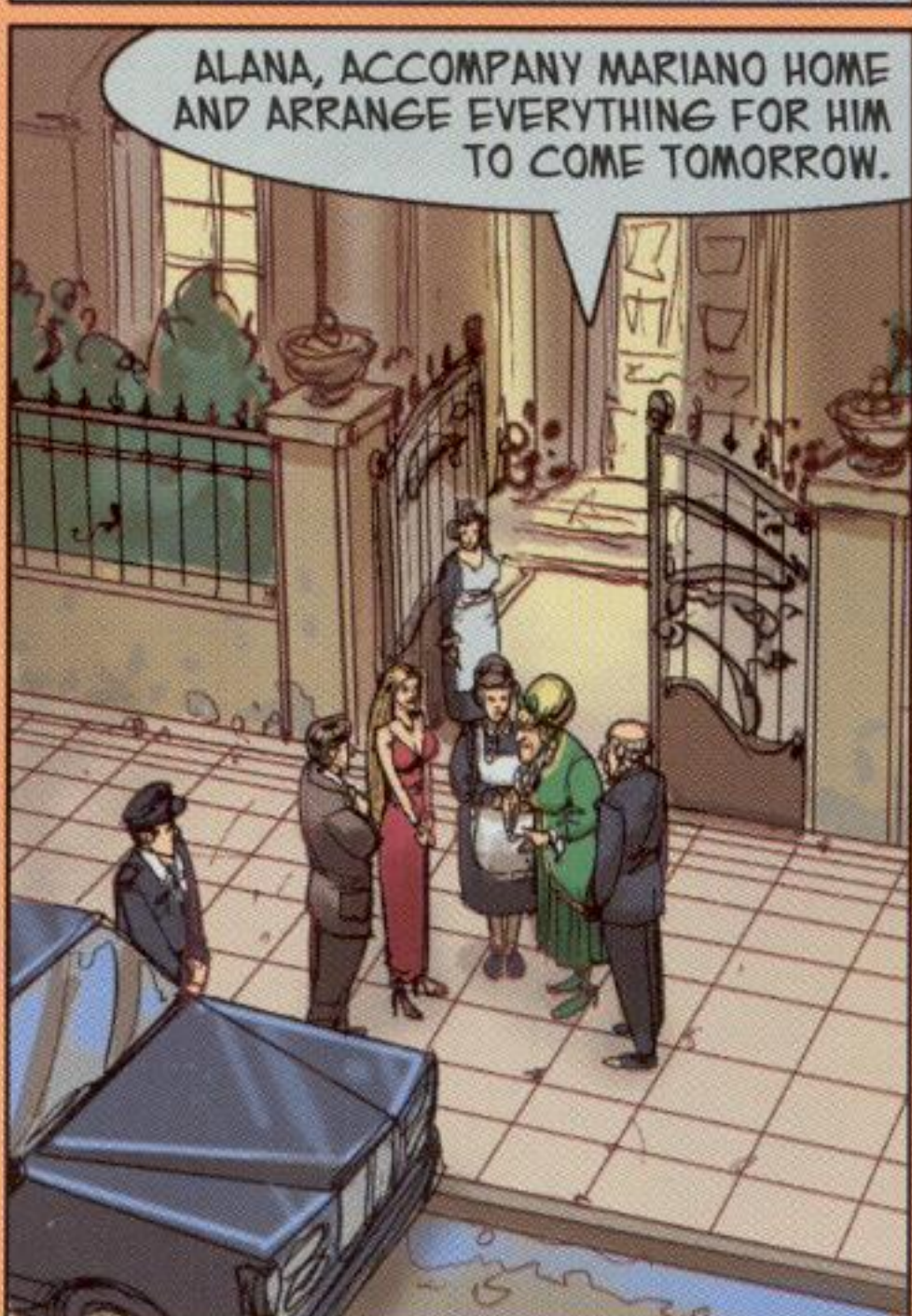
MY FATHER WAS A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND. I KNOW HE WOULD HAVE REALLY LIKED HAVING YOUR AUTOGRAPH NEXT TO THE COUNT'S.



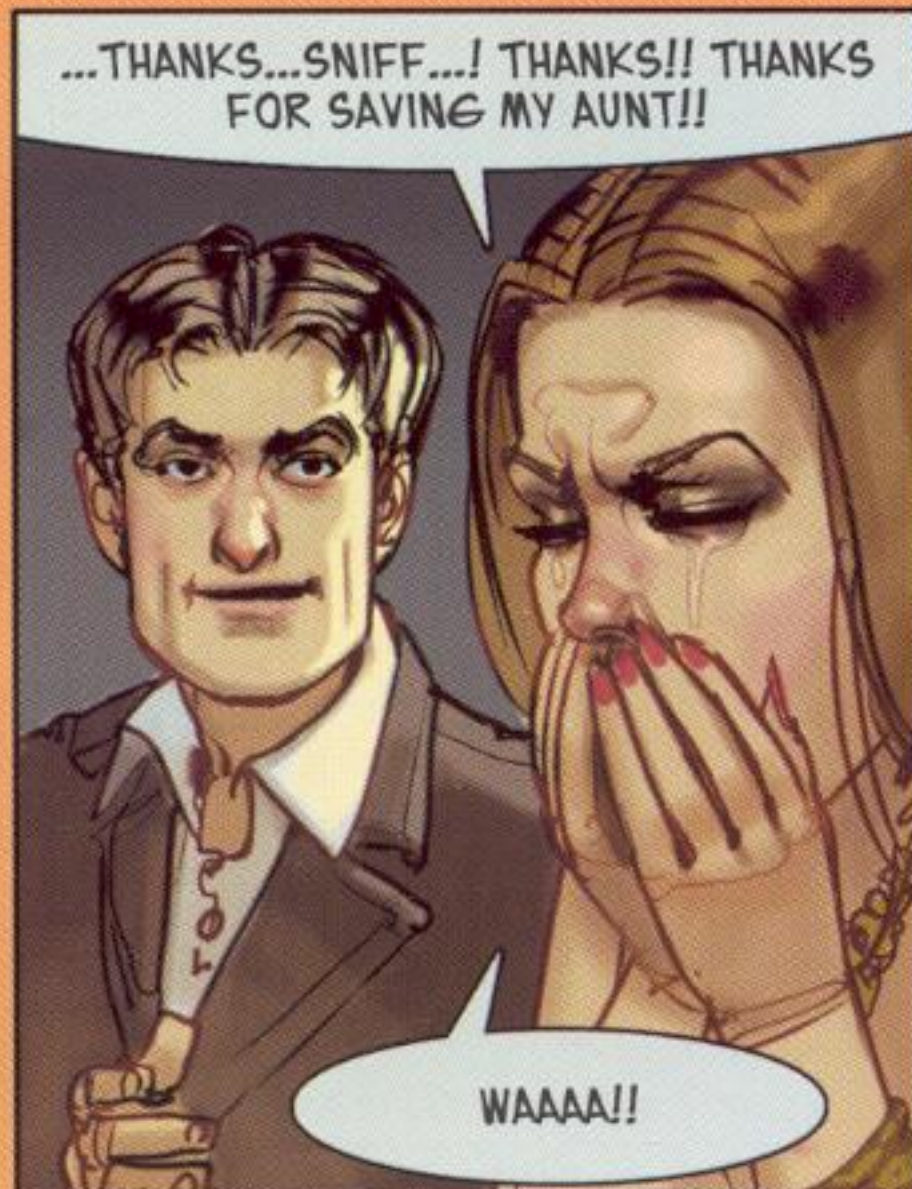
WAS YOUR DAD A MUSICIAN?

JUST AN AMATEUR. HE WAS ACTUALLY A TUNER. I INHERITED HIS POSITION.

YOU'RE A TUNER? STUPENDOUS! JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!



ALANA, ACCOMPANY MARIANO HOME AND ARRANGE EVERYTHING FOR HIM TO COME TOMORROW.

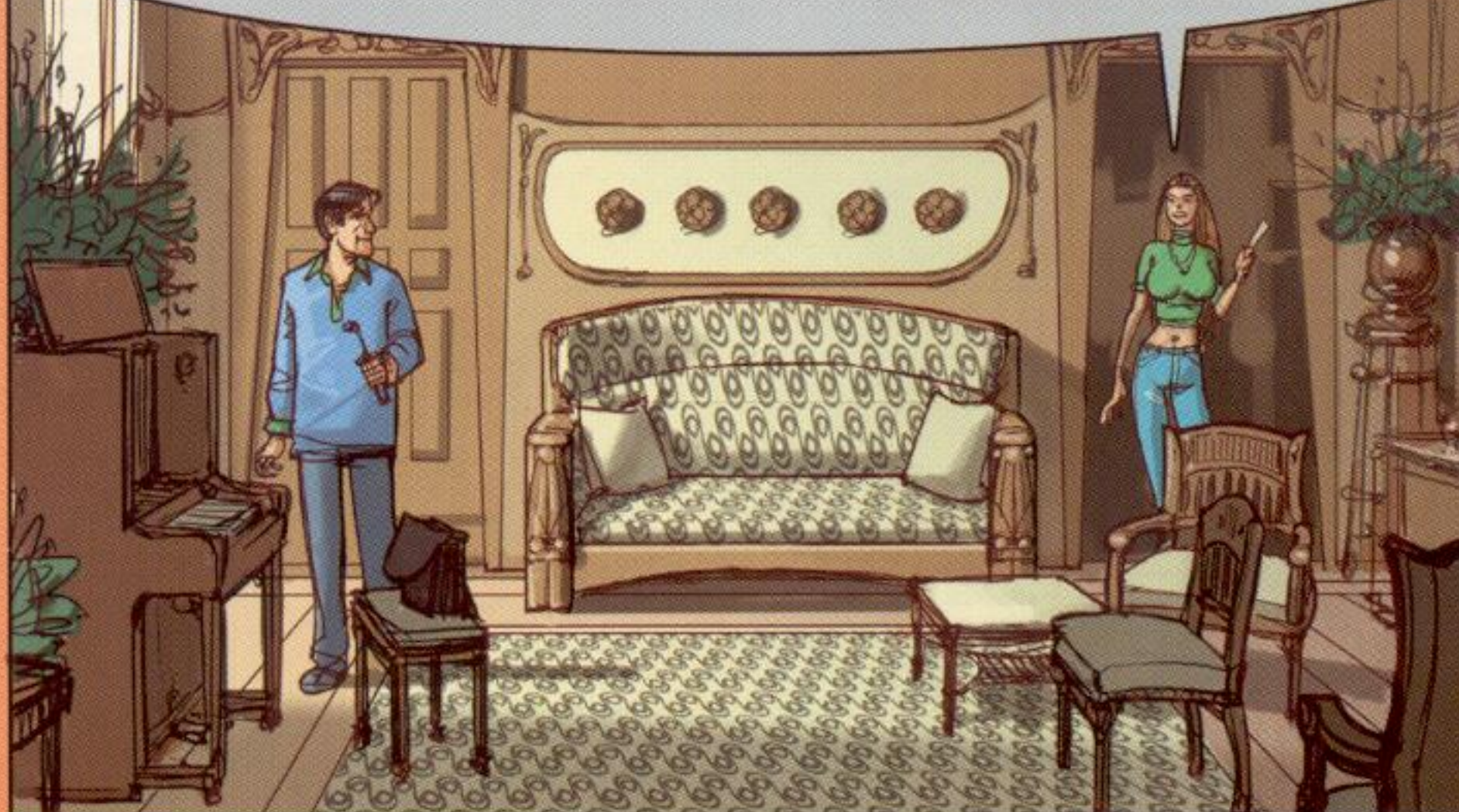


Chap!
Chom
Chap!
Chom

SPIOSHH!!

THE NEXT DAY I WAS WORKING AS WE'D AGREED. NO ONE WAS THERE AND THE MAID SHOWED ME THE PIANO. THEN ALANA SUDDENLY ARRIVED...

HI, MARIANO. MY AUNT WAS WITH THE DOCTOR, HAVING A FEW TESTS DONE. BUT SHE LEFT ME A CHECK FOR YOUR HELP. I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.



HEY! THIS IS TOO MUCH!



BETTER THAT WAY.
KEEP WORKING. SEE
YOU LATER.

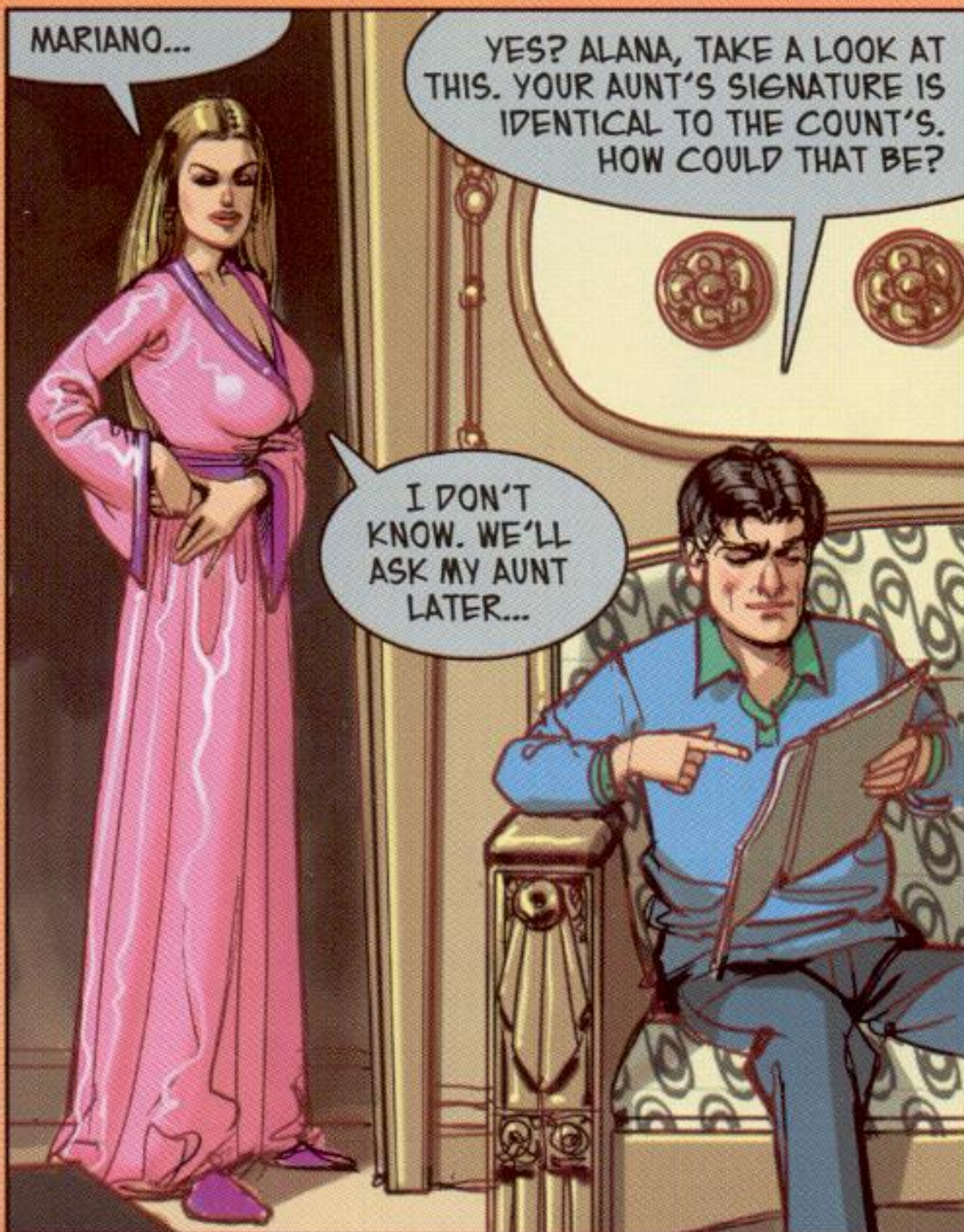
WHEN I SAW THE CHECK, IT WASN'T JUST THE NUMBERS THAT SURPRISED ME. THE SIGNATURE THAT KLARA HAD LEFT ON THE CHECK WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE SHE WROTE ON THE SCORE.



WHEN I LOOKED AT THE SCORE, I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THAT THE COUNT'S SIGNATURE FROM FORTY YEARS EARLIER WAS NEARLY IDENTICAL TO HIS WIDOW'S FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.



MARIANO.





Flop!
Flop!
Flop!
Flop!

AV!
AV!
AV!

OH!
OH!

AV!
AV!

Flop! Flop! Flop! Flop!

AV!

OHH!!

Splosv!

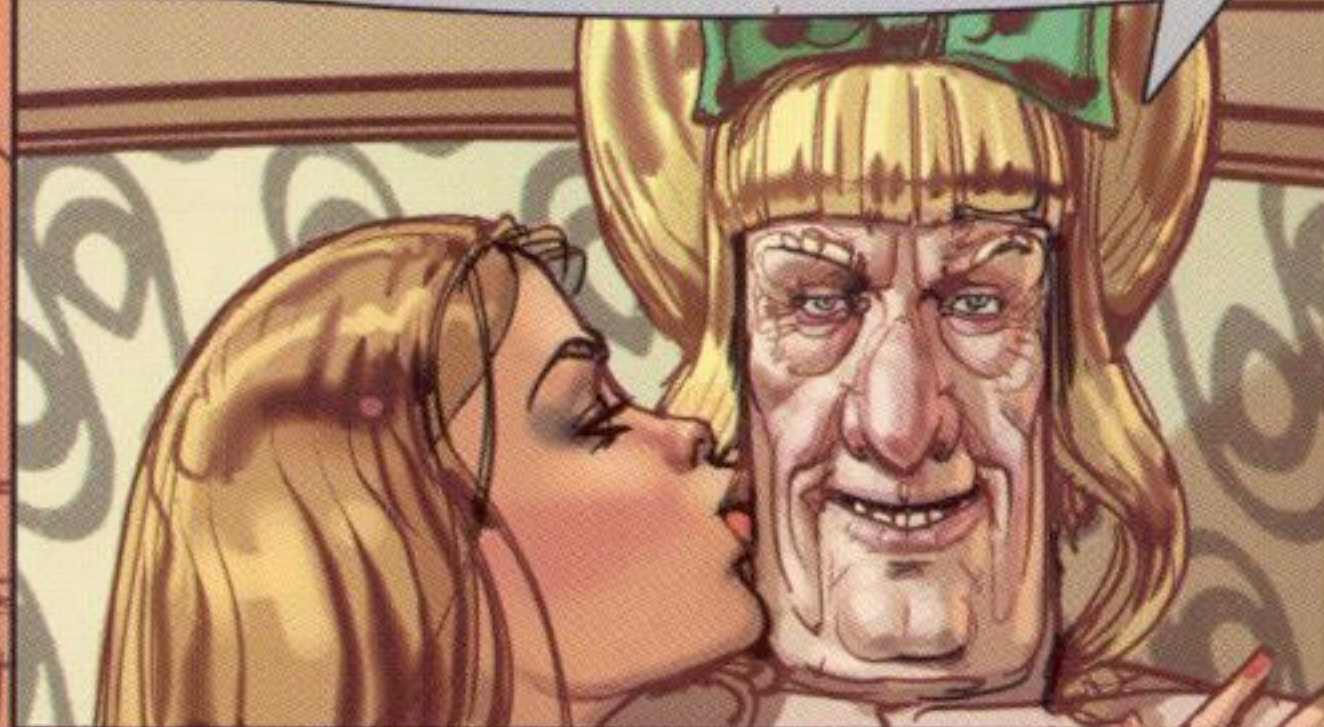
YOU'RE VERY OBSERVANT, MARIANO. YOU DESERVE AN EXPLANATION WHY THE SIGNATURES ARE THE SAME...

I'M COUNT SANDOR KISS. I WAS SO DISTURBED YESTERDAY I FORGOT TO CHANGE MY SIGNATURE.

MY LIFE CHANGED THE DAY THAT KLARA BROUGHT HER NIECE, ALANA, TO LIVE WITH US.

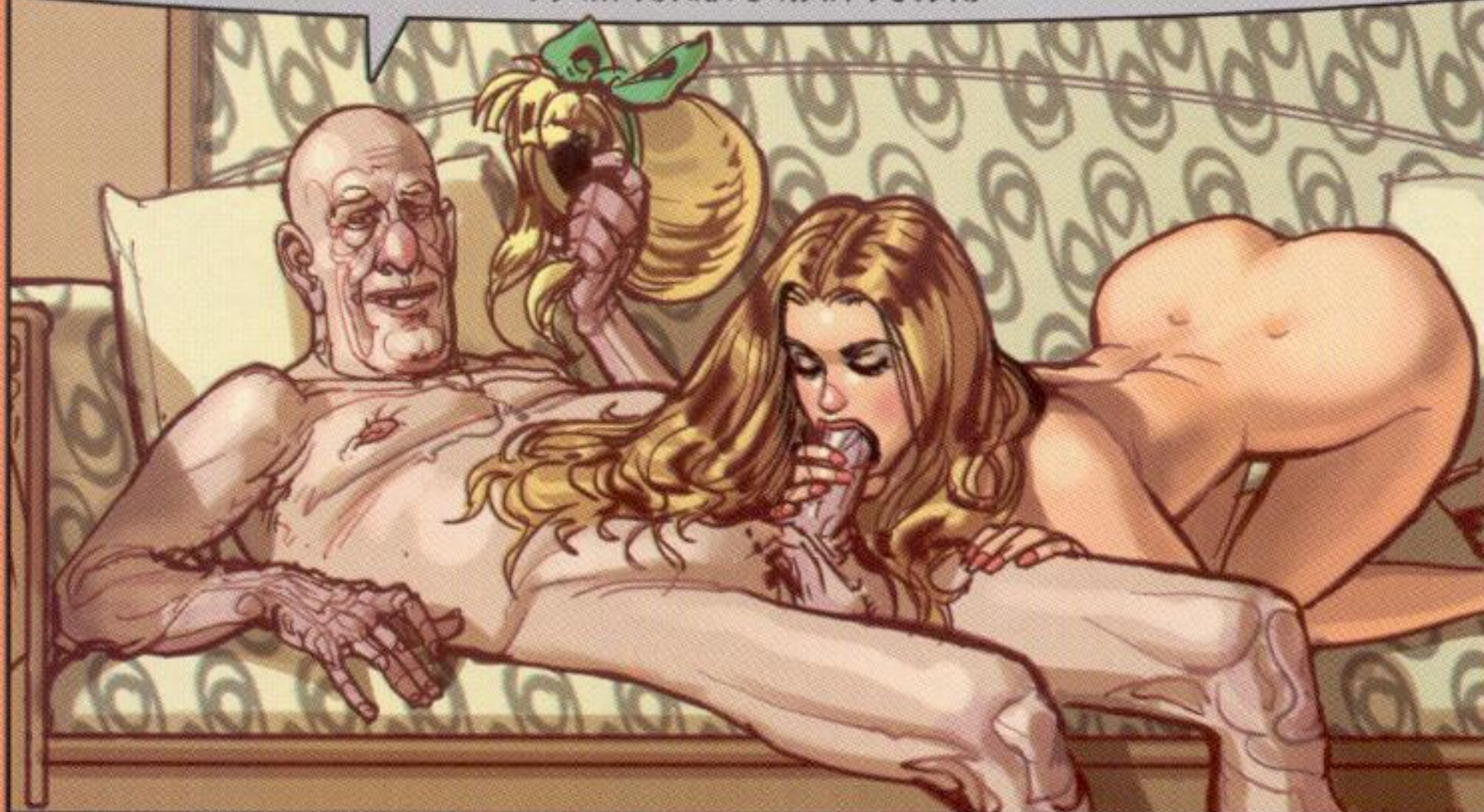
B...BUT... BUT...!!

A DEEP LOVE GREW BETWEEN US. WE WERE INSEPARABLE. BUT WE FELT EQUALLY HAPPY AND TRAPPED. WE WERE AFRAID THAT SOMEONE WOULD FIND OUT ABOUT US AND WE KNEW THAT NO ONE WOULD ACCEPT OUR RELATIONSHIP. WHEN WE COULDN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER, KLARA SUDDENLY PASSED AWAY.



AND SO I ACTED QUICKLY: I HID HER DEATH AND TOOK OVER HER IDENTITY. THEN I FAKED MY OWN DEATH. THAT WAY, I COULD LIVE WITH ALANA, AVOIDING ANY SUSPICION. IT WAS A HUGE PRICE TO PAY BUT I'D PAY IT AGAIN A THOUSAND TIMES TO BE WITH HER.

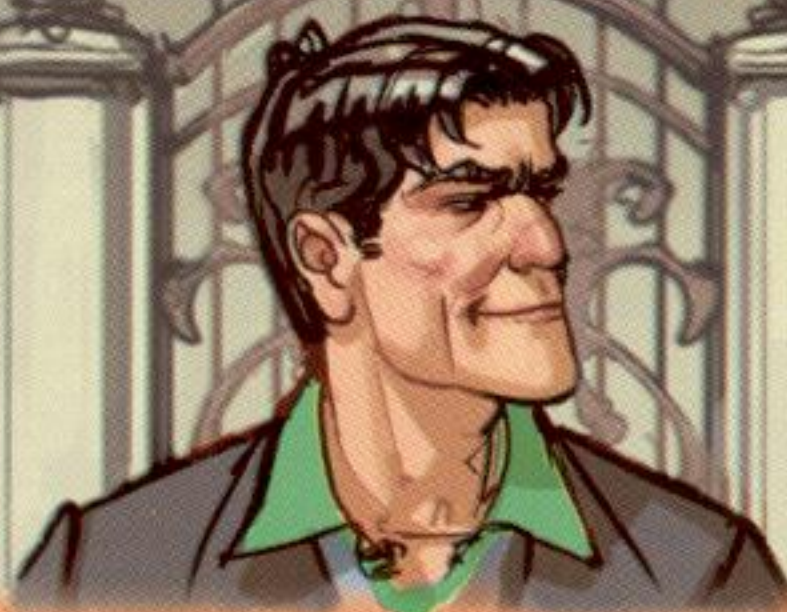
MARIANO, I'M OLD AND SICK AND MY GIRL OCCASIONALLY NEEDS SOME YOUTHFUL VIGOR...YESTERDAY, WHEN WE MET, WE IMMEDIATELY AGREED ABOUT WHO WOULD BE MY ALANA'S NEXT LOVER.



THANKS! YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND YOU MADE HERS MORE PLEASURABLE. ALANA ALREADY GAVE YOU THE CHECK. YOU MAY LEAVE NOW...



A STRANGE SENSATION RAN THROUGH MY BODY. I FELT USED, BUT I WASN'T QUITE OFFENDED. REMEMBERING ALANA'S BODY SOOTHED ANY WOUNDS. I DIDN'T TAKE THE CHECK, NOR DID I TUNE THE PIANO.



brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals...



XXX SPECIAL Patrick Collins Sex, Booties and Hot Girls

Our special guest this month is a country boy who looks like he's been eating and living well. He's also a chunk of 90s American porn history. Director, producer, actor and discoverer of sizzling hot starlets, Patrick Collins is the guy totally responsible for the legendary saga *Sodomania* and founder of the production companies Evil Angel and of late, in the 90s, *Elegant Angel*.

We met up at the latest AVN awards ceremony and we didn't miss a beat nailing down this little interview.

FRENCH KISS: You're famous for being a little dirty, very wild...

PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) Well, in porn I've always done what appealed to me the most, although I've always had to keep myself to certain norms of censorship that exist in hardcore American porn and chap my balls a little. At any rate, if I want to work with trannies or if I want to shoot a fisting scene, I do. Other than that, what I really like are girls, the prettier, the better. And anal sex, too.

FRENCH KISS: And girls' feet!

PATRICK COLLINS: Of course! They drive me crazy! But not all of them...some are sexy, some aren't. I'm really demanding about what turns me on!



THE ASS KING

FRENCH KISS: For many years, you've worked side by side with John Stagliano...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah. I met him at the end of the 80s, when he entrusted me with running the distribution and production sides of *Evil Angel*. We're great friends and we've had a great time working together for more than fifteen years.

FRENCH KISS: You've created a porn empire around you, distributing movies by daring and different directors...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah, and I'm really proud of that. Gregory Dark, Rocco Siffredi, John Leslie, Bruce Seven, Bionca, Tianna, Stagliano himself... we're almost all friends and we make the porn we like, that we enjoy...and we get off on it!

FRENCH KISS: Did you think you'd get so far in the porn industry?



PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) No, never. *Elegant Angel* started as a small business to make the sort of porn we liked watching...and also because I've always loved hot, sexy women. All my life I've surrounded myself with things that excite me...Fortunately, there's a lot of people in the world who like what I do, so *Elegant Angel* has done well.

FRENCH KISS: What's the difference between *Evil Angel* and *Elegant Angel*?

PATRICK COLLINS: *Elegant Angel* was created to give young directors a chance. We'd already done our work, and we had to find new people. And there are lots of them. Like *Rob Black*, for example.

FRENCH KISS: Along with Thomas Zupko he's one of my favorites. *Shooting Gallery* is really good...

PATRICK COLLINS: (laughs) Yeah, the two of them are a little crazy, but very imaginative. At times they get a little out of hand.

“The thing I love most about porn is that it lets me live like a king!”

THE HOTTEST GIRLS

FRENCH KISS: What do you like most about porn?

PATRICK COLLINS: That it lets me live like a king! (Laughs) No, just kidding...the truth is that I can't complain about my standard of living, but the best thing is that I've fucked incredible women.

FRENCH KISS: Which ones are your favorites?

PATRICK COLLINS: I like a bunch of them...right now, Hungarians are really hot. They've got a special charm. Of the ones from a while ago, *Tiffany Minx*, *Elle Rio*, *Sofia Ferrari*... that type of girl who really likes sex. You can always tell that when you're filming, and it's fantastic.

FRENCH KISS: Talking about actresses, you were one of the first American directors to shoot in Europe, why?

PATRICK COLLINS: For the reason I just told you: I love European girls. My first movie was shot in Budapest. Since then I've been in love with Hungarian, Romanian, Czech girls...they're special. I've worked with *Anita Blond*, *Anita Dark*, *Erika Bella*... they're special women, some of the sexiest I've ever known in my life! And I've known plenty of them!

ROCCO THE MAGNIFICENT

FRENCH KISS: With regard to guys, who do you like the most?

PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) I like guys who really fuck, who live it... And so, there's no doubt about it: **Rocco Siffredi**. It's always a spectacle to see him in action, it's impressive. I've been a friend of his for more than fifteen years, and I can assure you that he loves his work. He lives every movie that he shoots 100%. That's why they're so hot and fans of hardcore sex. I also like **Ron Jeremy** because he's a horndog. He's a real icon and the whole world knows him. Whenever I go to a party, there's Ron Jeremy!

FRENCH KISS: You've worked with young, unknown actors...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah. I like working with new talents. Especially women... I also keep an eye out occasionally for guys, like in Spain, **Toni Ribas** and **Nacho Vidal**. Toni's directed various series as a director for my production company, such as *Hardcore Innocence* and *Leg Love*. He's a good guy and he really cares about everything he does. He's starting out as a director, and he isn't too bad at all. And of course, **Nacho Vidal**. He's very passionate, like **Rocco**. Now he's a big star, one of the best in the world.

FRENCH KISS: Well, that's it, thanks alot...

PATRICK COLLINS: Thank you, let's see if you get some more ass!

"The actor I like the most is Rocco Siffredi. It's always such a show to see him in action. It's impressive."

BASIC PATRICK COLLINS

These are the essential films of this worldwide king of porn:

1992

Buttwoman Back in Budapest

1993

Anal Diary of Misty Rain
Bottom Dweller

1996

Double Anal Alternatives

1995

Coming of Nikita

1998

Sodomania Slot Shots
Bunghole Harlots 2

1999

Big Babies in Budapest
Sodomania 30
Sodomania Gangbang Edition
Sodomania Orgies
Cumback Pussy 25

2000

Bruce Seven's Favorite Endings
Slut Woman
Welcome to Chloeville 2
Buttwoman Does Budapest

2001

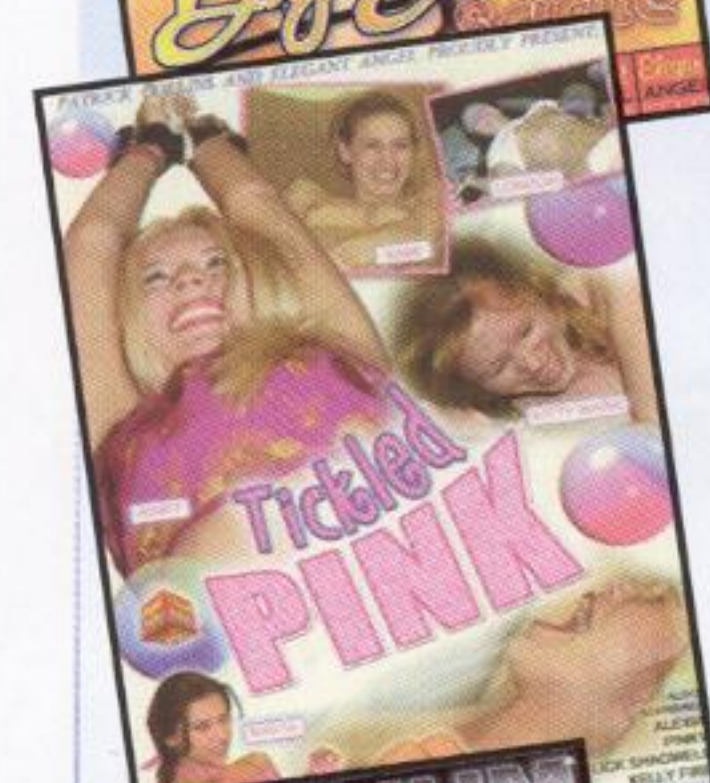
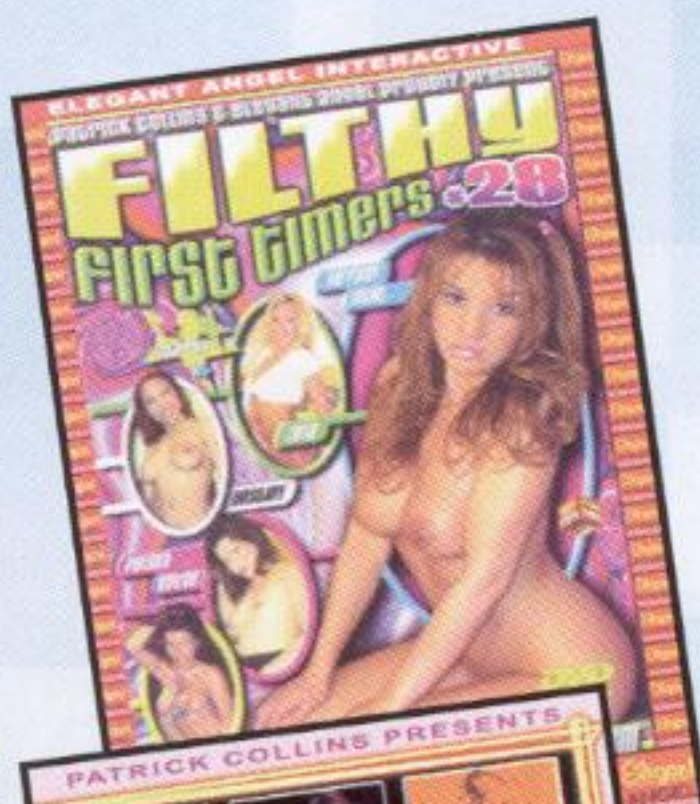
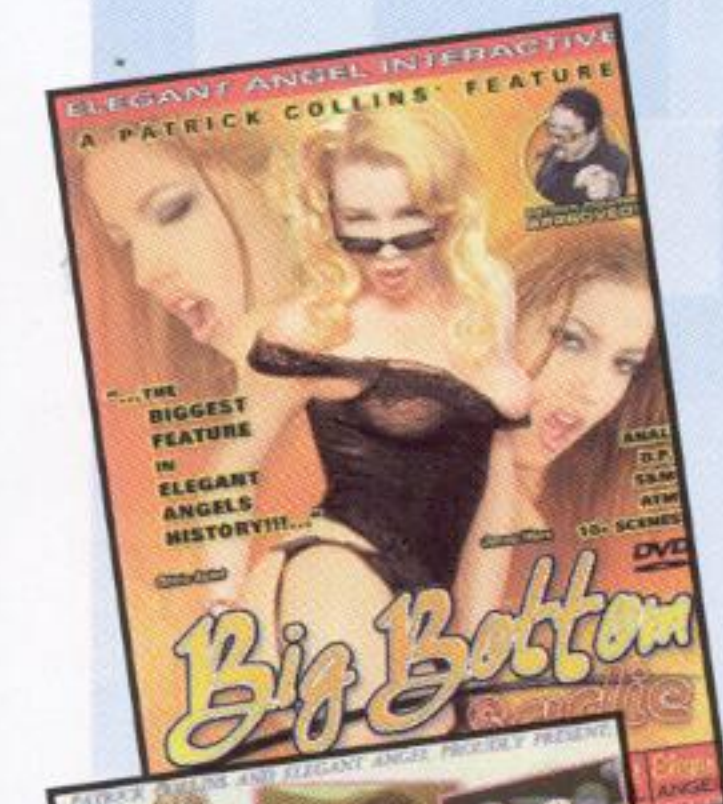
Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio 12
Gangbang Angels 19
Bottom Dweller 5
Sodomania 35
Buttwoman Iz Bella
Female Orgasms
Tickled Pink
Freakazoids 2

2002

Nikki Takes a Trip
Lingerie Orgies
Big Bottom Sadie

2003

100% Strap On
Super Freaks Collection



• BUDDIES •

by Atilio Gambedotti & Ivan Guevara





IT'S BEEN LIGHT FOR HOURS. YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK... TONIGHT WE'RE HAVING DINNER.



GREAT! A ROMANTIC EVENING... THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER WOMAN IN MY LIFE.

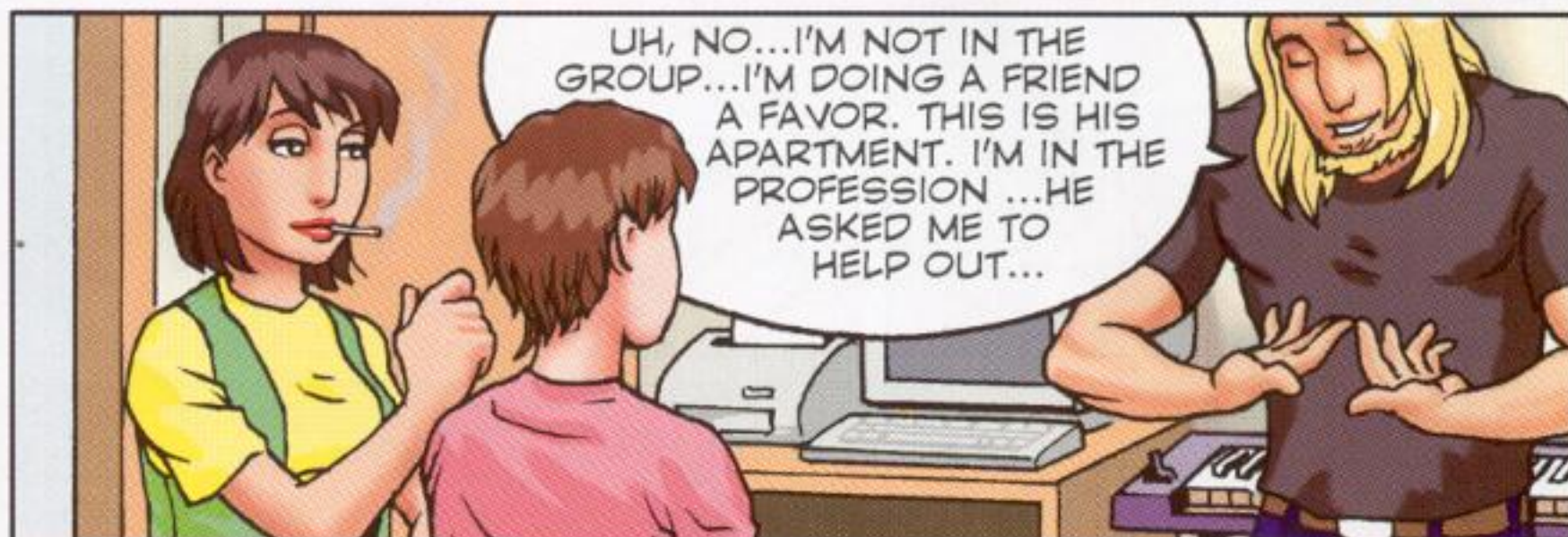
SURE... ONCE I GET TO KNOW YOU...



THAT NIGHT AT PABLO'S PLACE...

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE GIRLS... WE NEED THREE BACKUP SINGERS, SO YOU BOTH HAVE A CHANCE AT GETTING INTO THE GROUP.

YOU'RE THE KEYBOARD PLAYER THAT RAN THE AD?



UH, NO... I'M NOT IN THE GROUP... I'M DOING A FRIEND A FAVOR. THIS IS HIS APARTMENT. I'M IN THE PROFESSION... HE ASKED ME TO HELP OUT...



UHH... I'M NOT ON THE CD JACKET, BECAUSE I'M... A PRODUCER... YEAH! I'M AN IMPORTANT MUSIC PRODUCER... THE BIG COMPANIES USUALLY CALL ME TO DO THEIR ARRANGEMENTS... OF COURSE EVERYTHING I TOUCH IS A HIT...



BIG-HEARTED GUY! AND A PROFESSIONAL... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

AITOR TERRELECHEA, PRIME STUD AT YOUR SERVICE, AND YOU?

I'M GISELLE. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC ARE YOU INTO... NEVER HEARD YOUR NAME...

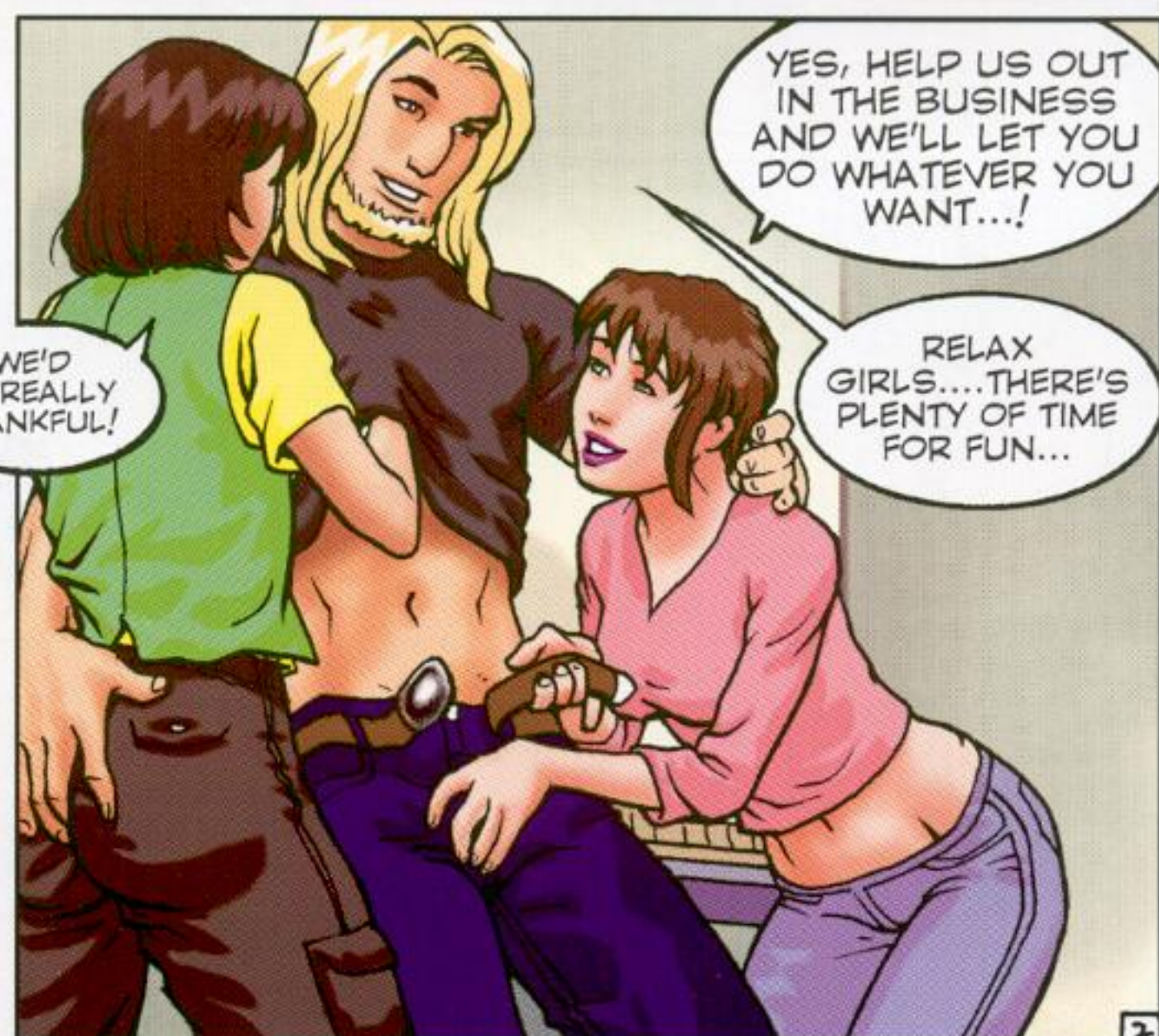
I'M HELEN.



WOW!! YOU COULD MAKE US FAMOUS!

EHH... YEAH, I EVEN PICK THE PARTICIPANTS FOR "AMERICAN ICON."

GREAT! IF YOU GAVE ME A HAND, I'D BE REALLY THANKFUL...

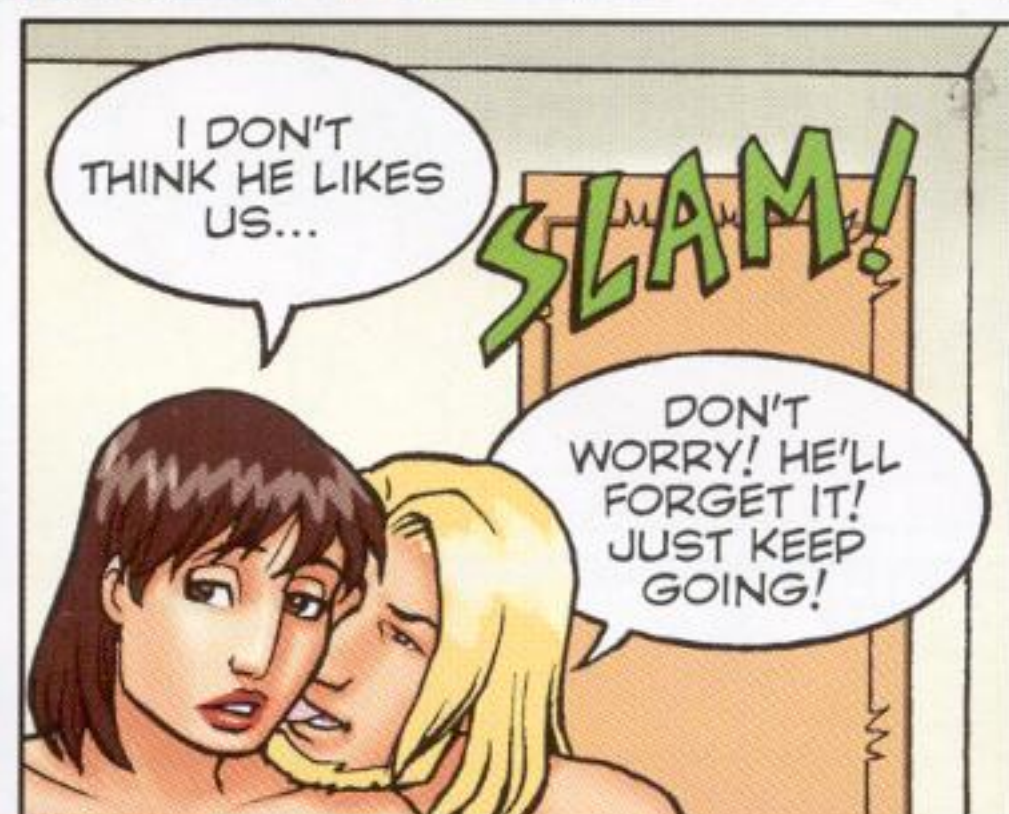
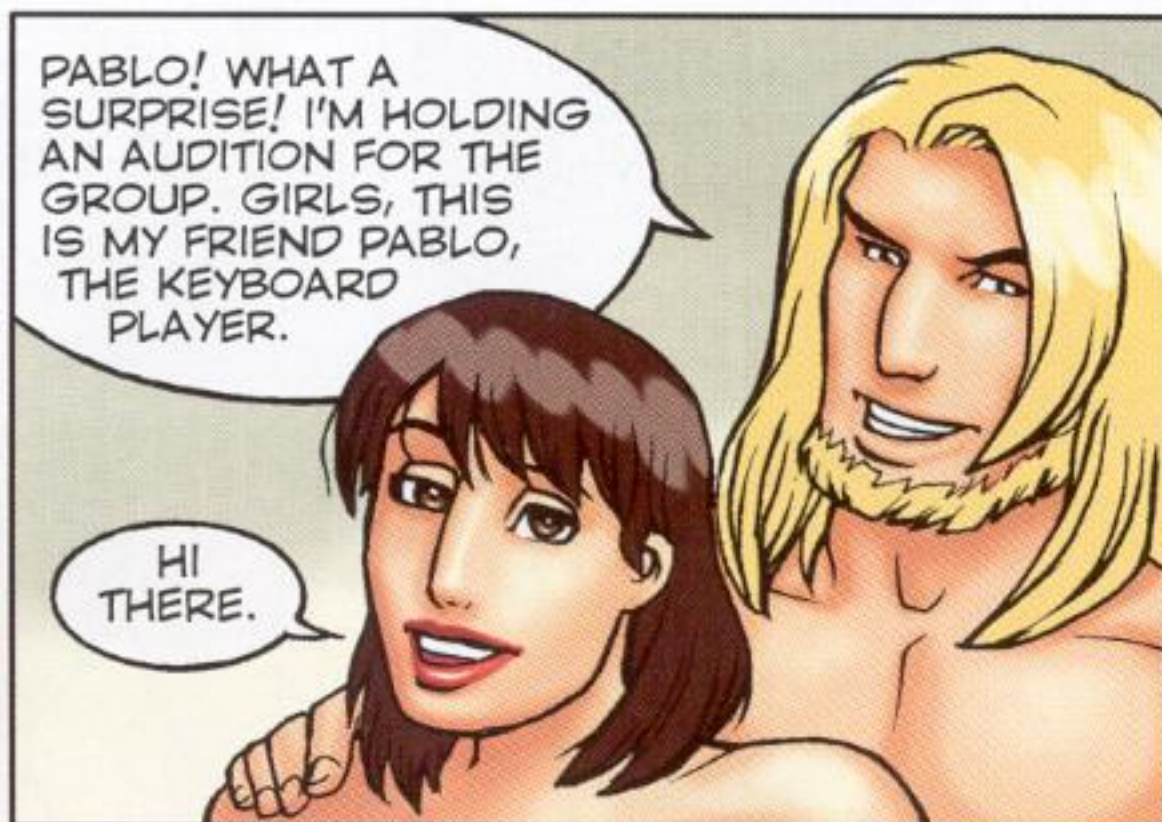


YES, HELP US OUT IN THE BUSINESS AND WE'LL LET YOU DO WHATEVER YOU WANT...!

WE'D BE REALLY THANKFUL!

RELAX GIRLS... THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR FUN...









THE
END

X-tasy



ABOUT TIME
I'M HOME.



MUST BE ABOUT
FIVE O'CLOCK AND
IT'S QUIET AS A
CEMETERY.

HOPE I
LEFT THE
DOOR AJAR.



ONE OF THESE
DAYS I'LL BE
LOCKED OUT.

ANOTHER
WASTED NIGHT.



DAMMIT, I NEED
SOME DICK!



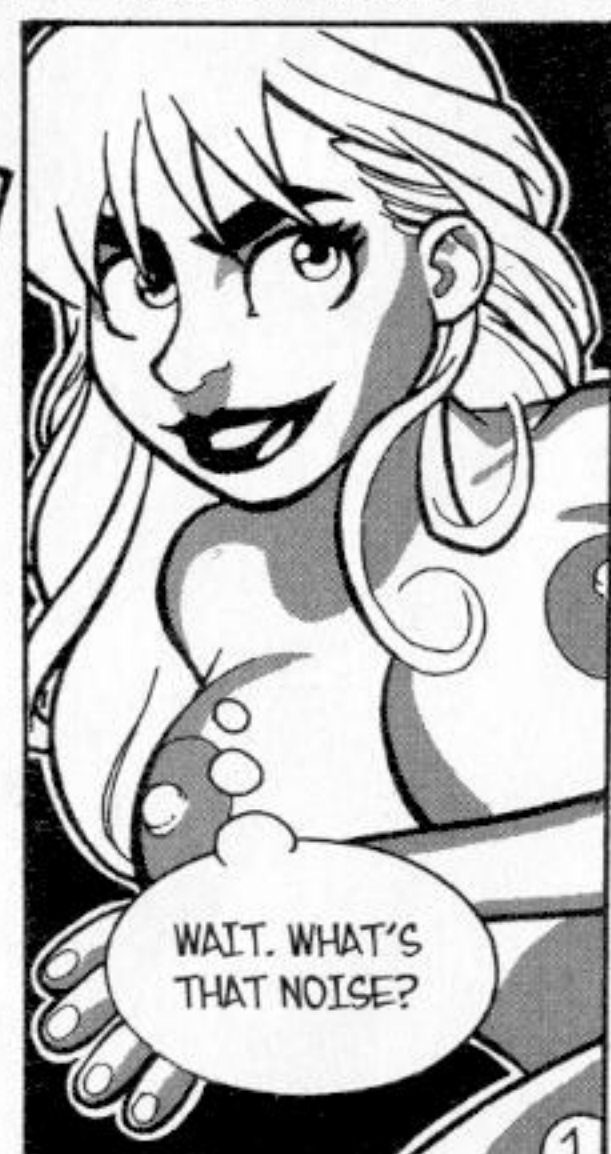
AND...NOTHING
AT ALL. NO MR.
RIGHT NOW, NO
MINUTE MAN...



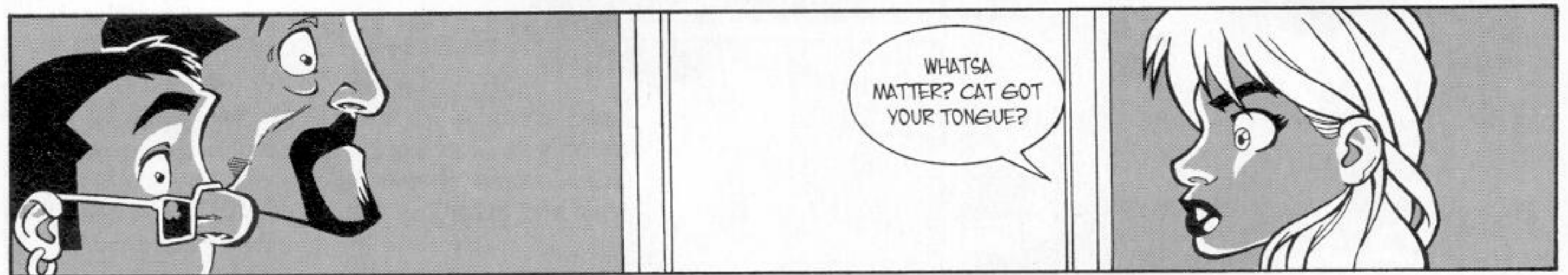
...NOT EVEN A
MONSTER COCK FOR
ME TO SUCK.

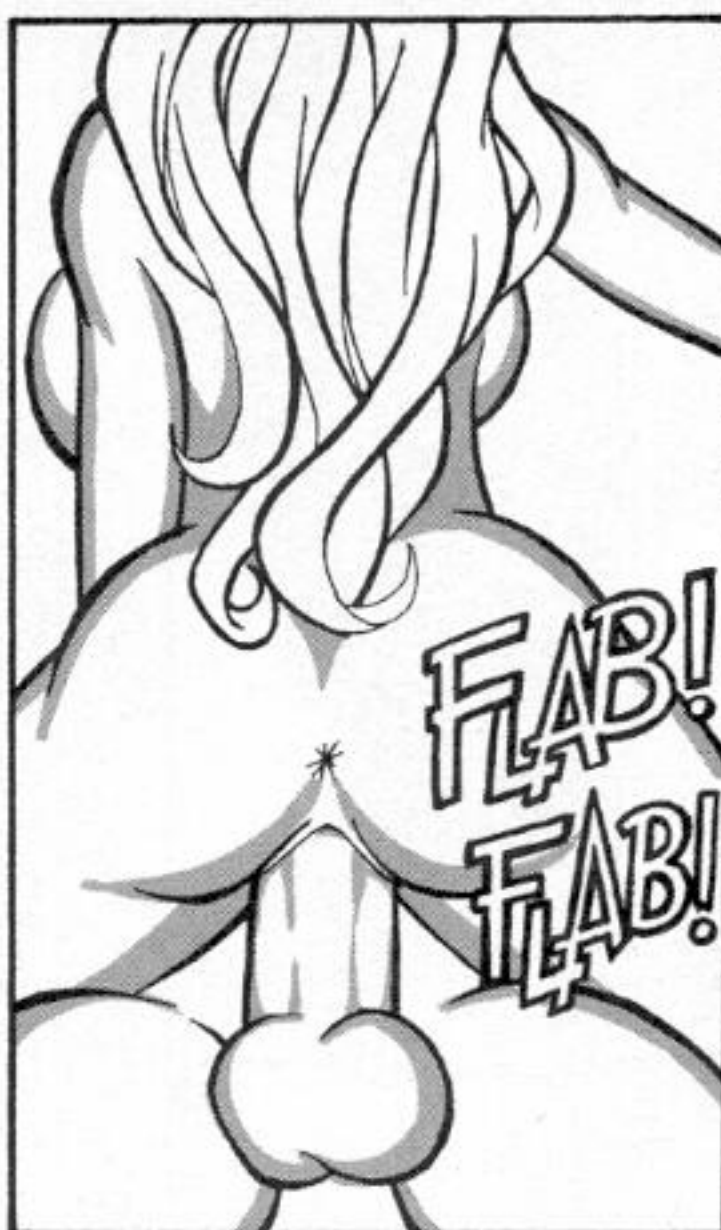


I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE CARE OF
BUSINESS MYSELF...



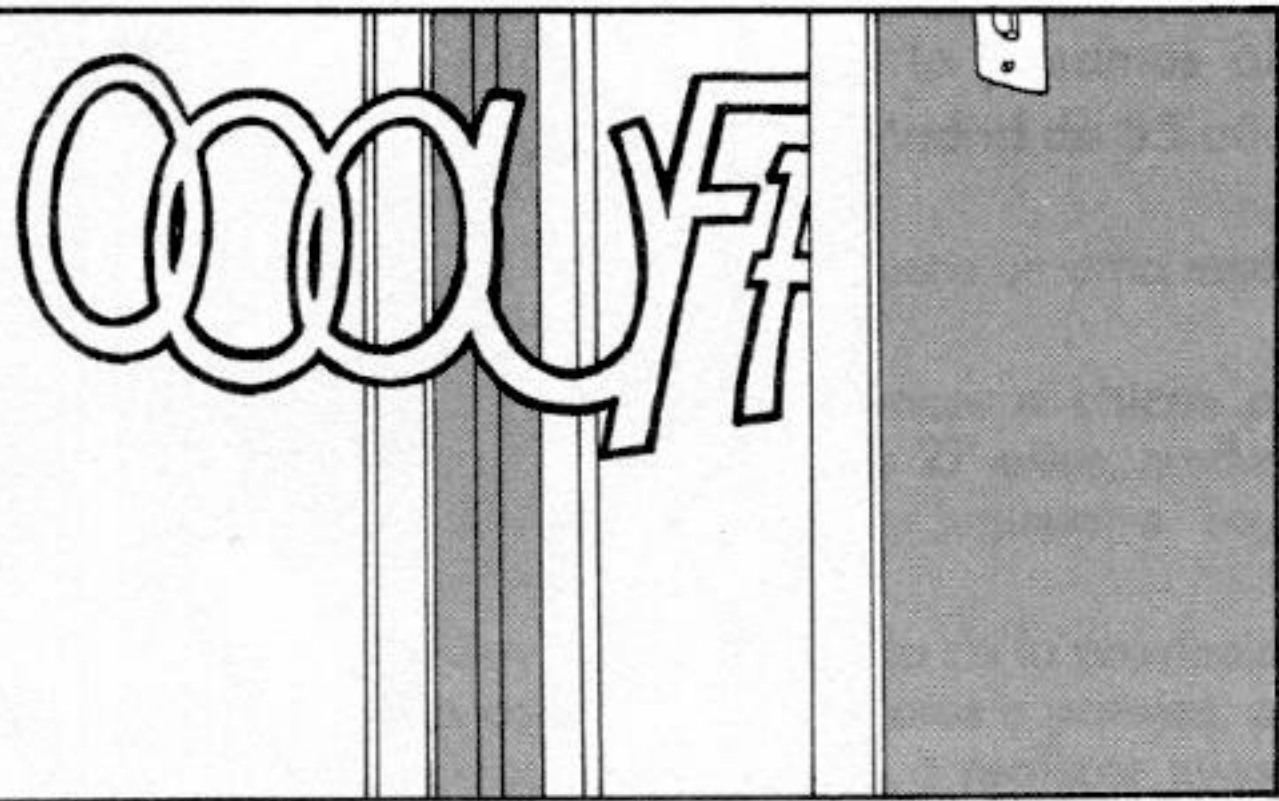
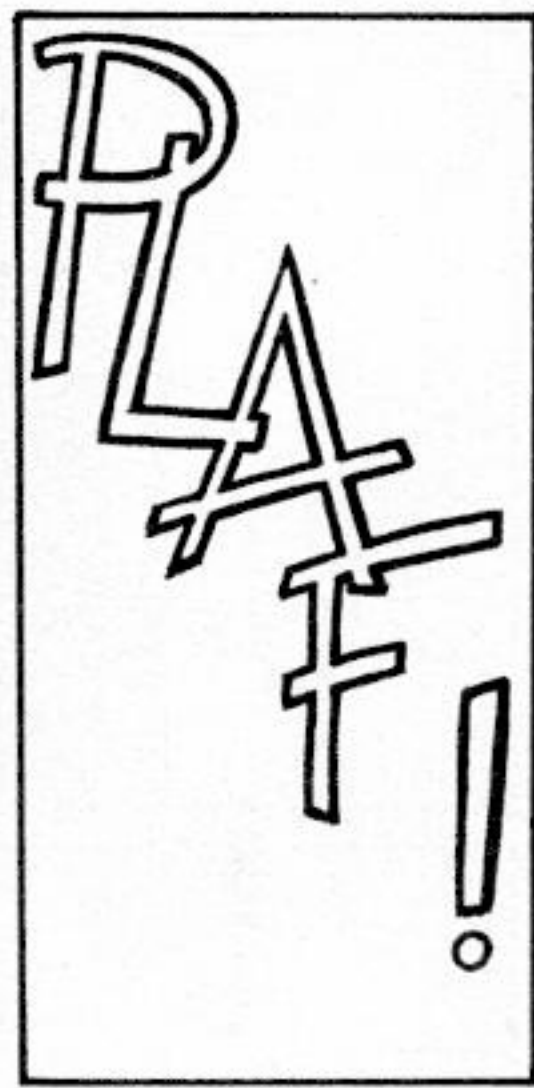
WAIT. WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?





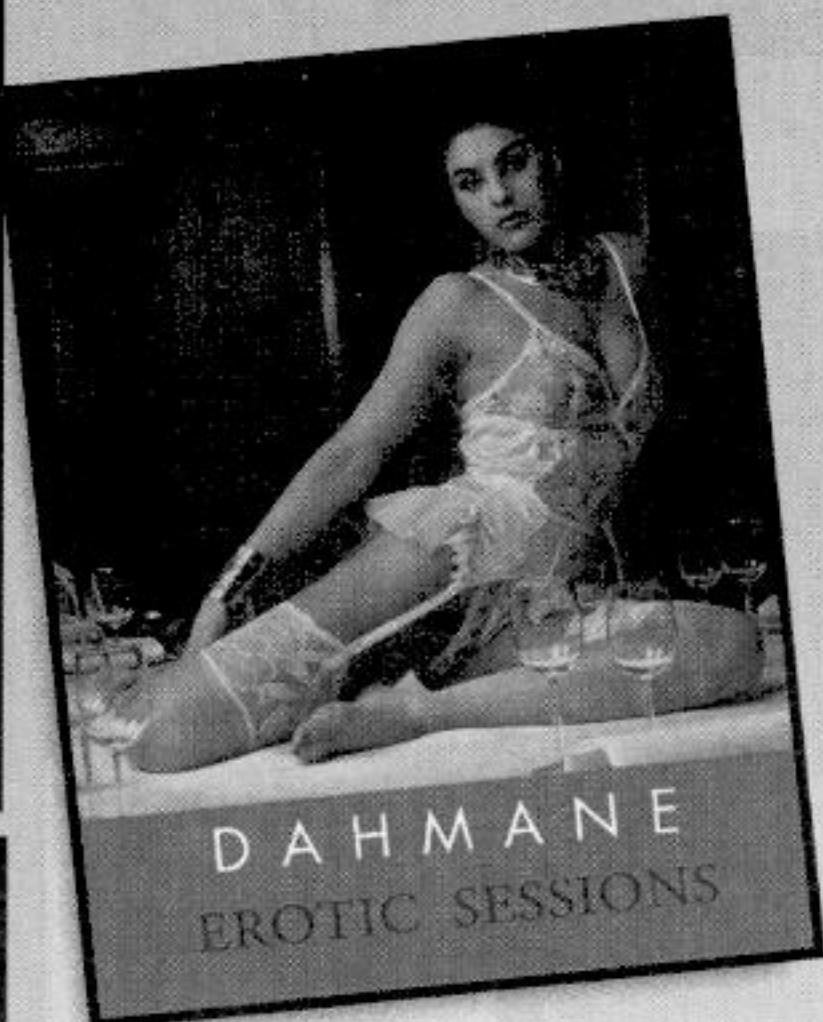






Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



MODERNITY CAN BE SO CLASSIC

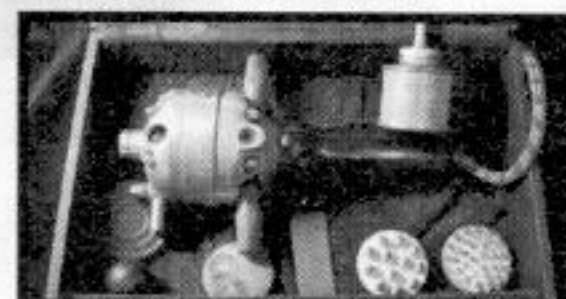
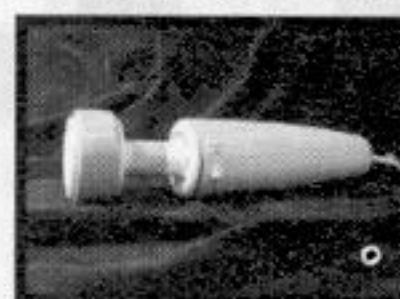
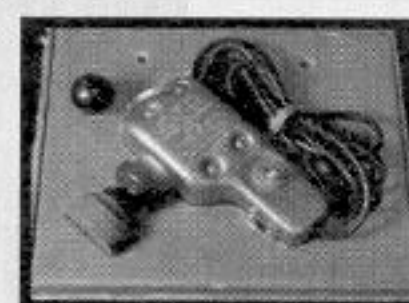
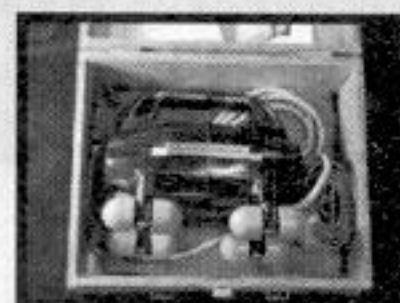
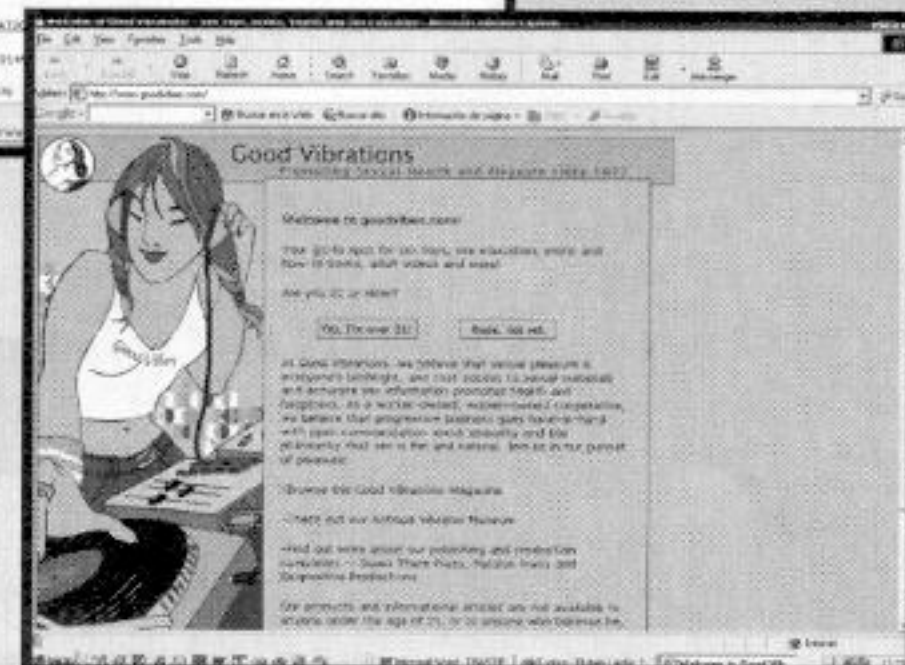
Understanding women is impossible without underestimating or getting pissed off at them, and it's equally impossible for them to understand us without of getting mad at us or seeing that we're hopeless assholes. That's the game. Their wives and our superficiality are often irreconcilable, and that's why it's better to take photos. Period. Dahmane is a guy who laughs a lot (the goofball) from the back cover of his latest book, a compilation of the women who are or have been a part of his artistic life. *Erotic Sessions*, printed in gold ink like a Victorian luxury item, lets us in on the moments, the passions, the emotions and the experiences that a bunch of pretty girls have shared with the photographer over his career. And that's how he planned it, as an acknowledgement, in appreciation and homage to the women who have gone before his lens, opening up a sexual and artistic life that mixes love with photography and photography with love, as it must be. Dahmane wears the hat of a macho man with ease. Before venturing into a conceptual or technical reading, we find ourselves captivated by those booties shining under the lights in scenes that are almost baroque, those knees that block off the scenery, the sculptural allusions and the striving to portray exhibitionism and achieve an exact stillness. All this, in a black and white that is well-balanced between functionality and creation, make this Parisian, vintage '59, a master of the genre, or at least one of the most honest. The reader can look at the book with a diversity of intentions, often more directed to sensuality than amusement, and turning the pages you realize there are two things that confirm the author's standing as an interesting name: one is his keenness for bodies from behind, stolen images, and the other is the steady glance, the whites of the eyes. Not always is the look in a woman's eyes given the erotic importance it deserves, and usually it's everything. *Erotic Sessions* is a pleasant anthology, unhurried; in its presence, one should savor all the shades of gray.

EROTIC SESSIONS

Dahmane

Ed. La Musardine

In specialized bookstores or at www.lamusardine.com



A GOOD FUCK

Joani Blank, creator of the website *Good Vibrations*, has accumulated a variety of vibratory artifacts dating from 1869 to 1970, the fruit of twenty years as a collector. Ingenious massagers, which were made to relieve feminine disorders and treat hysteria in their time, are now part of the *Antique Vibrator Museum*. This virtual space allows us to reflect on appliances that were once held against real flesh, though they may look like eggbeaters or futuristic weapons. But *Good Vibrations* offers much more for those who like reading about sex, whether in the form of essays, theory or fiction. Columns and articles on the noble, delicate art of spanking (widespread as a spontaneous conjugal practice, but very rarely practiced with justification), basic instructions for introducing women to anal pleasures, advice for nipple stimulation (those forgotten zones), ideas for adding zing to masturbation routines, a small guide to seduction and other basic things that we may not pay enough attention to. With an educational, warm tone, *Good Vibrations* is another great example that nothing makes sex better than words, in case you doubted it. For all audiences. www.goodvibes.com

(Continued on page 39)



**I SWEAR
I'LL GET YOU
WANDA
WOLFE !!**

WHAT
A MESS !

AND NOW
WHAT DO WE
DO ? DANGLE
UNTIL WE
FIND A WAY
OUT ?

OR CLIMB INTO
THE ELEVATOR
AND WAIT TO BE
RESCUED ?

SPECIAL
AGENT,
HUH ?

HOW ARE
YOU SPECIAL ?
MMM...

**THE
END**

You'll pay for this
humiliation! You'll
suffer the
unspeakable: I'll
rip off your...

...SKIN, I'll drive splinters
into your fingernails, I'll
cut out your tongue and
cut off your eyelids and
I'll bury you alive, I'll
shred you to bits, I'll sew
your lips shut, I'll...

**EVERYTHING YOU
ALWAYS KNEW**

**BUT THEY NEVER
DARED TO SHOW
YOU AFTER...**

**THE
END**

ANOTHER
TORRID ADVENTURE
WITH THE PEERLESS
DETECTIVE
WANDA WOLFE

AH!

AH!

COME ON...
HURRY...
OOOH...

ALL THAT
GLAMOUR
AND VIOLENCE
HAS RILED
ME UP
MMMM...

YEAH,
THE SCIENTISTS
ARE WRONG.
WE DON'T RELEASE
ADRENALINE
BUT PHEROMONES
INSTEAD.

ALVARO

WAIT...

I HAVE A
LITTLE SURPRISE...

YOU'LL
LIKE IT...

SLAP!
LIP!









THE RESCUERS
HAVE WORKED INTENSELY
FOR TWO HOURS
BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW
UH...IT LOOKS LIKE...
UH...



WAIT,
PLEASE! ANY
COMMENT?



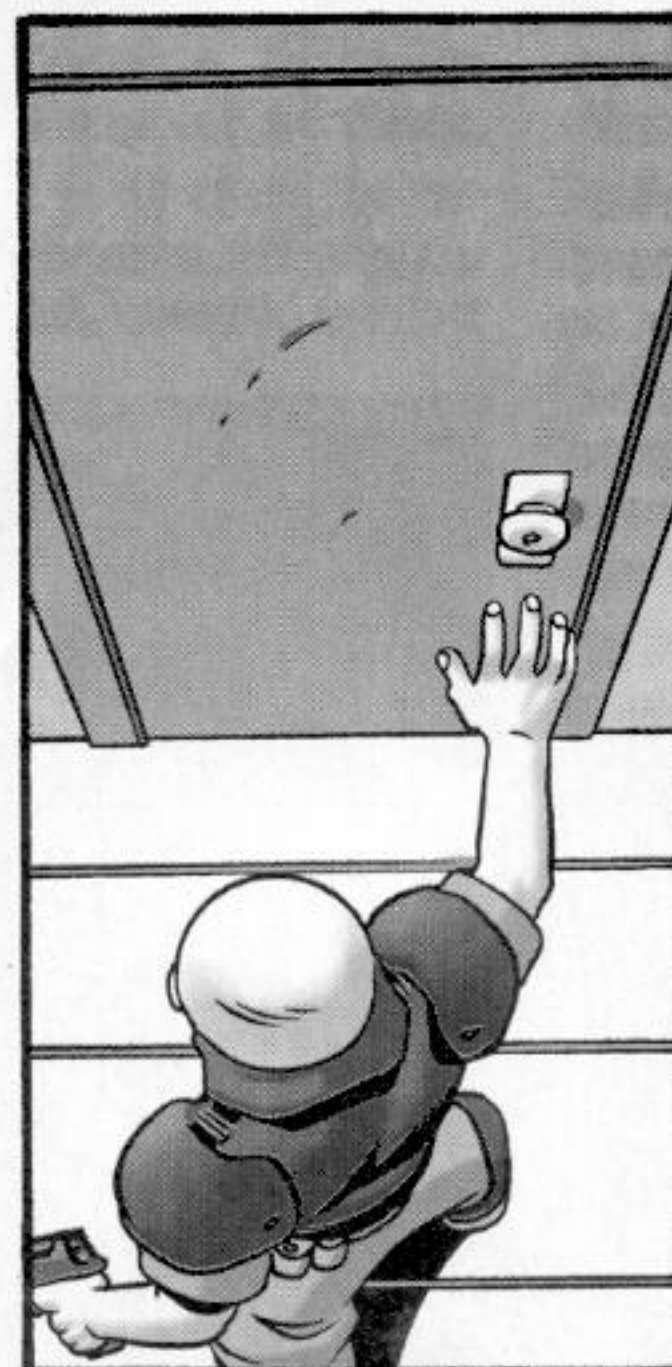
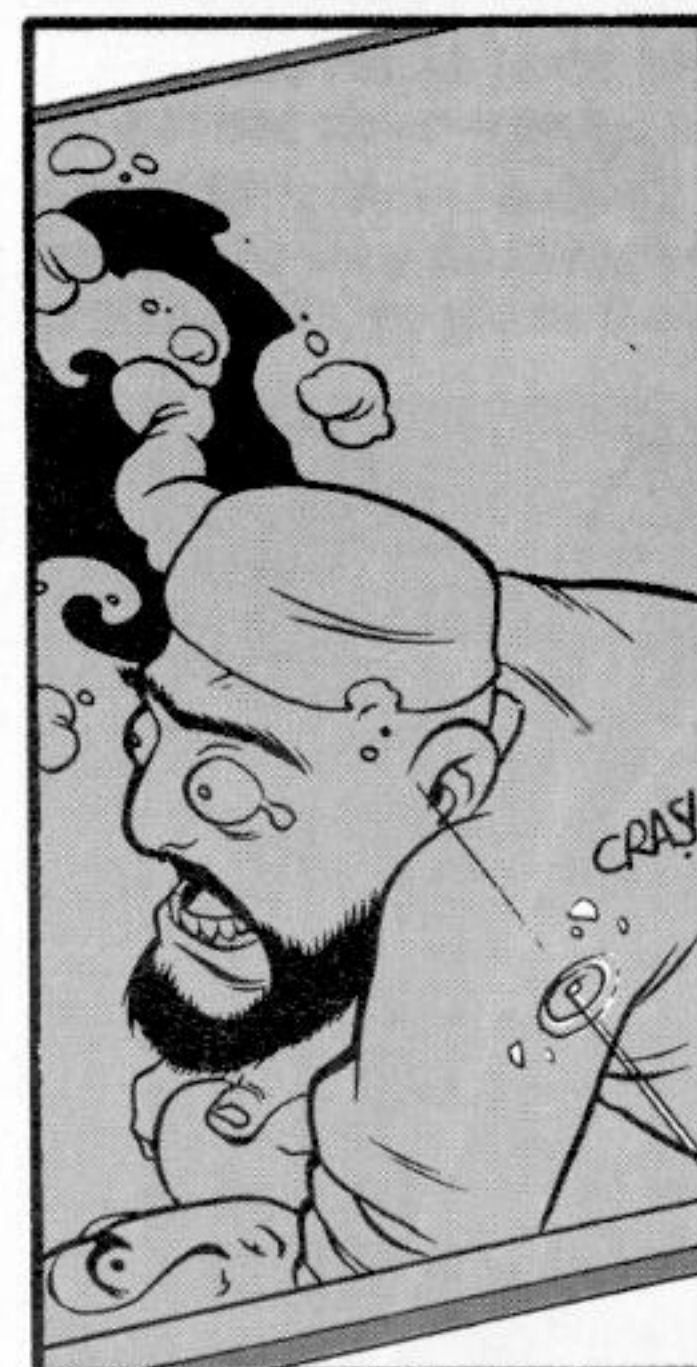
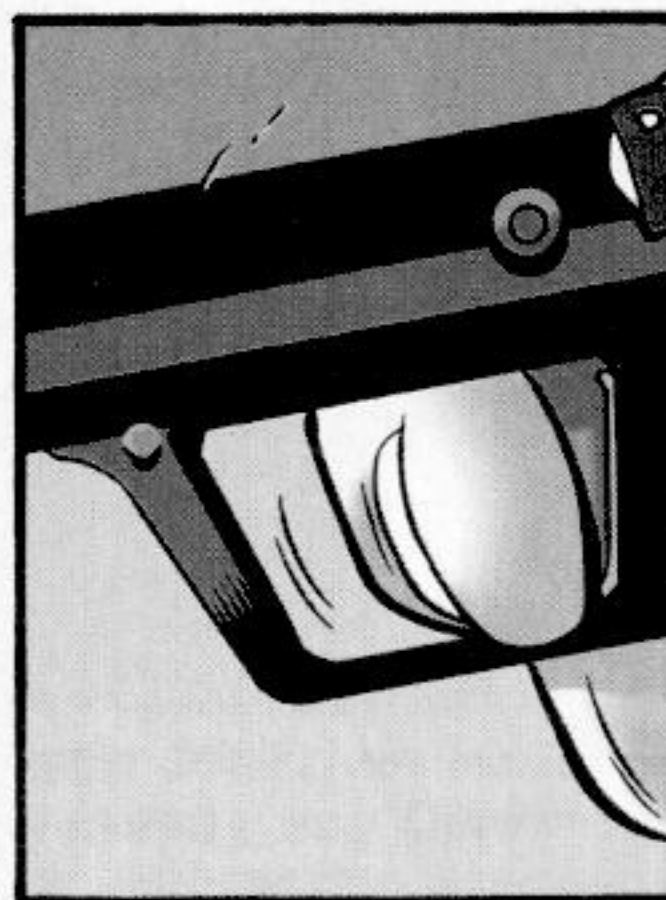
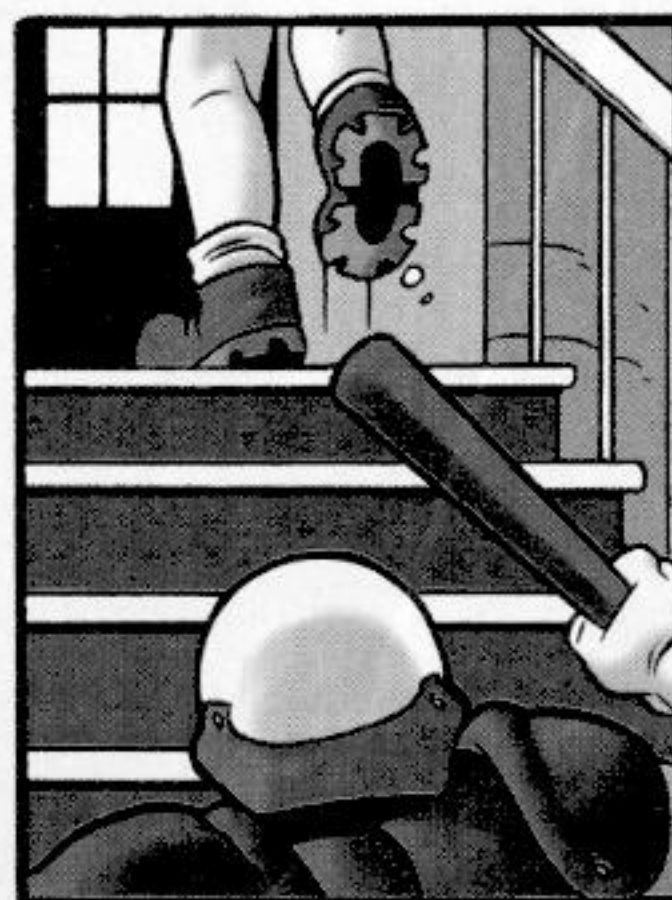
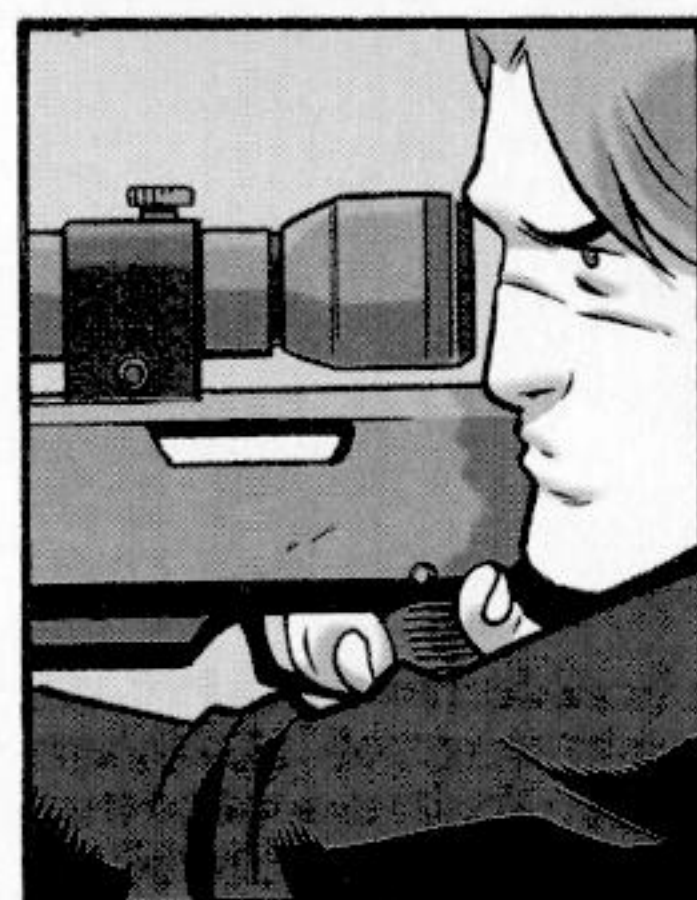
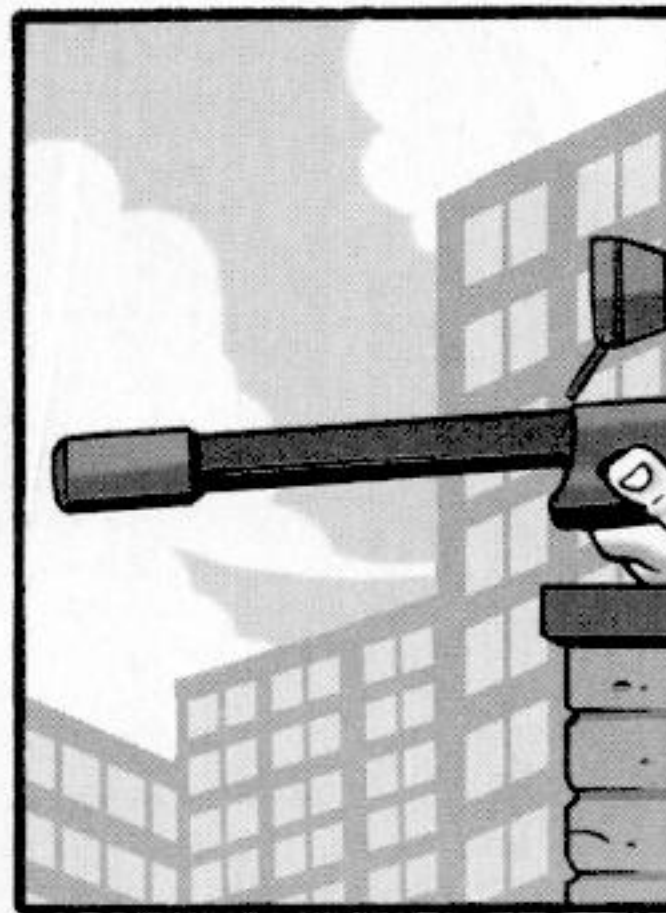
MAKE
ROOM, I'M A-
COMIN'!

**THE
END**



Incredible Stories

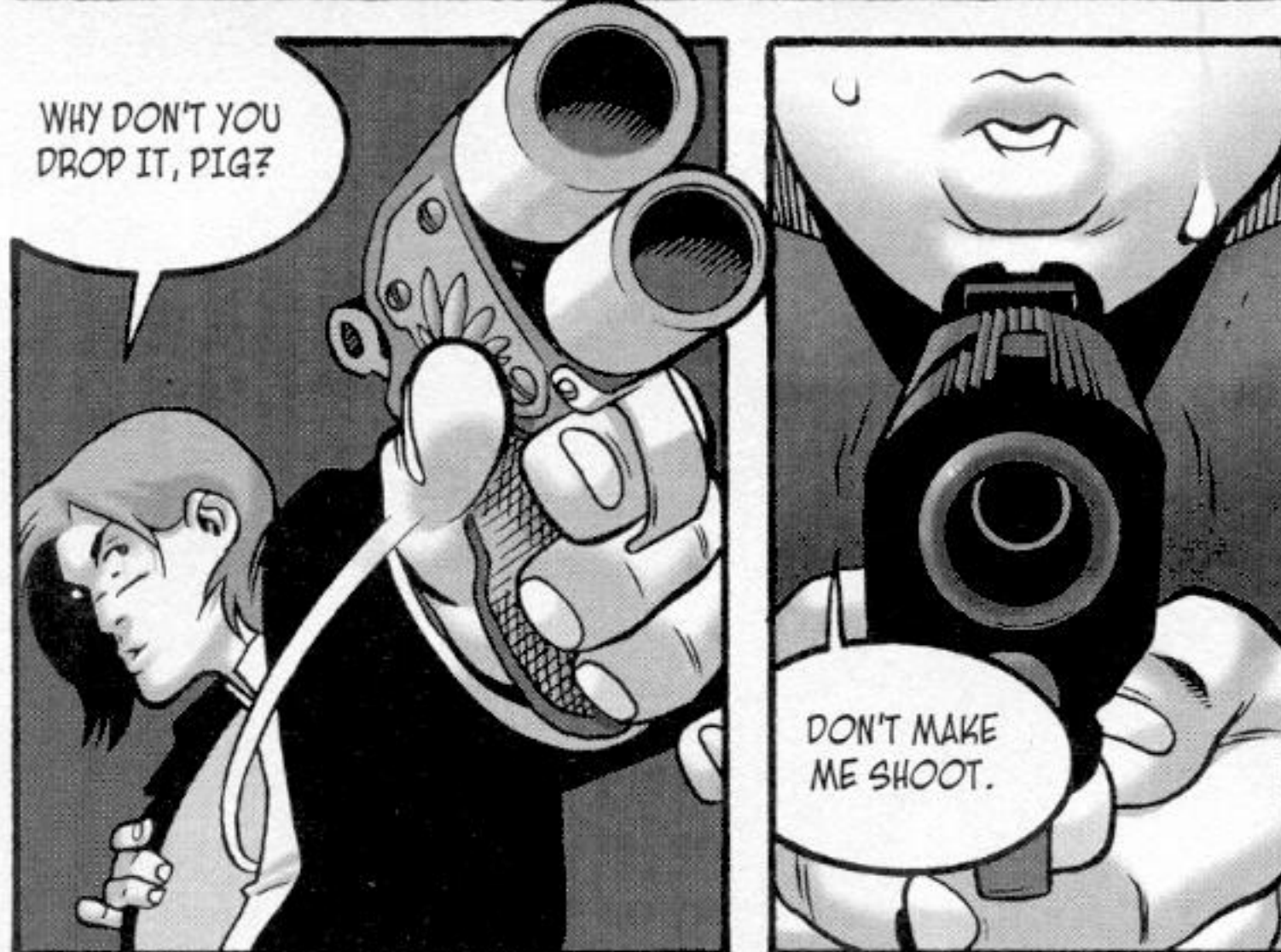
Chapter 5





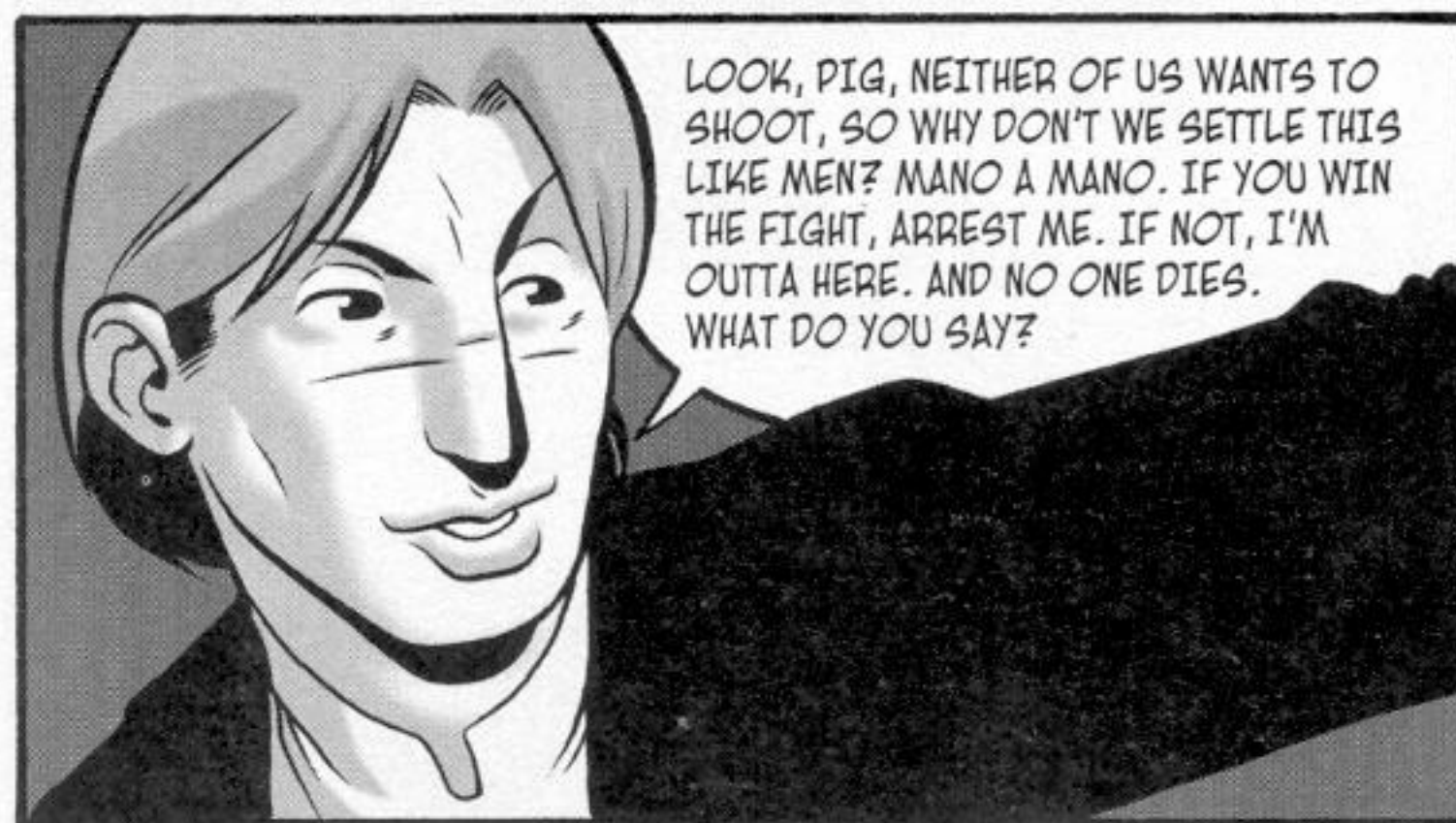
FREEZE, MURDERER!
PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE I
CAN SEE THEM AND DROP
YOUR WEAPON...

?!

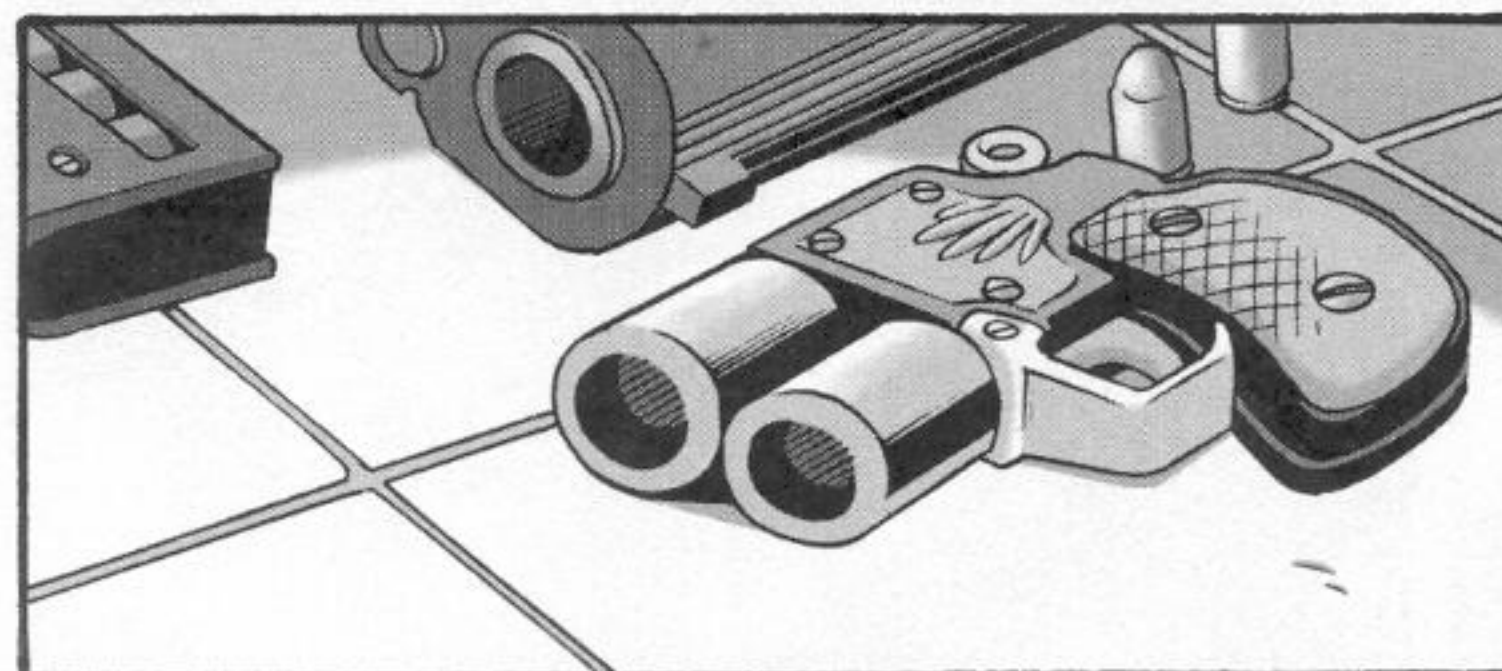


WHY DON'T YOU
DROP IT, PIG?

DON'T MAKE
ME SHOOT.



LOOK, PIG, NEITHER OF US WANTS TO
SHOOT, SO WHY DON'T WE SETTLE THIS
LIKE MEN? MANO A MANO. IF YOU WIN
THE FIGHT, ARREST ME. IF NOT, I'M
OUTTA HERE. AND NO ONE DIES.
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

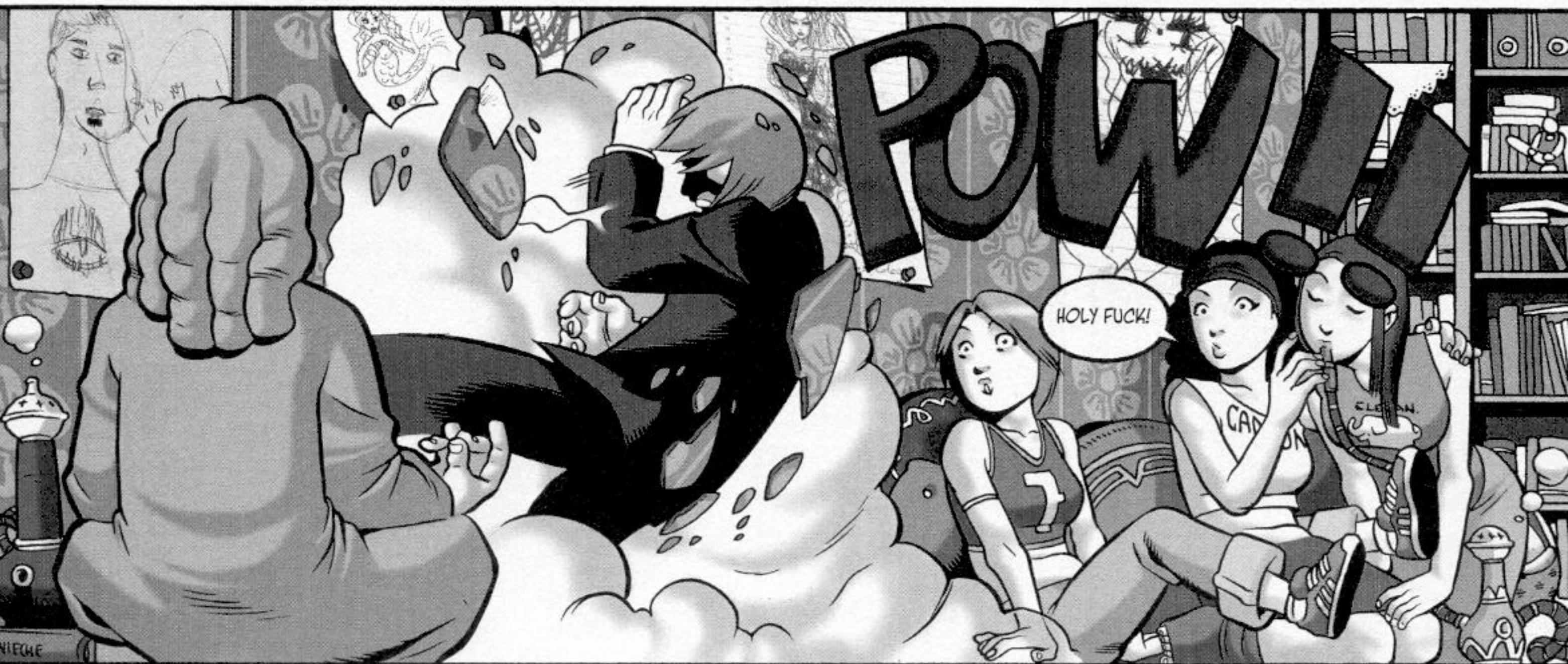
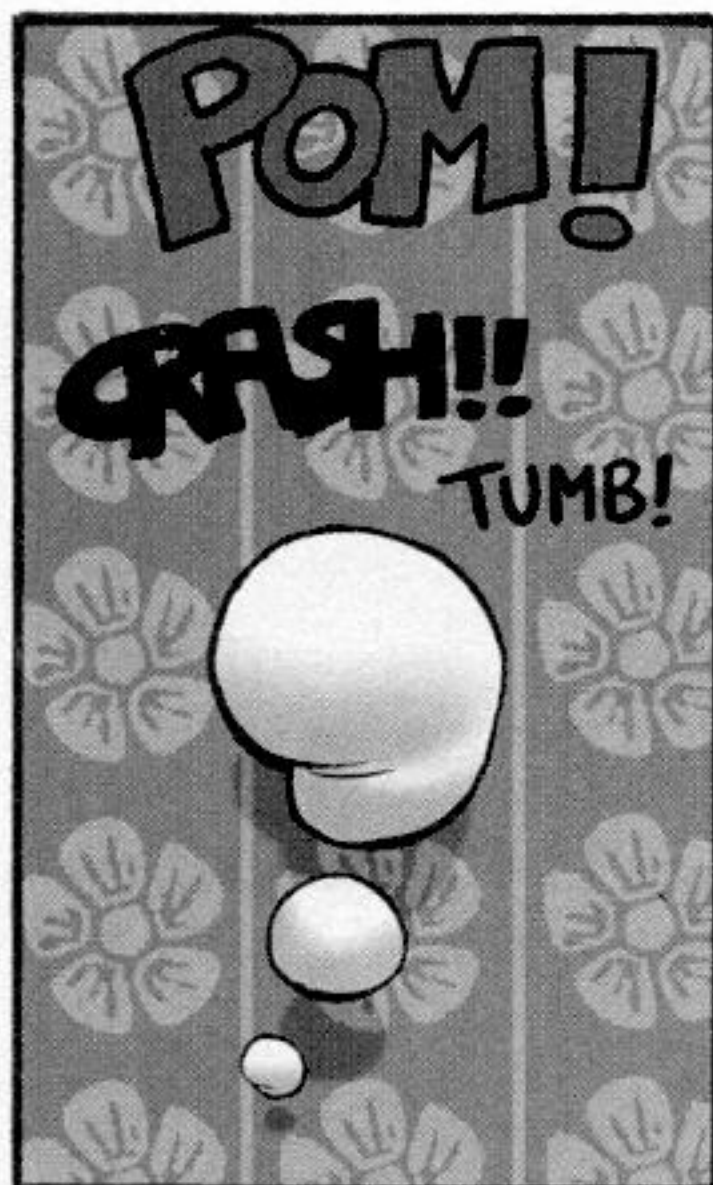


YOU'RE A GIRL!
FUCK, YOU CAN'T
TELL THROUGH THE
UNIFORM....!

CLACK!

GOT A PROBLEM
WITH HITTING A
WOMAN?

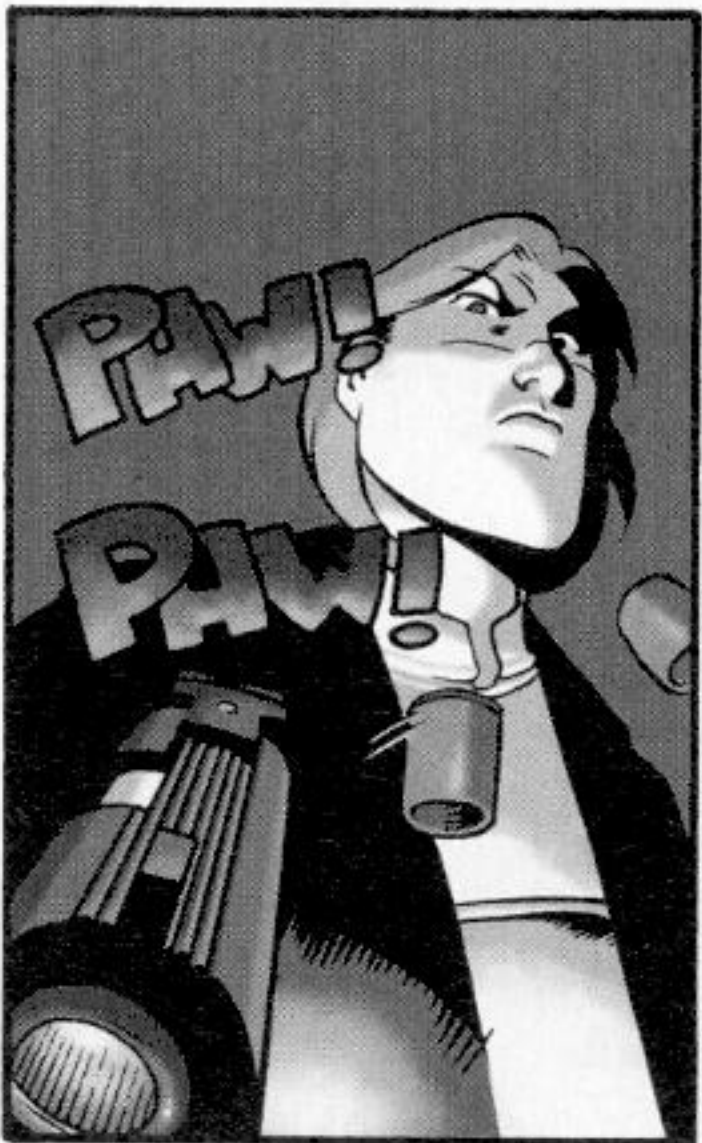
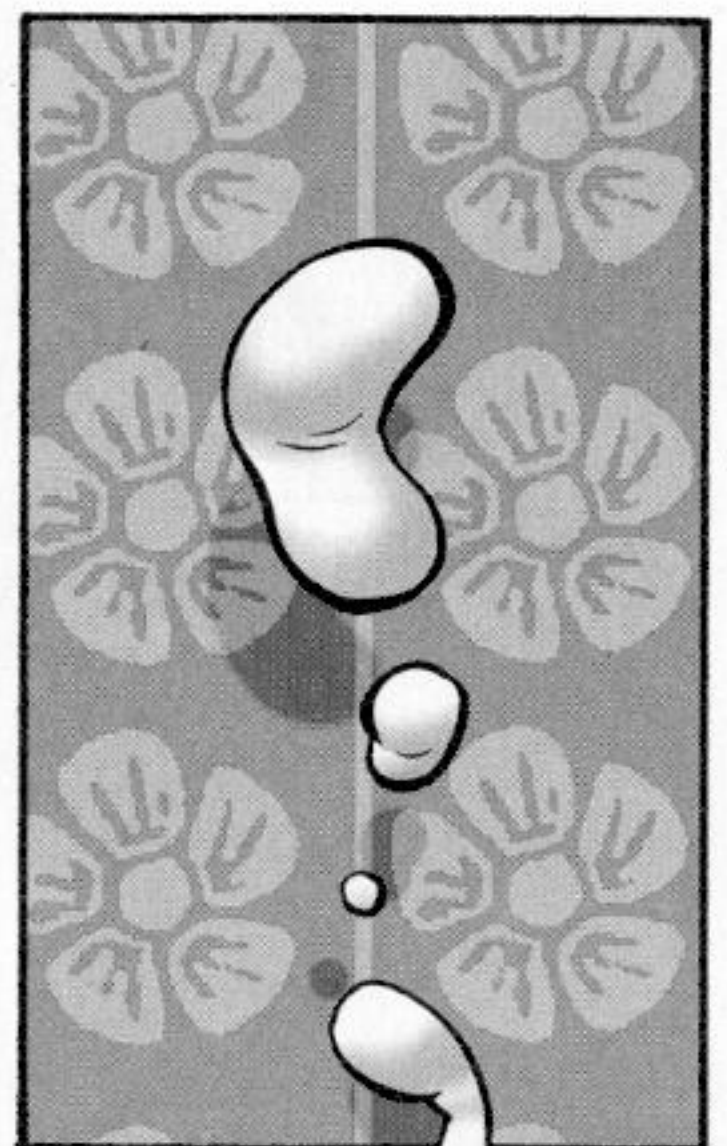
ON THE
CONTRARY, GIRL,
I'D LOVE TO.







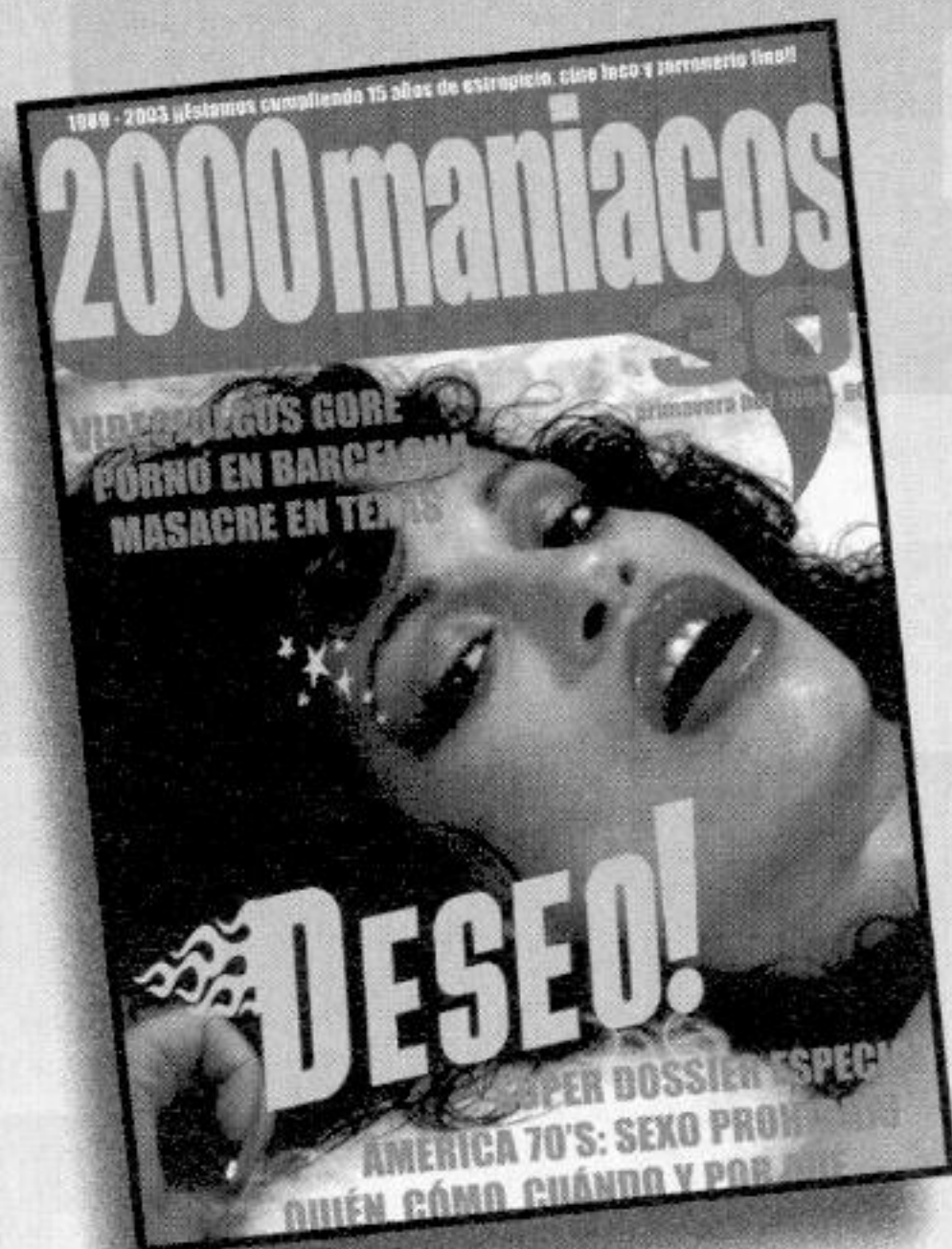




Under the counter

(Continued from page 25)

by Ruben Lardin



MOVIES 'N' WHORES

To kick the doldrums, nothing's better than the springtime dose of *2000 Maniacs*, the legendary Spanish fanzine on wild movies, fine slutiness and mental mess. This 30th issue extends to videogames with a focus on gore, includes a photographic montage of the latest Festival of Erotic Cinema of Barcelona, interviews with gentlemen such as Terrence Stamp, Antonio Escohotado, Koldo Serra, Screaming Mad George, Miguel Ángel Martín and the fighter from Seville, Benito Galán, and women such as Rachel Arieff, multifaceted artist and raunchy lady, and Carmen, the feverish, wild Andalusian cocksmoker. All of this is dotted with the usual reviews of bizarre films, amongst which the most interesting is a small article on serials of the 20s and 30s in Spain and a splendid dossier on 70s porn, in which the ladies are lush and droopy-breasted, and the guys aren't made up either. *2000 Maniacs*, although it doesn't seem like it, has substance and should be obligatory reading even for the most uptight academics, who are represented in the magazine within the comic strip *The Prisoner*. Order it by mail, right now.

2000 MANIACOS #30

Self-published

Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46080 Valencia, Spain
manolinv@inicia.es

SO YOU CAN SEE IT

Internet interactivity has a lot more pussy than videogames. *Showuself* is a web site where you can post your photos instantaneously, without filters, in several specialized sections: guys displaying themselves for women, guys showing themselves off for guys, girls in full spread-eagle, various fetishes and the most logical for a site like this, the *Shooters Club*, in which show-off women from here and there ask viewers to shoot their wads on their photos. There are eighty photos in each section, and when a new one is uploaded, the oldest is deleted. You can put yours up with your address, add a commentary or a request and most certainly someone will respond in your mailbox. It's fun to look at photos of girls who ask for cum facials on their angelical faces or between their titties, and then give you the finger by return mail. The page offers more sections, but you have to pay for them and they're not as fun. So, readers: we're as virtually satisfied as we can be this month, but don't be shy, go ahead and post your stuff, it gets us really hot.

www.showuself.dk

CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS, CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS. WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED, NOBODY IMAGINED THAT WHEN ONE OF THEM GOT HORNY, THE OTHER ONE GOT HOT AND WET, TOO...

HEY, IF WE GET SYNCHRONIZED, WE WON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS.



IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY. ME AND MY TWO SURFERS, AND YOU...

...AND THAT GEEK...



AT LEAST HE'S BETTER THAN YOUR TWO BAKED CAVE MEN.

BUT I CAN'T JUST GO AND FUCK HIM LIKE IT'S NO BIG DEAL...



LISTEN, GIRL... IF I HAVE TO PACE MYSELF WITH YOU, I'LL BECOME A VIRGIN AGAIN AT ANY MOMENT.

TSK!

I'LL WAIT HALF AN HOUR.



OKAY, BUT NO SOONER.

"SYNCHRONIZATION," SIS, THAT'S OUR GIG.



WATCH OUT, WAVES, HERE I COME!

I'M READY, BOYS.

THIS ISN'T WORKING...







NOW WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE AS SLUTTY AS YOU SEEM...

MMH.



I GUESS MY DAMN FAMILY'S HERE, BUT WE CAN GO TO MY ROOM, DON'T WORRY.

OK, BUT HURRY, PLEASE.



HEY, DAD. THIS IS ELSA, A "FRIEND."

H-HELLO...

FUCK! SOME FRIEND!



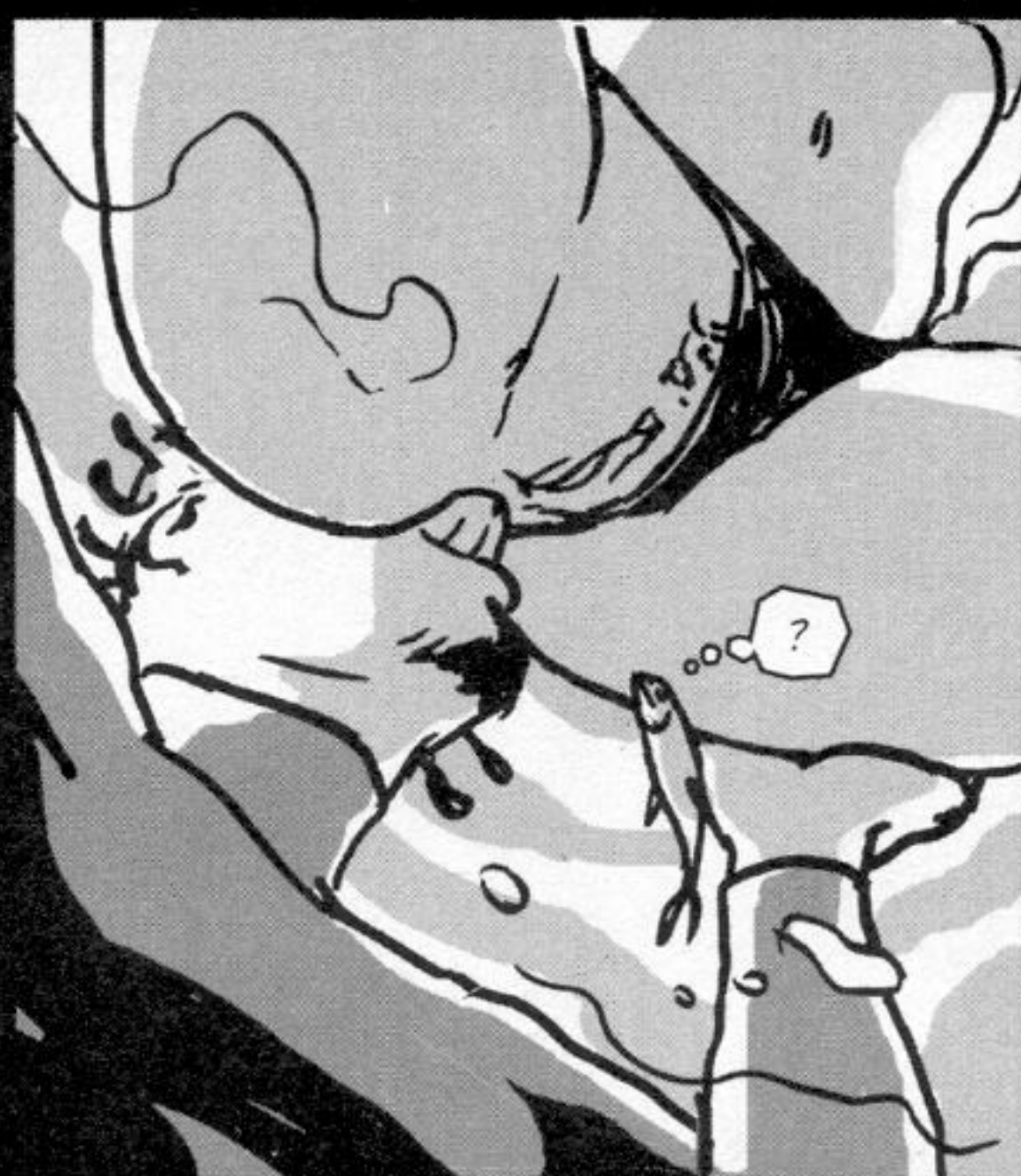
GO ON UP AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT US.

WE WON'T HEAR NOTHIN'.

WE'LL BE IN MY ROOM...

WATCHING TV...

UM, YEAH...



?



AAAHH...

MMM, WHAT A YUMMY PICK YOU HAVE...



I'M SO HORNY...I NEED YOUR DICK.

WAIT, I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING...





GIRL,
LOOK AT YOU
CUM...I'M
JEALOUS!

OOOHHHHH!!

HEY! LOOK
WHAT'S COMING
OVER US!

I GOT AN
IDEA!

FORGET
ABOUT IT!

YOU BLEW
MY MIND. I
WANNA SEE YOU
AGAIN...

BOARD
FUCKIN'!

WE'LL
BE IN ALL THE
MAGAZ...!

WOOASH!!

YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT HAVING NEW
EXPERIENCES...

WE GOTTA
TRY IT AGAIN!!

YEAH,
RIGHT.

MMPF!

THE END

"Nude is artificial."
-Frankie Nitti

I was surrounded by asses on all sides. Thousands of twenty-, thirty-, and forty-something men and women and some clueless guy of an indeterminate age acting like a servant, had filled up Central Park at six in the morning at the call of Spencer Trunick.

The meeting was illegal, of course. But word had spread, at the very least, all around the city. The great Spencer Trunick was conducting one of his photographic sessions with thousands of naked bodies of volunteers who presented themselves there at that time.

I already knew Trunick from years ago: the shyster wasn't much of an artist, although it was true that photography had accompanied him throughout his life: I met him in jail, where he was serving a sentence for having installed video cameras in the locker room of a popular gym. His obsession for capturing images of women in indiscreet postures or showing more flesh than is allowed led to him travel to all the nudist beaches in the country and attend all the Miss Nude America contests. He was also fond of staying up all night keeping watch on neighboring windows in search of a glimpse of a woman who'd let her guard down or setting off the flash beneath the skirt of any girl out for a late night stroll wearing skimpy panties. A sicko, what have you.

After serving his third sentence for invasion of privacy, he decided to redirect his voyeuristic compulsions towards art and make a business out of it: he started traveling around the world photographing multitudes of bodies of local volunteers. To be honest, his photos continued to have little artistic merit—although some people will consider anything art, including this garbage—and to the sad sacks who showed up, art really mattered very little to them. They were just excited by the idea of being naked next to thousands of people in the middle of the city. This unique experience and the sensation of doing something prohibited were sufficient motivation to be there. And so, art was, once again, the pretense behind which the real motives were hidden: for the photographer, the opportunity to see thousands of naked bodies through his lens; for the voluntary models, the chance to experience an event of multitudinous urban exhibitionism.

And me, what was I doing there? Well, a little of everything. Business and pleasure, mainly. Through a megaphone Trunick's assistant instructed us to lie face down. Before me stood three beauties who appeared eminently European, three young ladies who couldn't be older than nineteen, and who laughed the whole time and hugged each other. They were brown-haired and had very pale skin and chunky asses. One of them was a bit thinner, with an ass that hung lower. Needless to say, I couldn't take my eyes off the cracks in those asses, although my attention was distracted constantly by thousands of glances, breasts, and pussies.

Naked in the City

In any case, it was a relief to have the opportunity to lie face down, because my cock wasn't doing much to ignore the flesh festival that I was attending. It didn't get any better when the girls lay down in front of me, leaving their behinds wide open: from where I was, I could pleausurably view their tender assholes, their pussy lips, their bushes...I even thought I could sniff out a mixture of pussy juices.

I was dumbfounded trying to discern which seaside aromas belonged to whom and had totally forgotten about Spencer Trunick and his idiot assistant when I heard a murmur by my side. I turned around: a handsome, athletic guy, with a hippie vibe, was discreetly trying to get my attention. When he got it, he gestured to me with a naughty smile so that I'd get the message: this is how you do it. The guy spread his arms and, very decidedly, put his huge hands on the snowy buttocks of one of the European girls. The most surprising thing was this: the girl didn't do anything at all. She didn't even turn over.

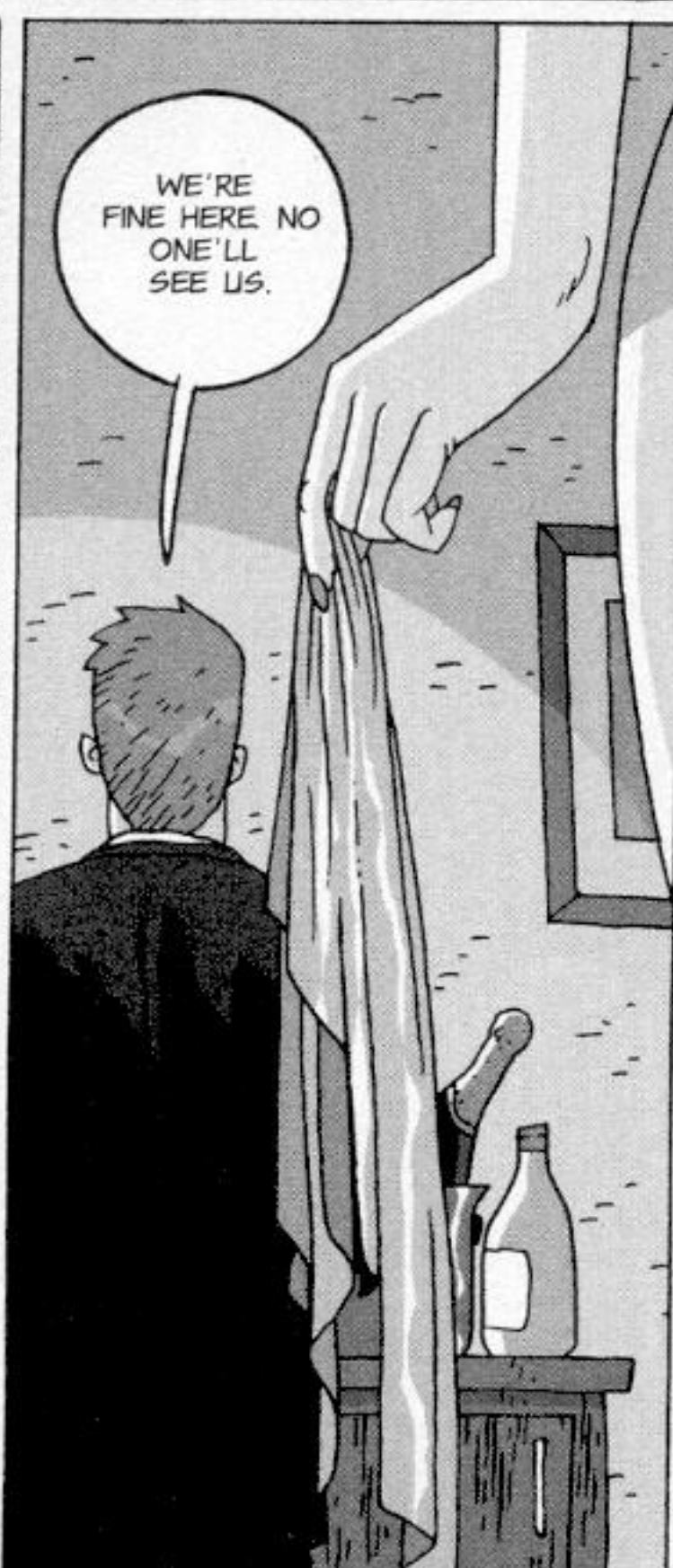
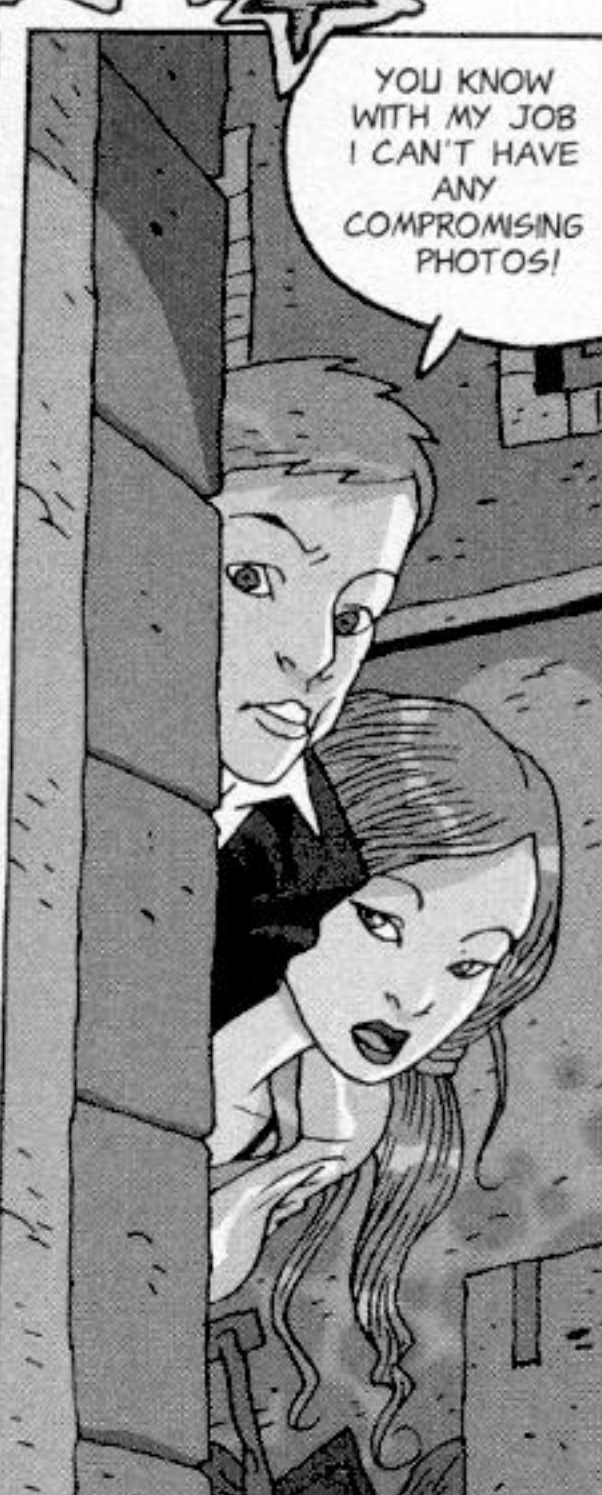
The guy started massaging her butt, opening and closing the cheeks like an accordion. I saw that one of her friends cast a wary glance behind her, letting out a little laugh. My pal (anyone this shameless is a friend of mine) lay down to put his face right by her ass, and without a word or hesitation, got down, burying his nose in the girl's asshole and his tongue in her pussy. And there he lay, drinking her in.

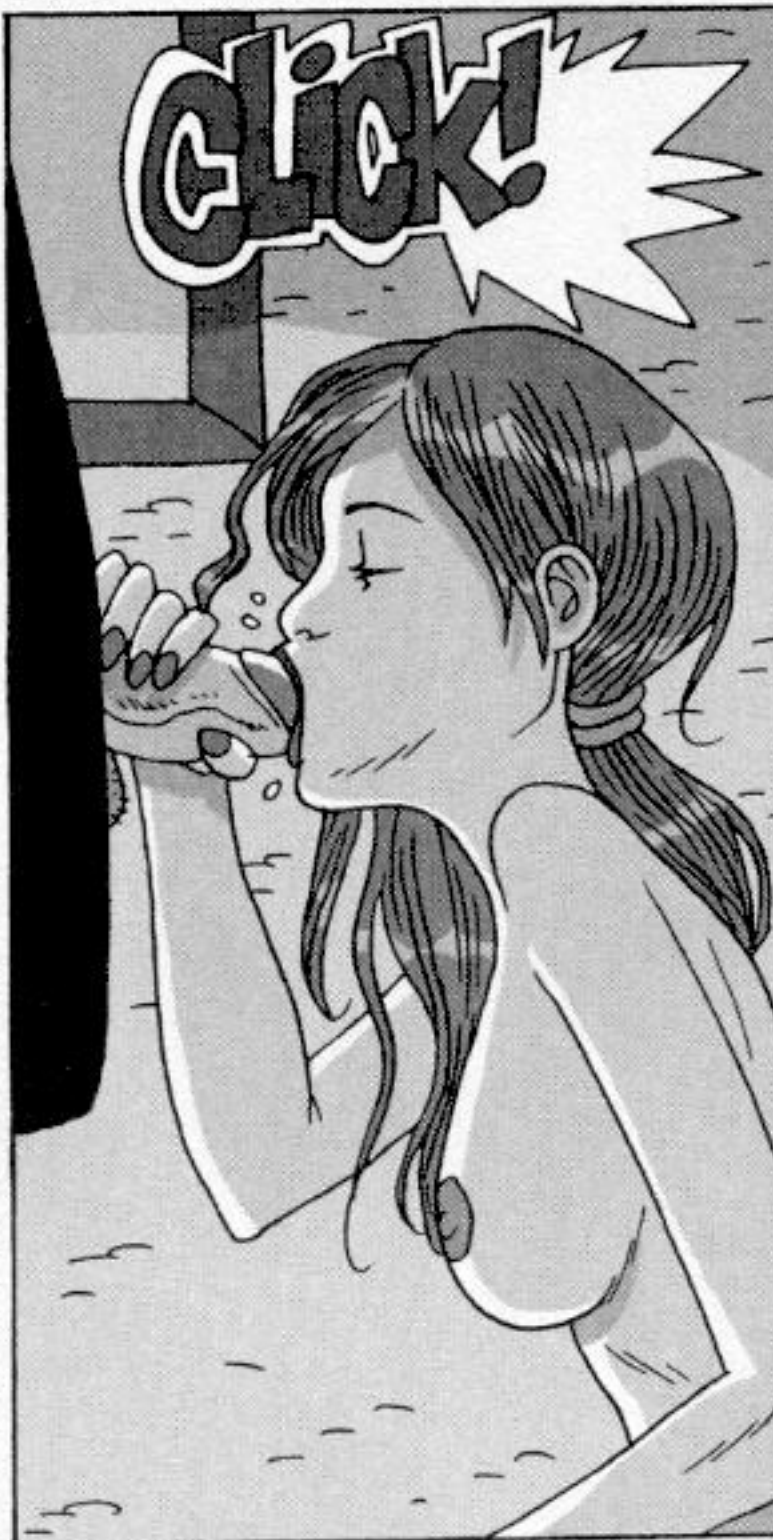
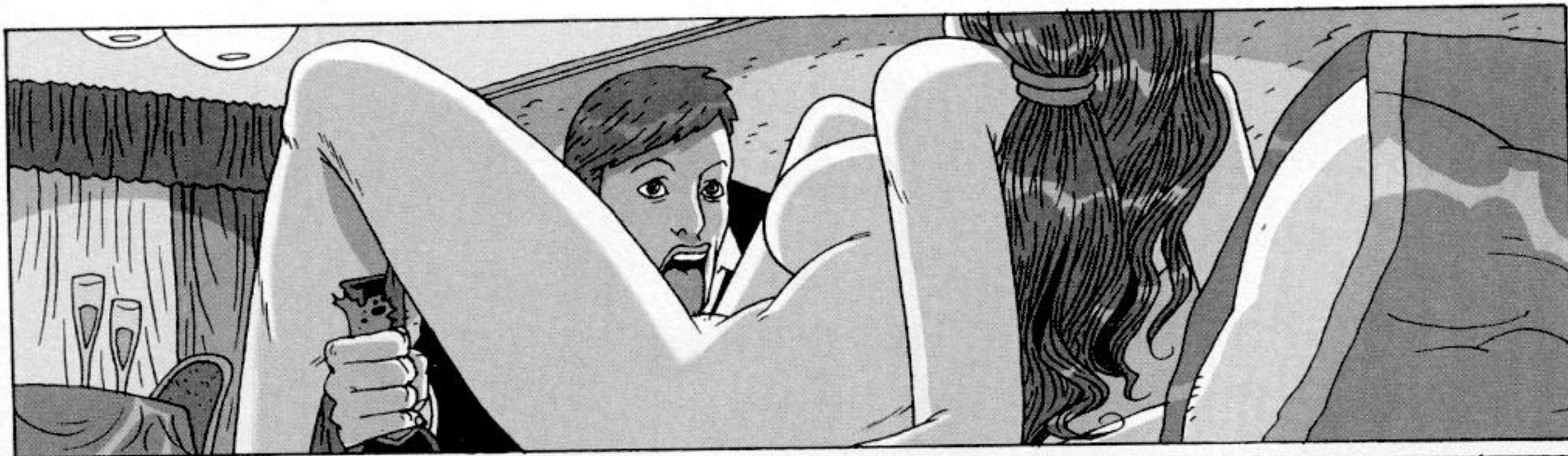
I had a distraction, too. One of that girl's two friends, the taller one, had her feet just a few inches away from my face. She was plump with soft skin, and her black hair hung down in two childish ponytails. I noticed movement in front of me and caught her curious fingers between the lips of her short-bushes pussy. I decided to act and threw myself at the closest thing: her feet. I licked them ecstatically, passing my tongue between

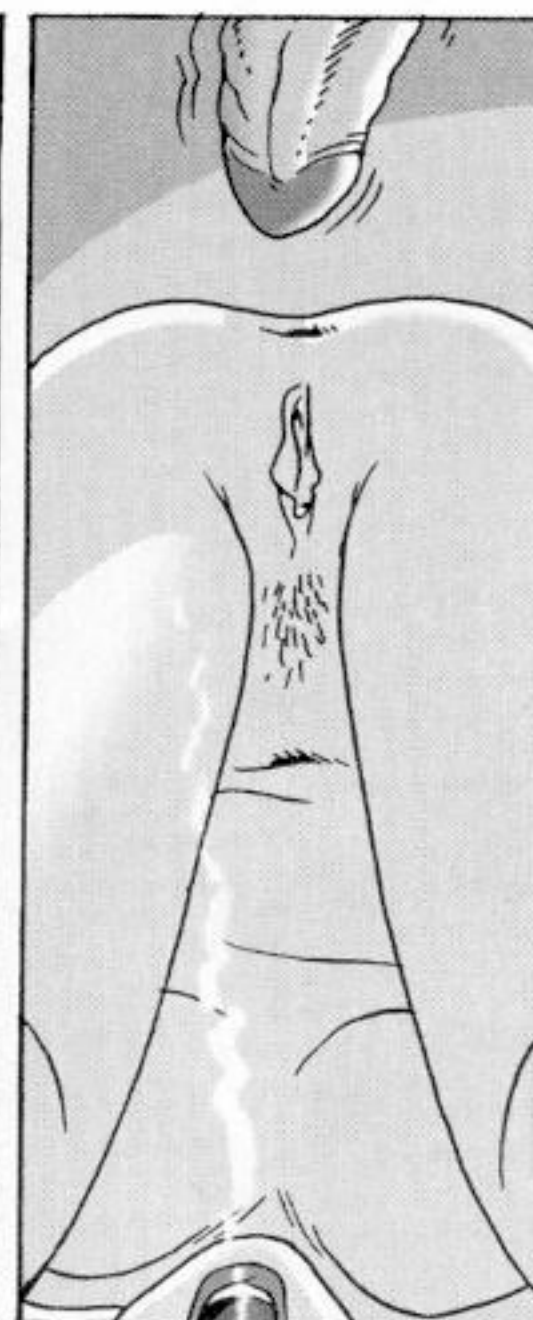
her toes and breathing in the wonderful aroma of her little corns. Moaning in a language foreign to me, the girl pushed her ass into the air so that she was almost on all fours, and I decided to go for something else. My tongue united with her fingers at the opening of her pussy, making her wetter between her moist lips and her sweet folds. Then I hooked up with her right away, gluing myself to her spine and pulling on her little titties. We were already the center of attention. The guy who took the big initiative wound up getting jacked off by a redhead while he ate the ass of the girl he picked up. Surprisingly, the rest of the nudists, far from stopping us or protesting, whispered and started their own small movements towards getting it on: sex is to nudism what planes are to flying: you can't have one without the other. Right away everyone forgot the nature in naturism to remember how natural it is to fuck, tangling themselves in an orgy of masses of young ladies, friends and whole families experimenting with sex and strangers in industrial quantities. Too early, because I hadn't planned any of it, I came in the tall girl's mouth, and wiped my dick off on her hair. Then I cast a glance at the panorama, Central Park bubbling over with intertwined, tangled bodies. After laughing at the sight of the artist taking photos with one hand and beating off with another (his two great passions finally coming to light), I discreetly left for the rented garage, set up like a military headquarters by Trunick's people.

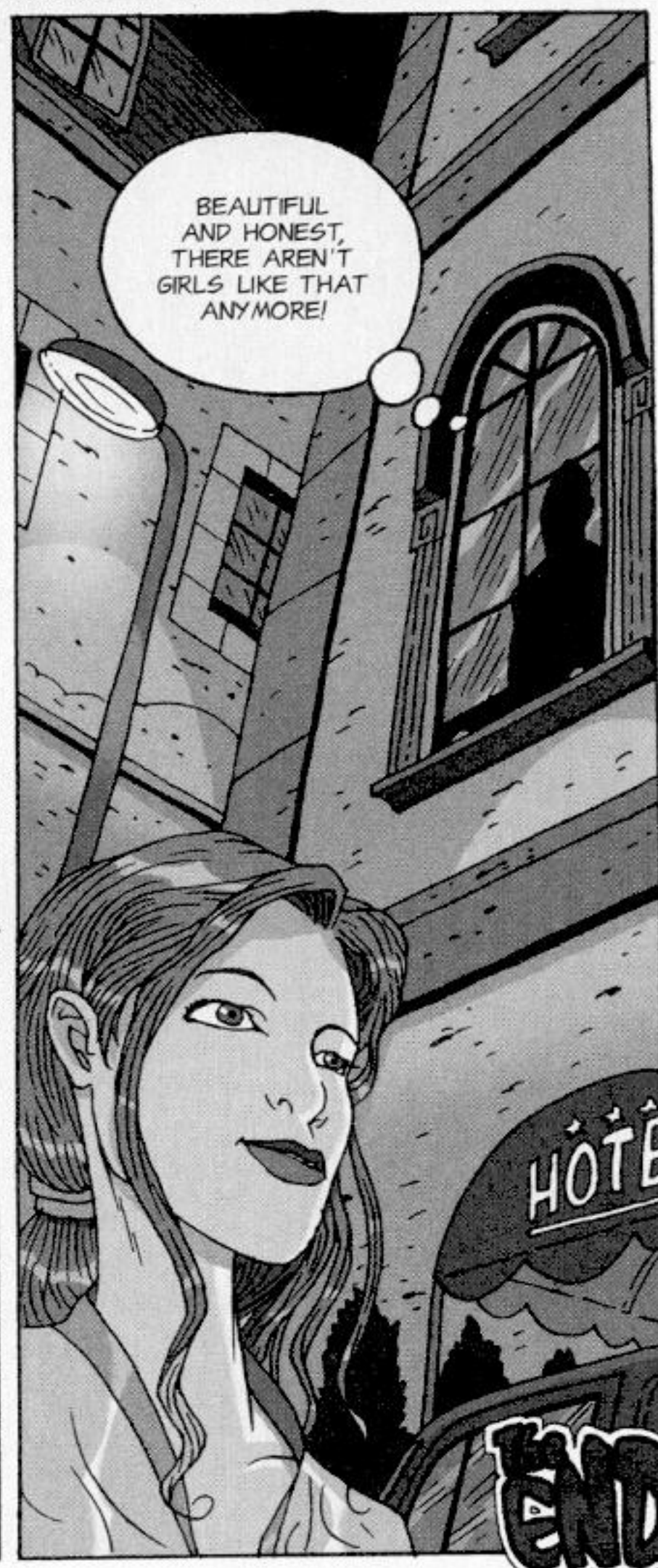
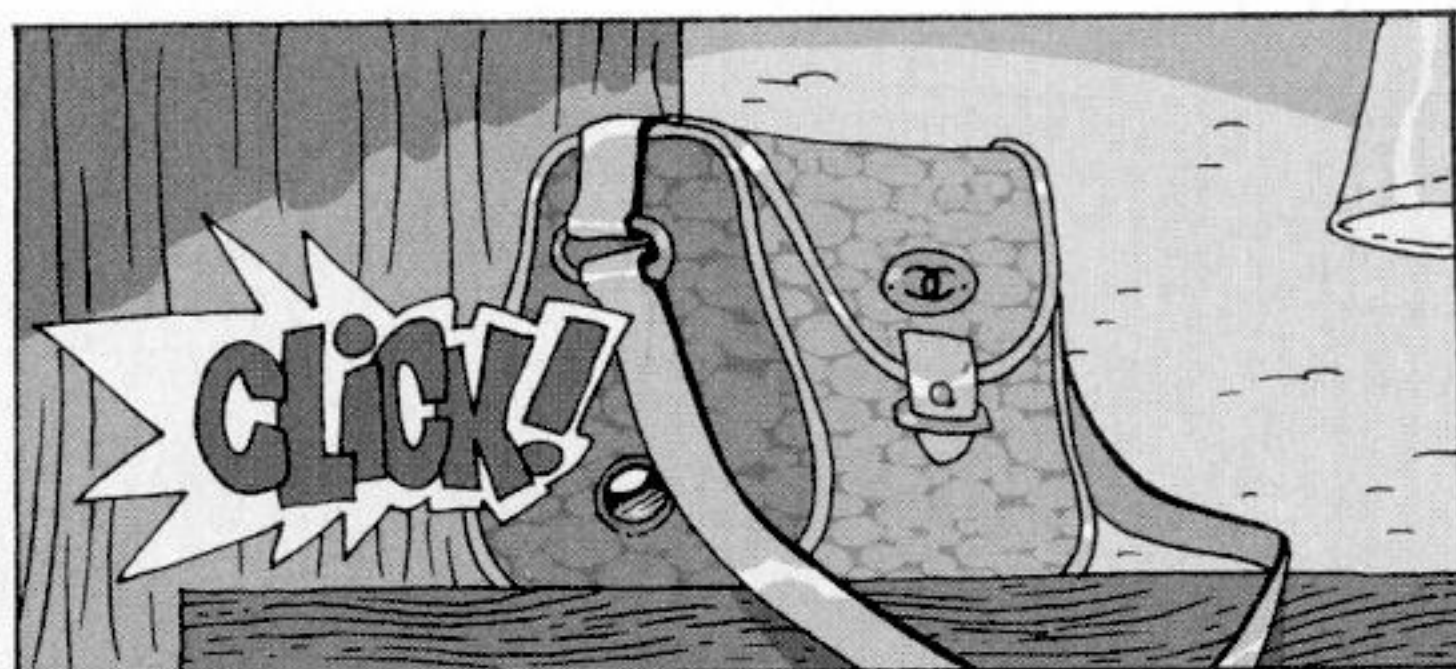
The guy at the door wasn't surprised to see me enter nude, but he should have been surprised to see me behind the wheel of the truck carrying all the clothes, purses, wallets and other belongings of the five thousand volunteers who at that moment were fucking like dogs in Central Park. But, even more, he should of thought about how very extravagant those artist types can be.

Andross presents: Flash!









RAIN BOW

OLD JIM BOW HAD BEEN ONE OF THE GLORIES OF ROMANTIC AMERICAN COMIC STRIPS: "THE KING OF MELODRAMA". BUT HE WAS RETIRED AND DEPRESSED. HE HATED THINGS LIKE FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE PARK. HIS SHRINK TOLD HIM TO GO BACK TO DRAWING, BUT THE ROMANTIC MELODRAMA WAS OLD FASHIONED. HE FELT USELESS AND FORGOTTEN BY HIS FANS, WHO DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS ALIVE. EVERY NIGHT HE WENT TO HIS STUDIO TO REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



BUT JIM ISN'T JUST A GLOOMY OLD MAN, HE'S THE PATRIARCH OF THE "RAIN-BOW" CLAN, THE WEALTHIEST FAMILY IN DRY BARKS COUNTY.



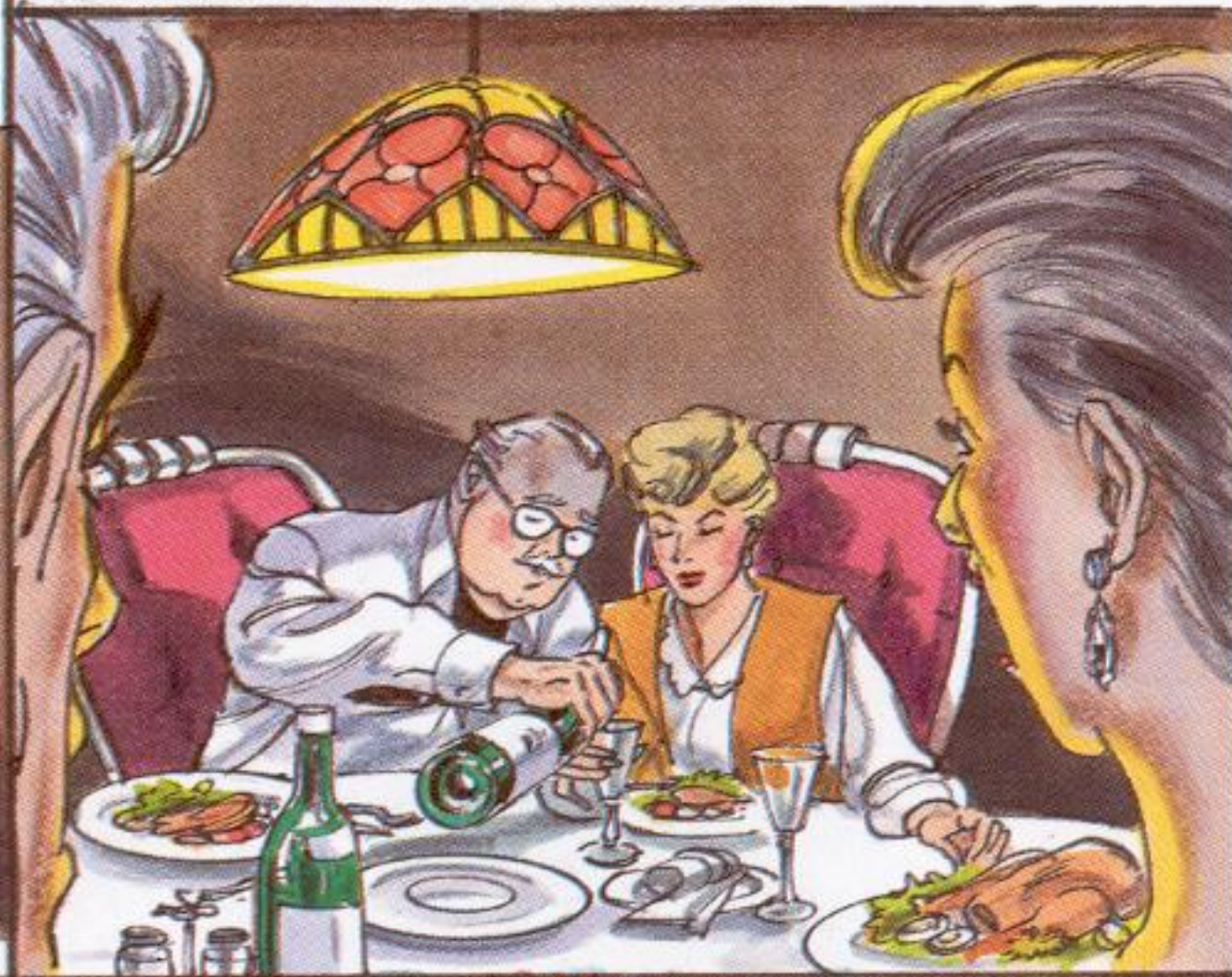
ITS HARDWORKING MEMBERS HAVE BECOME RECOGNIZED PROFESSIONALS, VERY LIBERAL. THERE ARE DOCTORS, SOCIOLOGISTS AND ENGINEERS SITTING AROUND THE FAMILY TABLE.



JIM WASN'T A DOCTOR OR ENGINEER, NOR DID HE HAVE A COLLEGE DEGREE, BUT HE WAS THE ONLY WORLD-FAMOUS MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. AT LEAST, HE WAS AT ONE TIME; NOW MANY OF THOSE WHO STILL REMEMBER HIM AND STUDY HIS WORK BELIEVE HE'S DEAD.



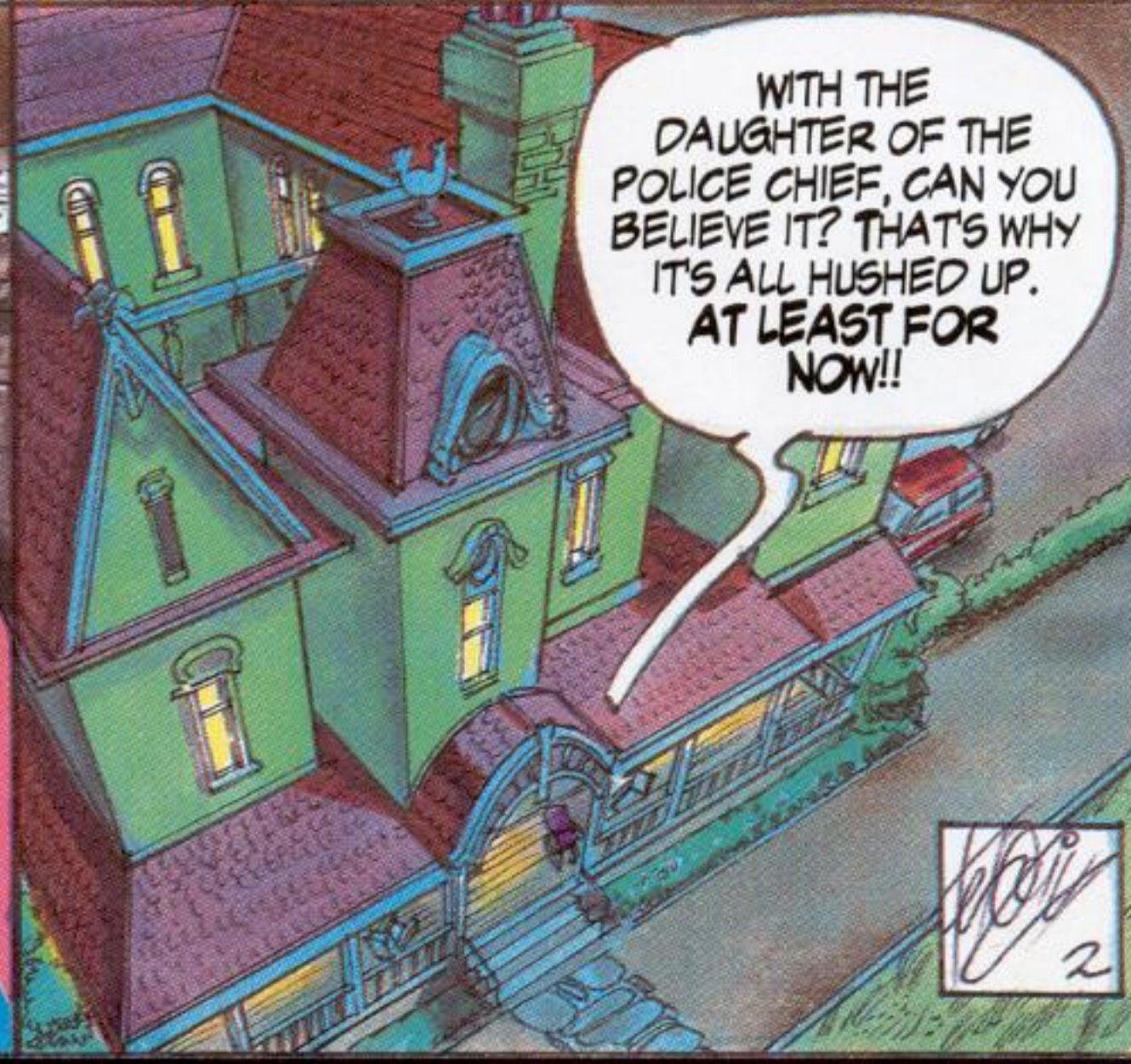
THE RELATIVES GET TOGETHER AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH MONTH TO DISCUSS THE FAMILY PROBLEMS AND MAKE DECISIONS.

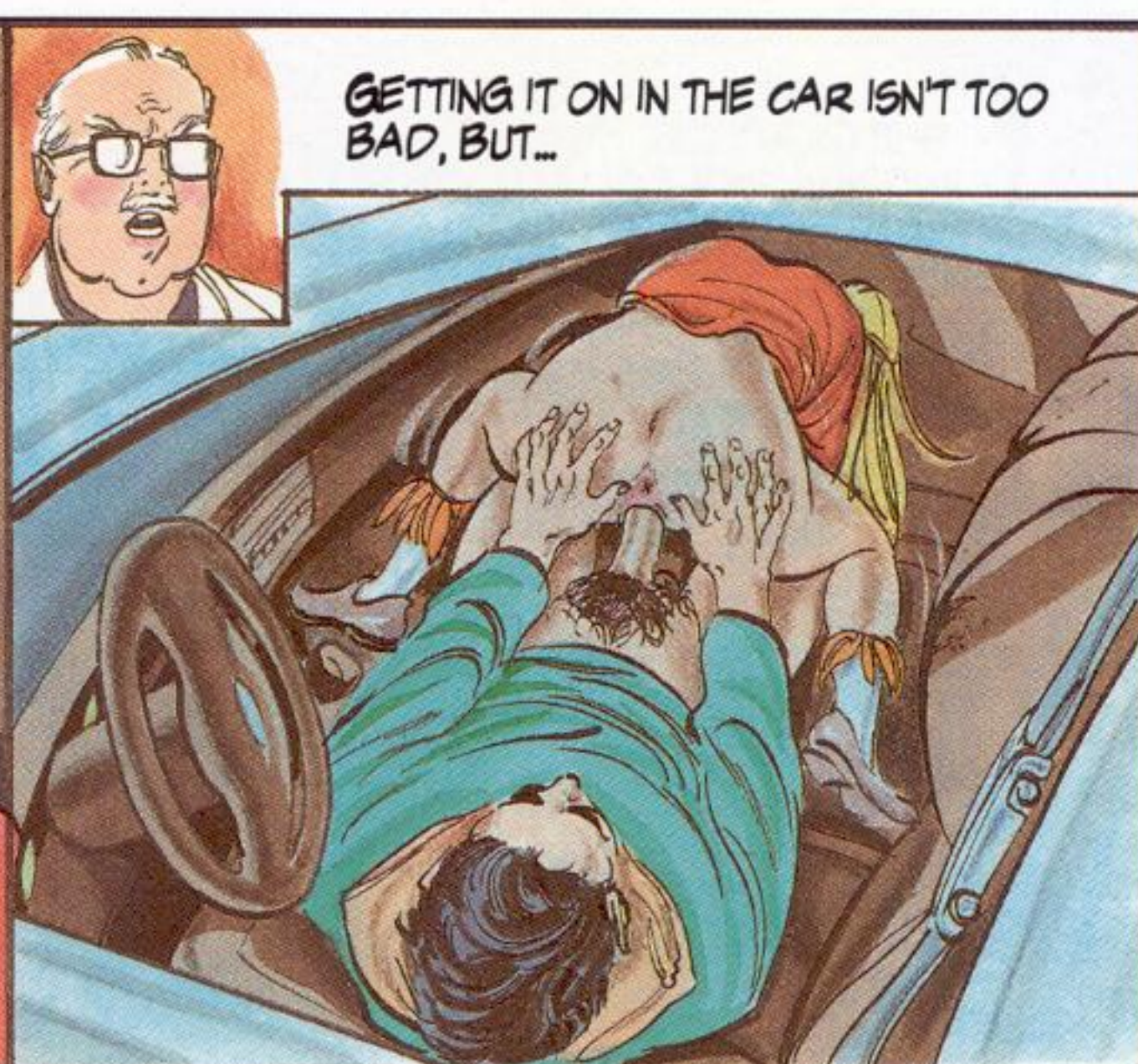
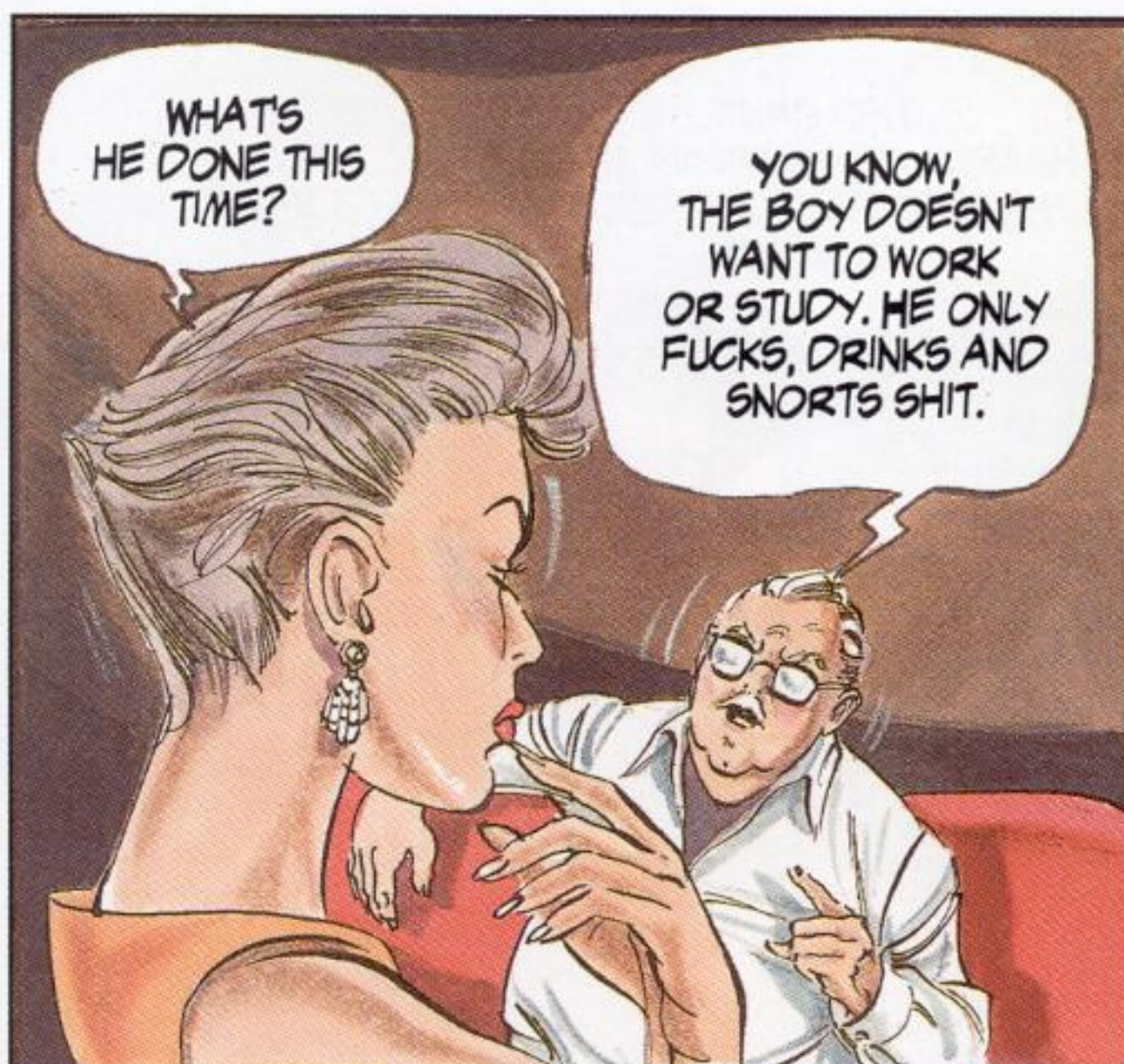


SOMETHING'S BOTHERING ME, NINA. THAT PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT SON OF YOURS, CLARENCE, HAS SCREWED UP AGAIN.



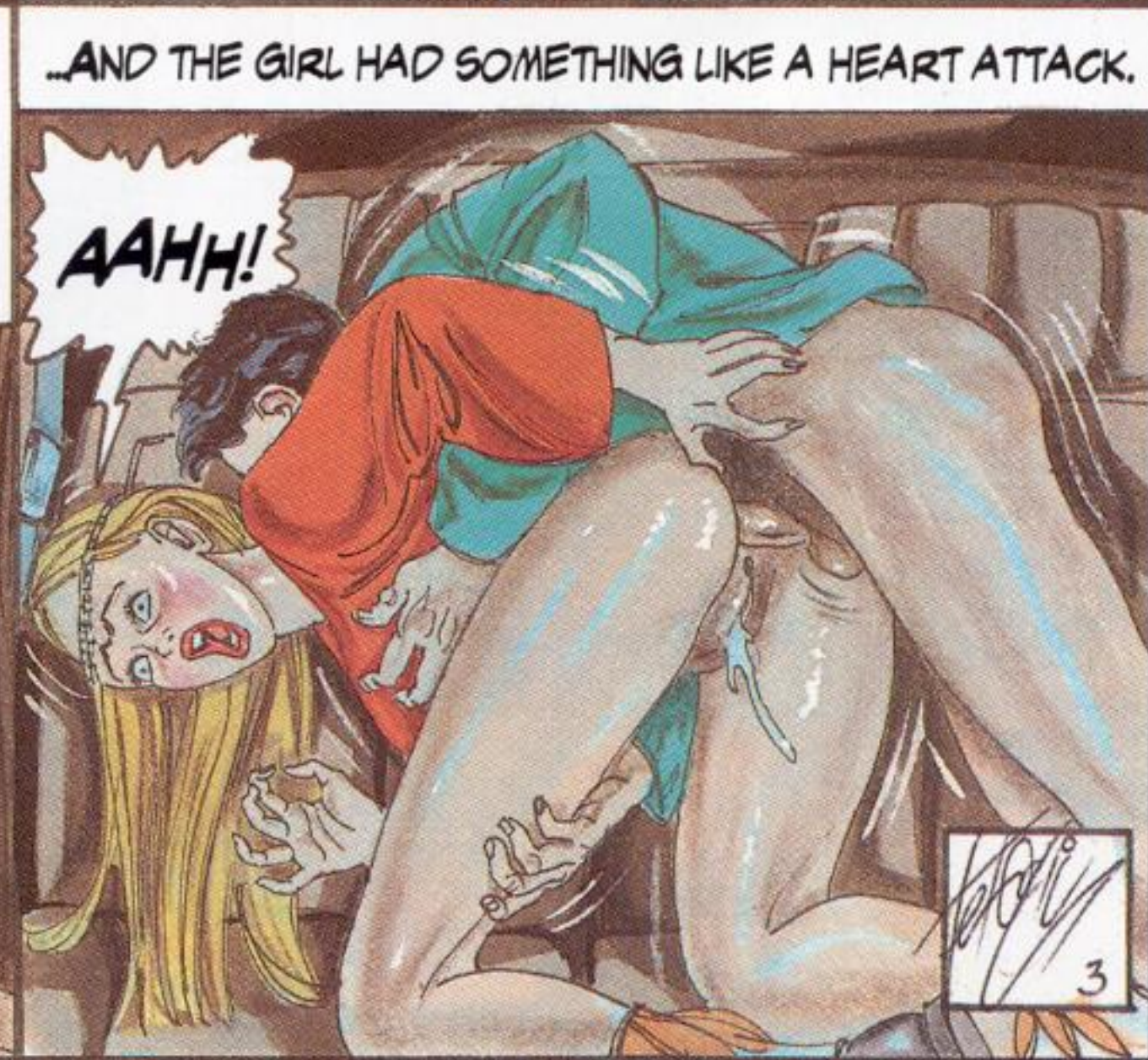
WITH THE DAUGHTER OF THE POLICE CHIEF, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT'S WHY IT'S ALL HUSHED UP. AT LEAST FOR NOW!!

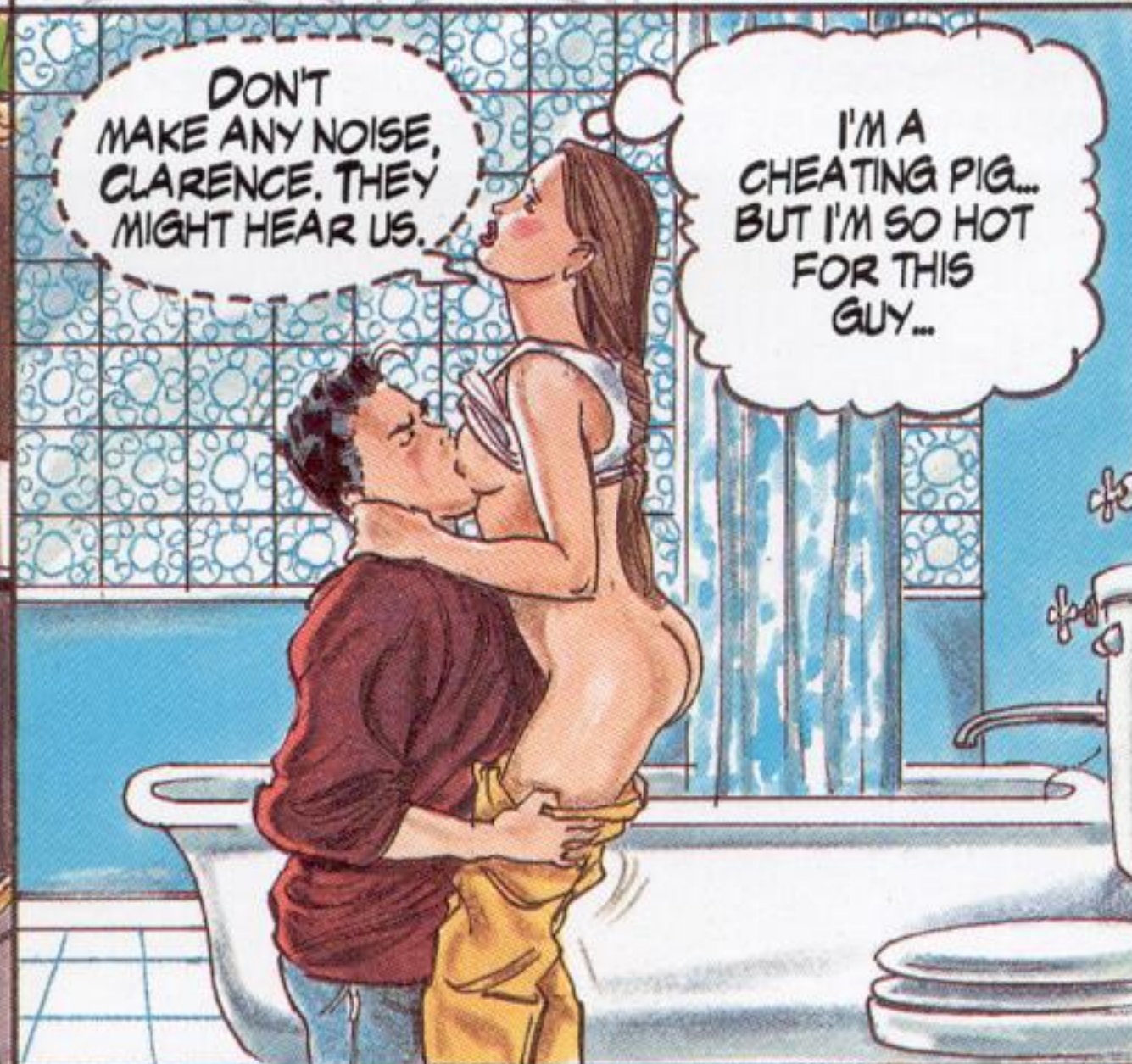
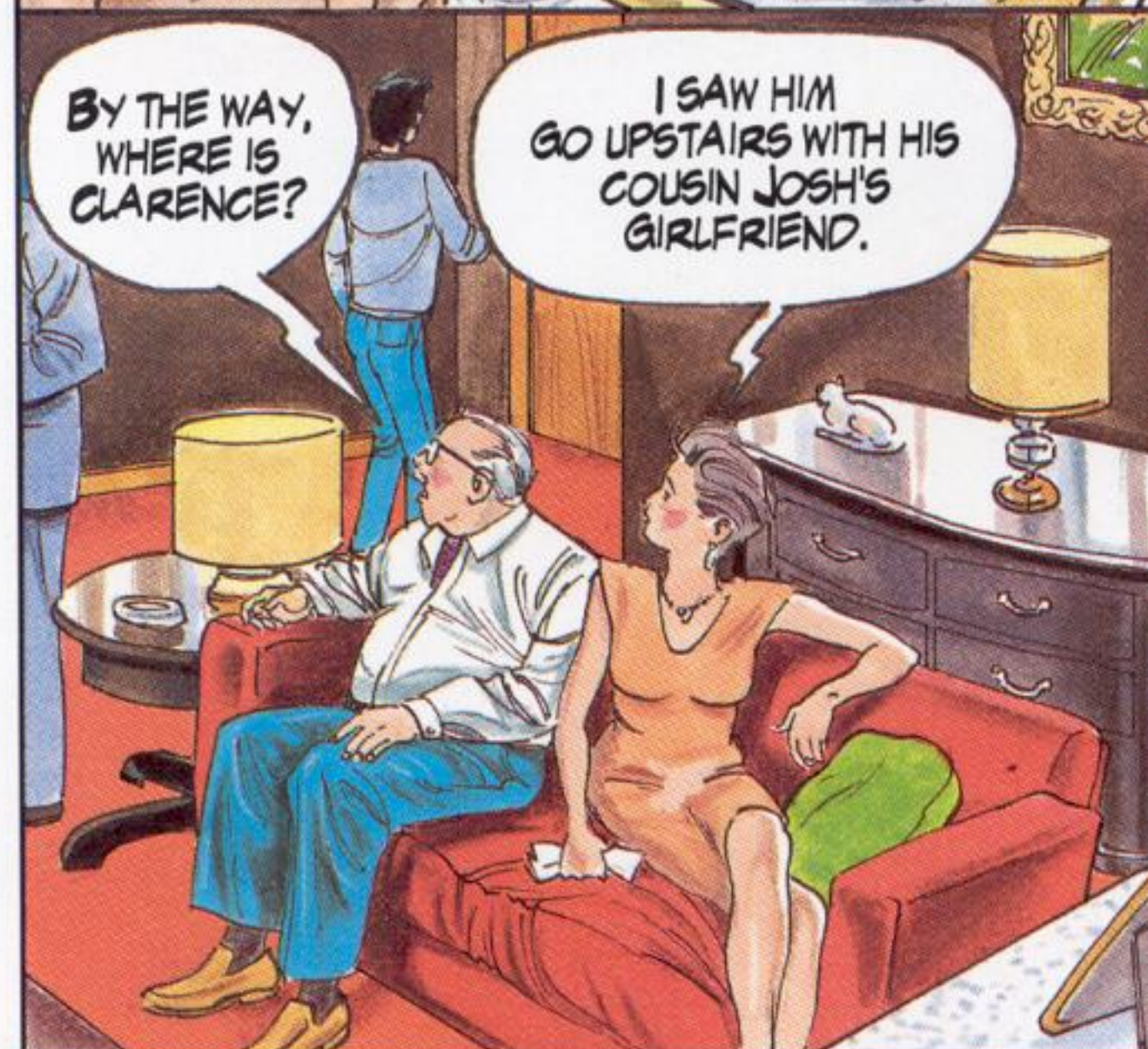
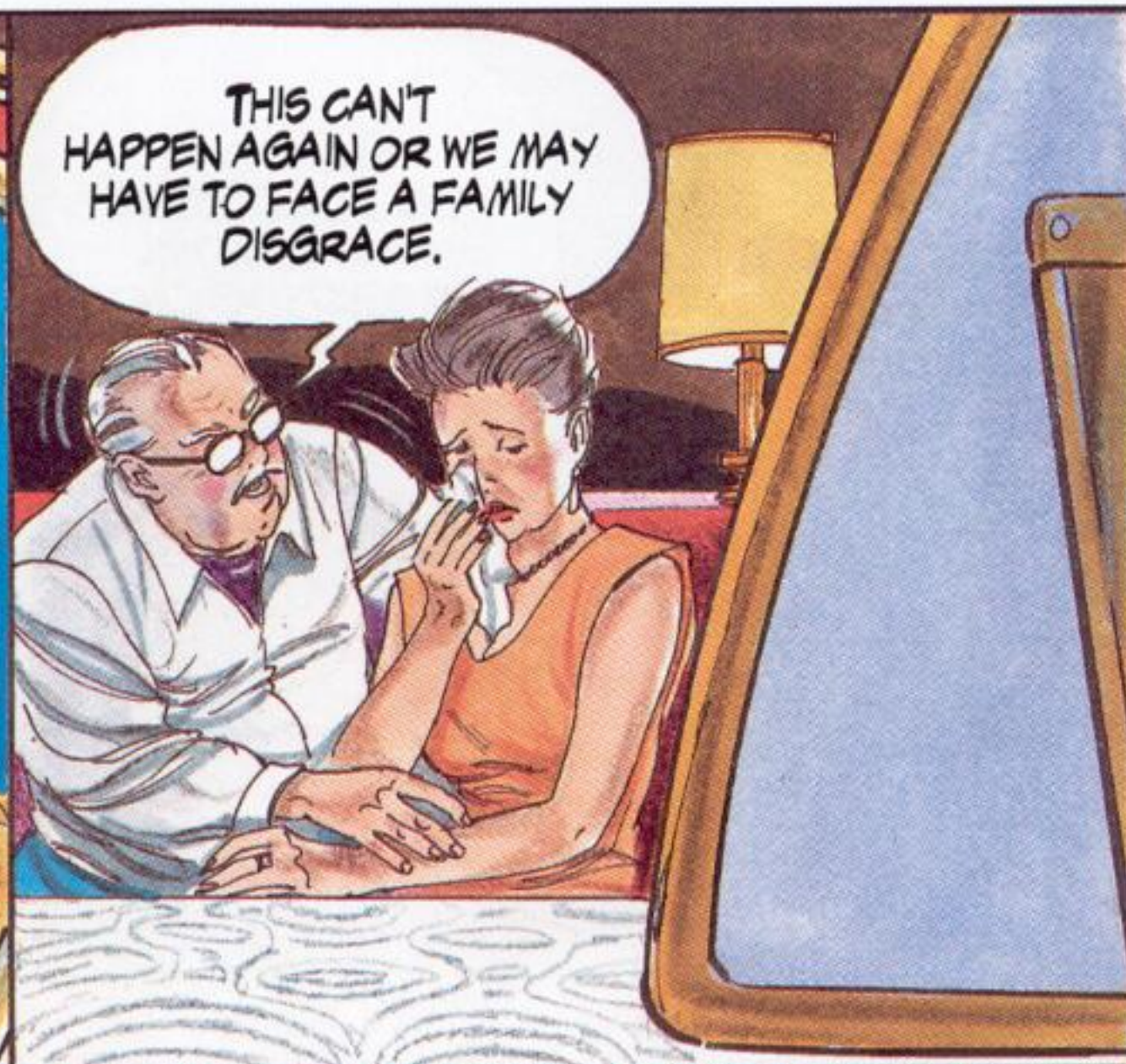
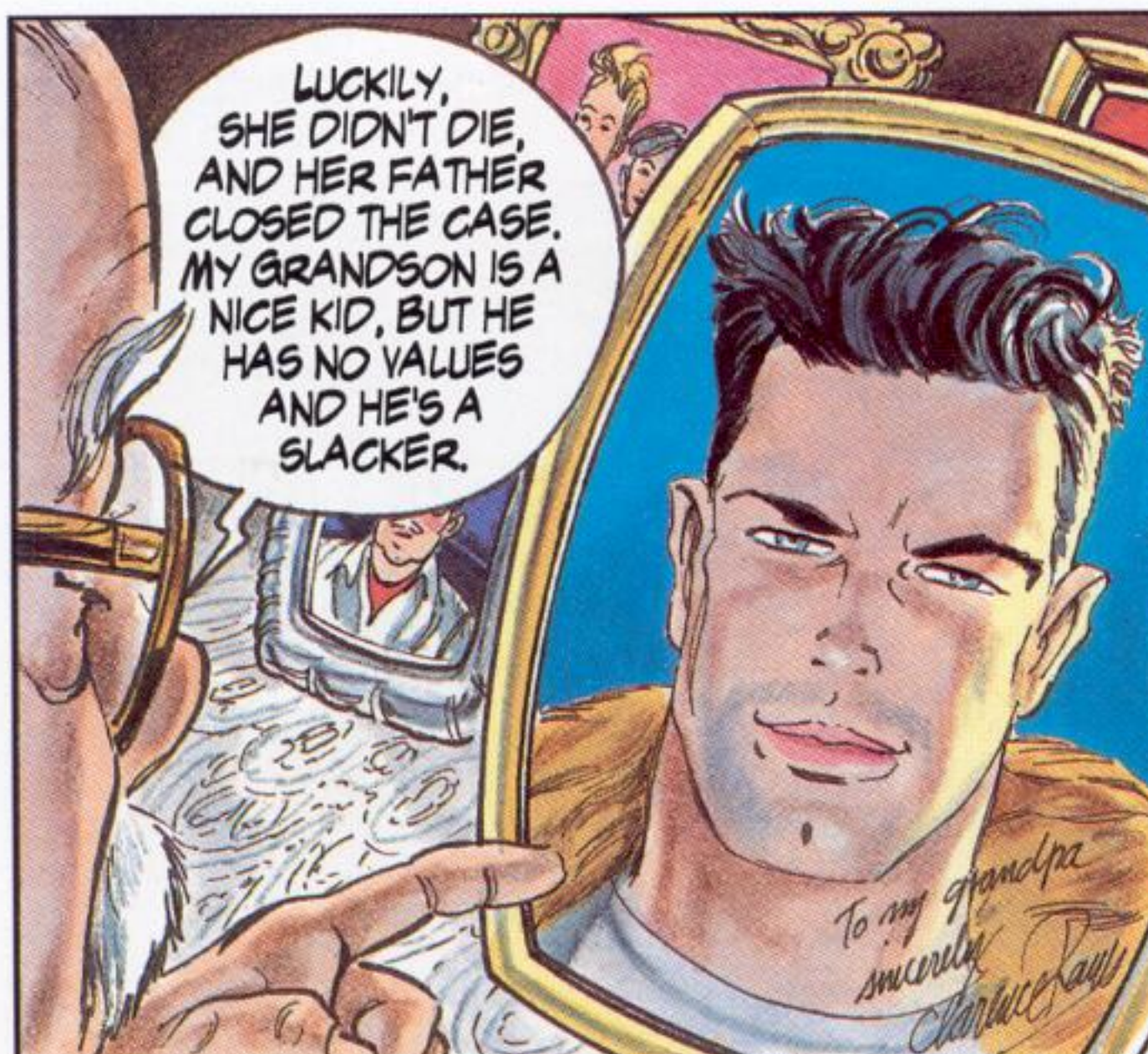


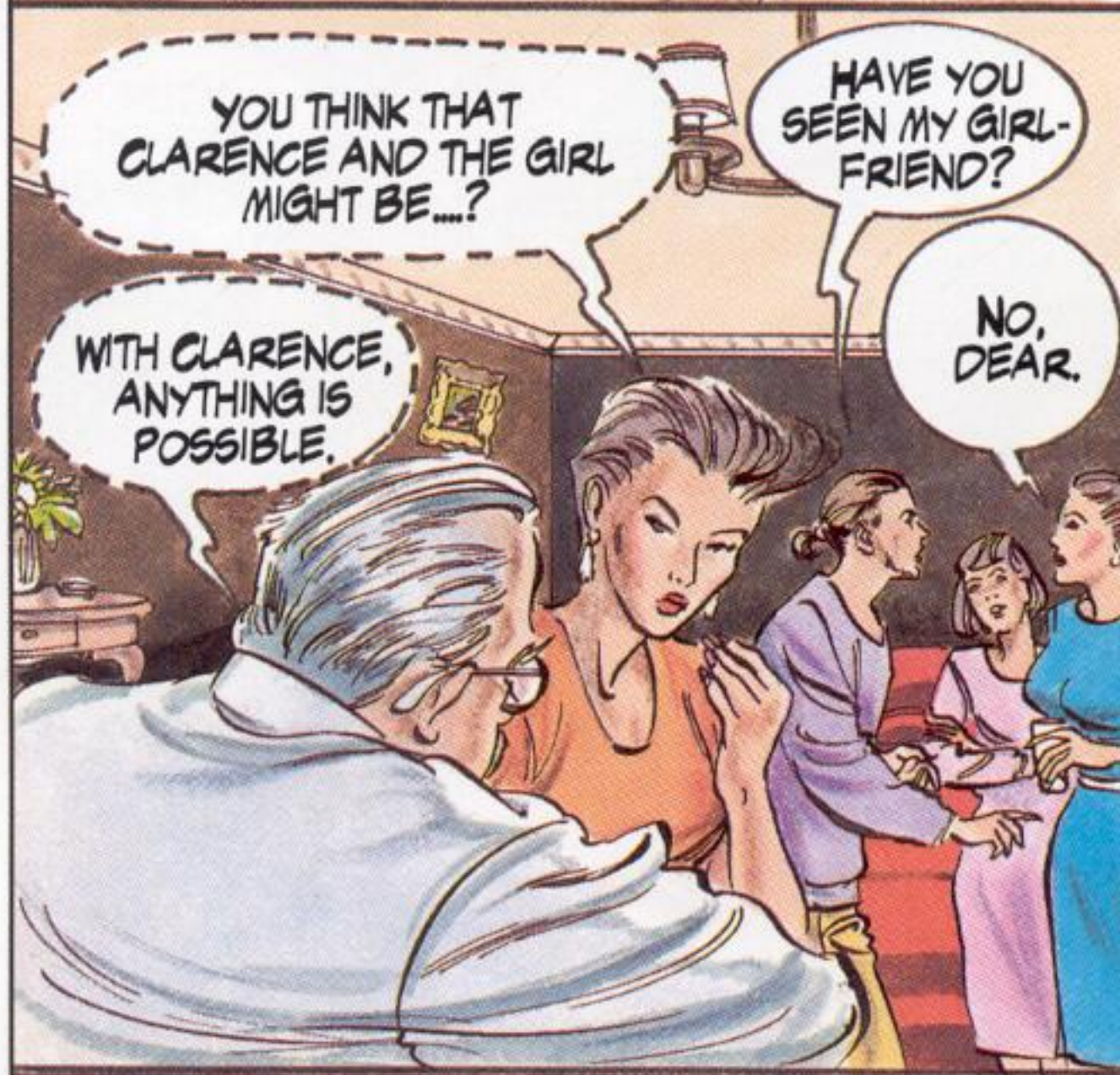


THE IDIOT DECIDES TO USE A MIXTURE OF COCAINE AND MAYONNAISE TO GREASE UP THE GIRL.

AT FIRST IT PRODUCED A STIMULATING EFFECT, ACCORDING TO THE DOCTOR...









HERE IT IS. THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER DICK IN THE COUNTY... ALL FOR ME.

CAN'T RESIST. I WANT IT IN MY MOUTH!

CAREFUL!

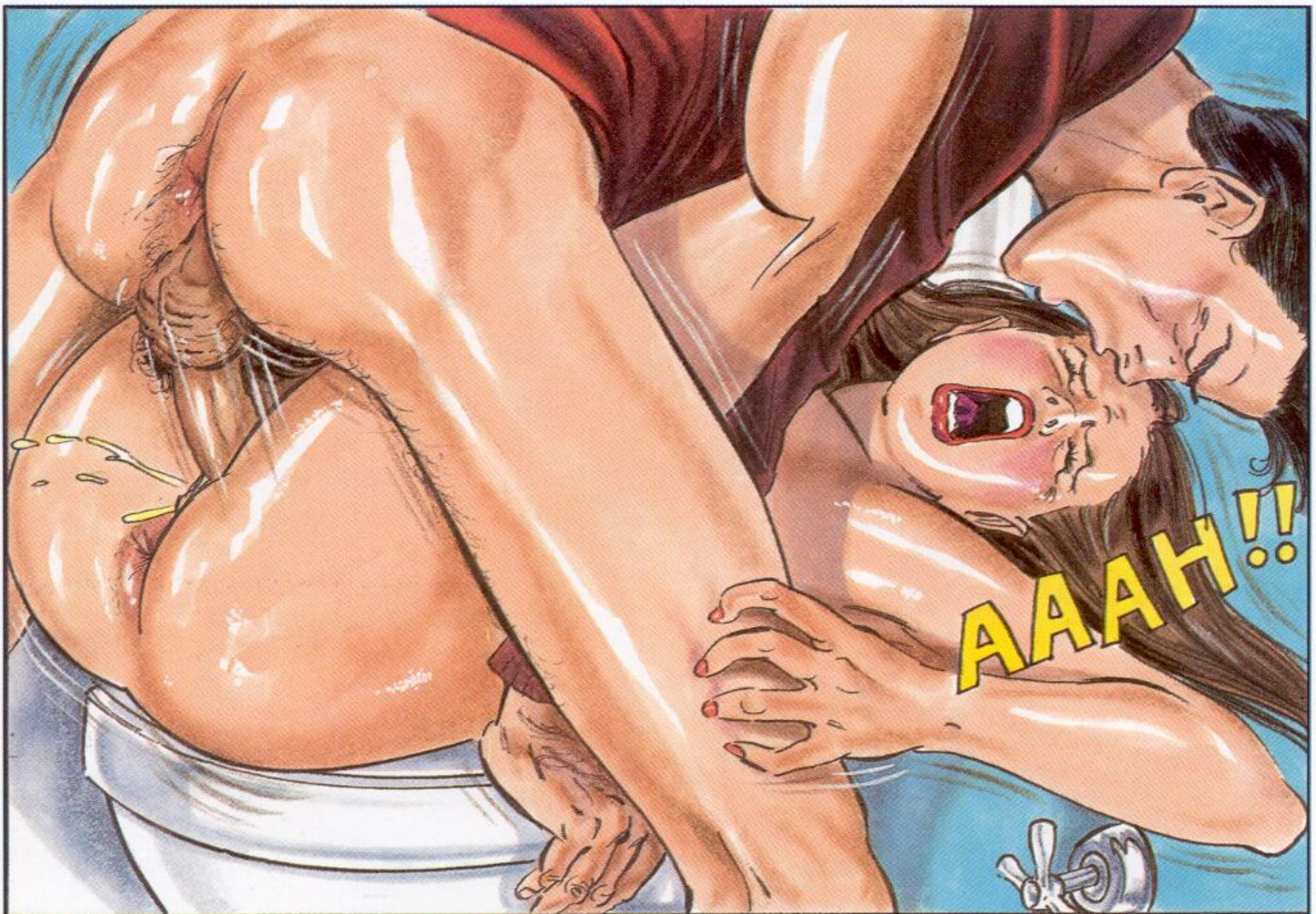
MAN, JOSH CAN EAT A DICK!

YOUR DICK, YEESS!

ALL THIS IS FOR YOU, BABY.

NOW... I'M COMING! AAHH!

YOUR PUSSY IS TIGHTENING!

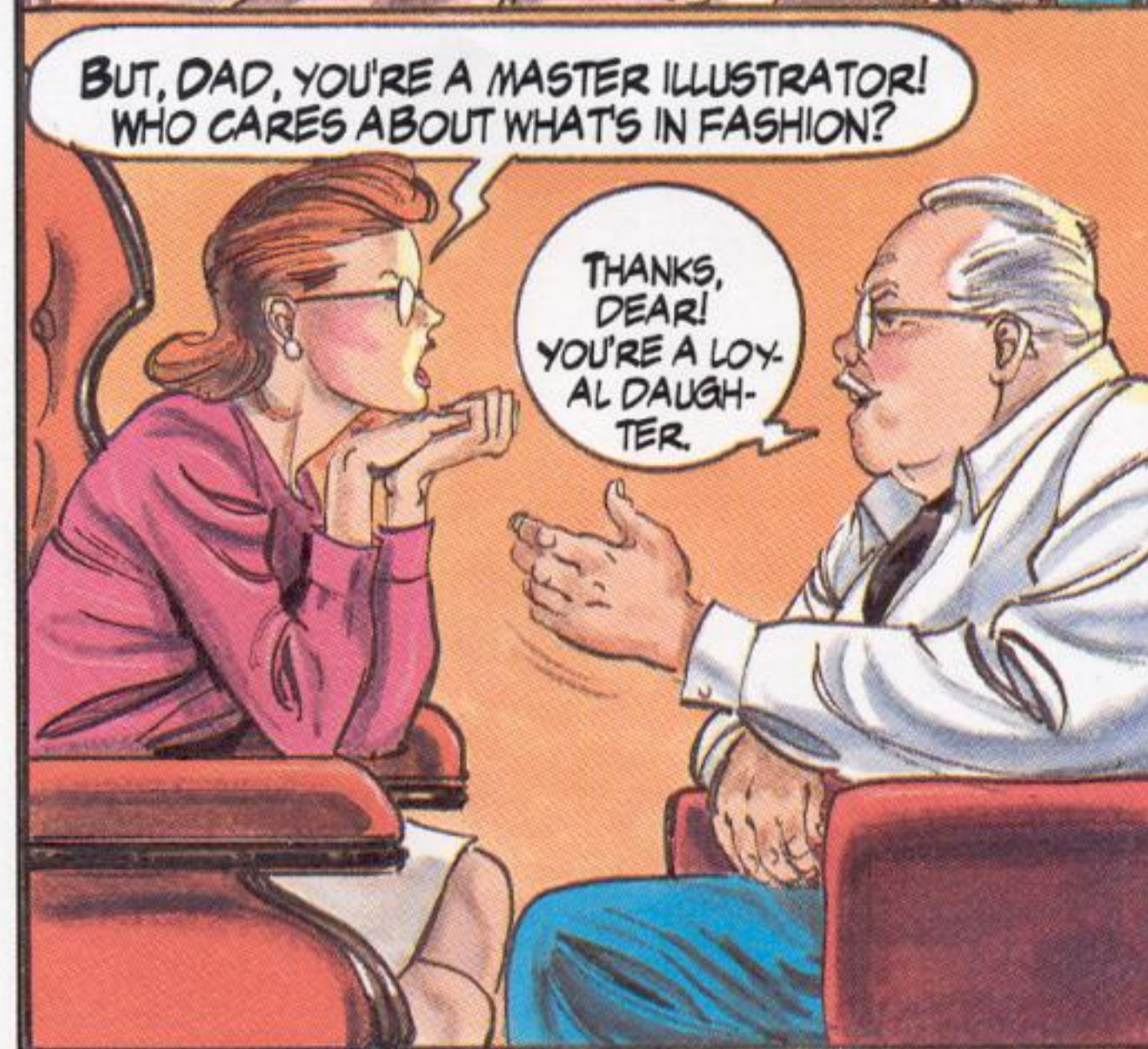
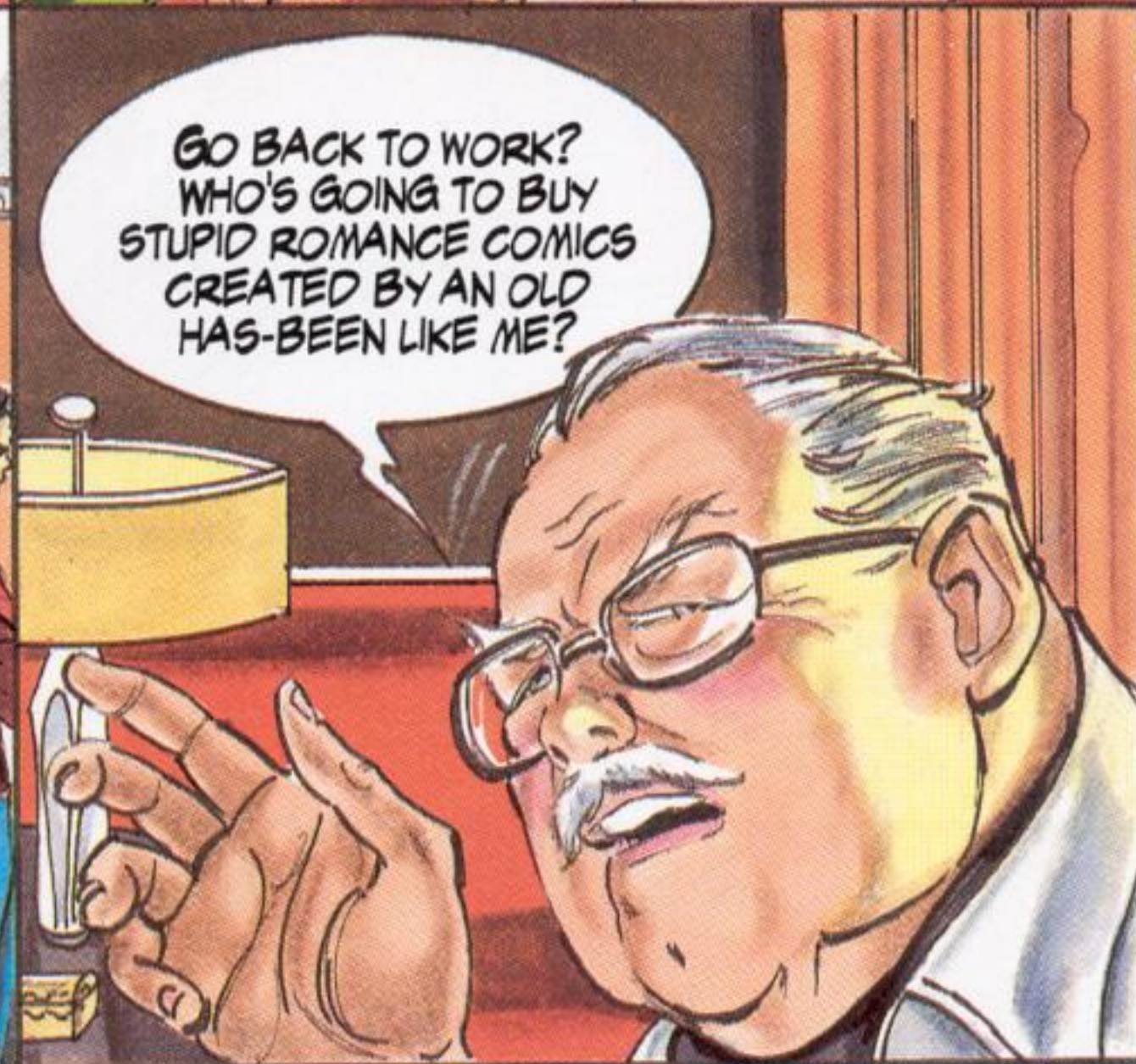
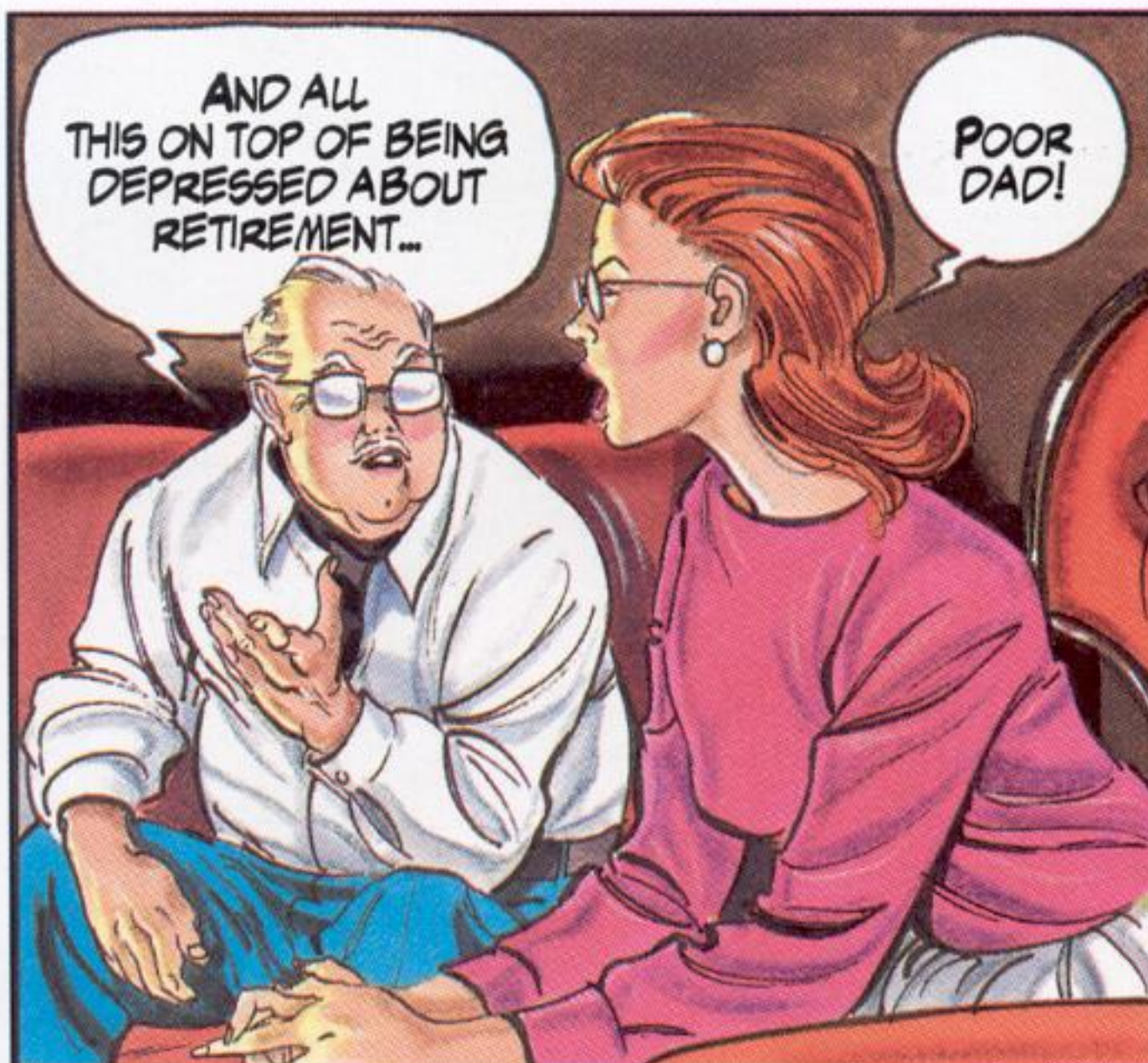


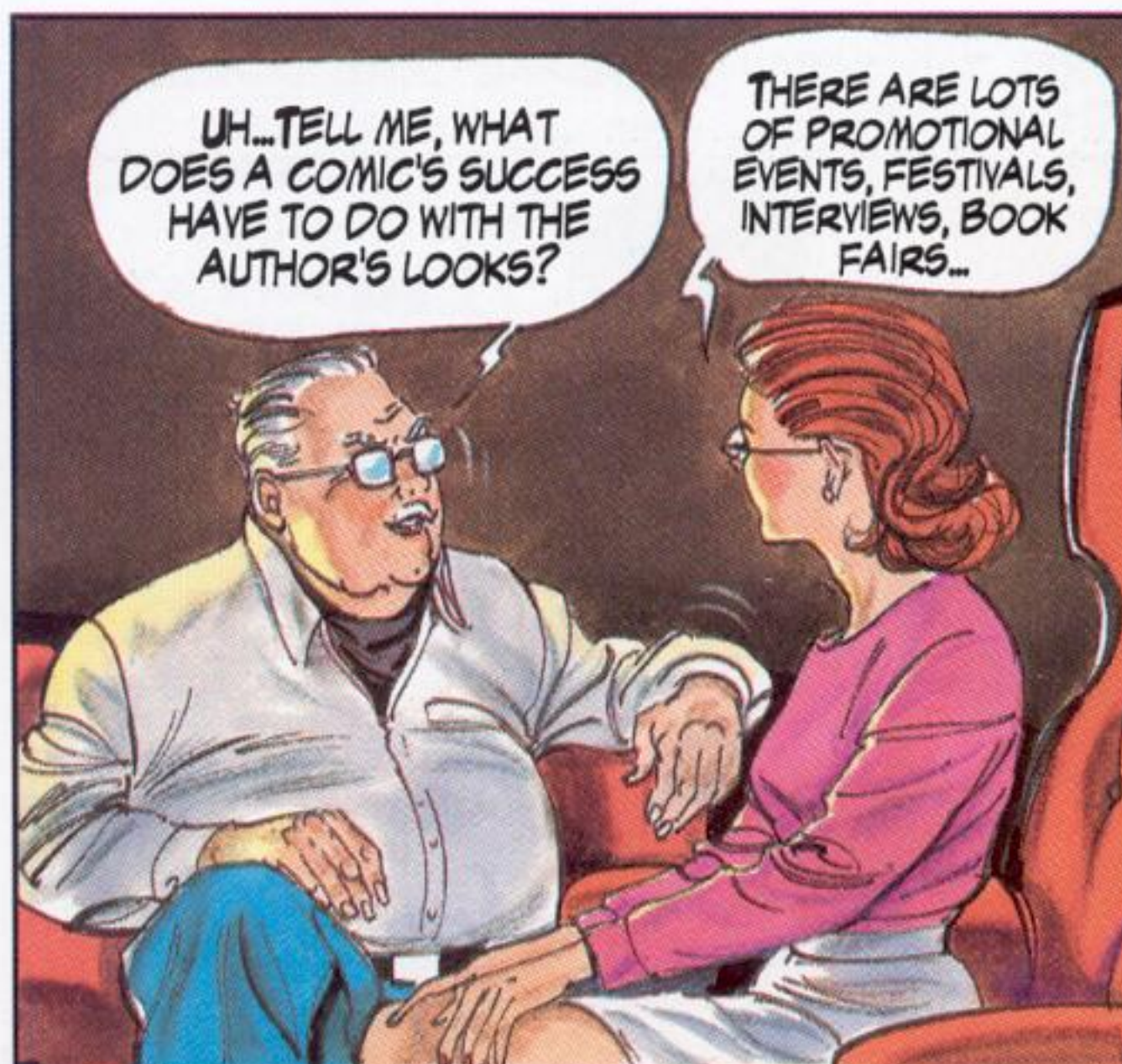
ROSE, YOU'RE HIS AUNT AND THE FAMILY MARKETING EXPERT, MAYBE YOU CAN THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS PROBLEM: "WHAT TO DO WITH CLARENCE RAIN?"

IF WE LOOK AT HIM AS A PRODUCT, I'D SAY HE'S ATTRACTIVE AND HE'D SELL. WHAT ABOUT CUTTING OFF HIS MONTHLY ALLOWANCE? HE'D HAVE TO CHANGE HIS BAD HABITS...

THAT'D BE TOO HARD ON HIM. IF I CUT HIM OFF HE'LL SELL HIS ASS ON THE STREET.







UH...TELL ME, WHAT DOES A COMIC'S SUCCESS HAVE TO DO WITH THE AUTHOR'S LOOKS?

THERE ARE LOTS OF PROMOTIONAL EVENTS, FESTIVALS, INTERVIEWS, BOOK FAIRS...



MAYBE THE COMIC WILL BE AS "MAINSTREAM" AS POP MUSIC AND THE SAME MARKETING RULES WILL APPLY. WHY DO YOU THINK ROCK STARS HAVE PLASTIC SURGERY?



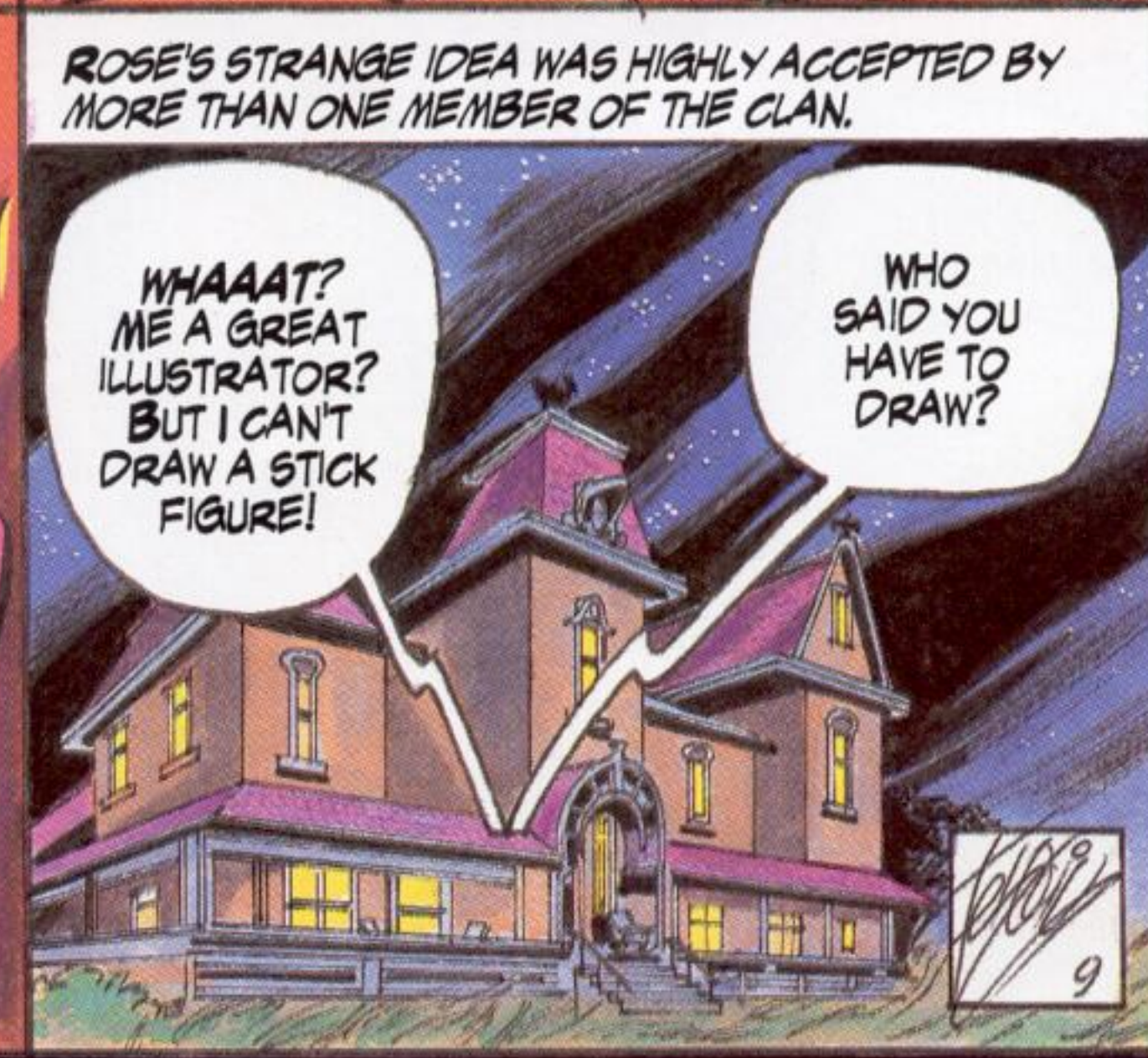
IMAGINE A YOUNG, HANDSOME ILLUSTRATOR PRESENTING HIS IMAGE IN PUBLIC, TO THE PRESS, ON TELEVISION; AND IMAGINE HE HAS YOUR GENIUS AND SKILL. THE PERFECT COMBINATION!



YOU GO BACK TO YOUR DRAWING BOARD AND OVERCOME YOUR DEPRESSION, AND CLARENCE GETS A FUN JOB AS AN "IMPOSTER." TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!



AH! AND NO INSIPID ROMANCES. THE COMIC WILL BE SERIOUS, HARD-CORE PORNO.



ROSE'S STRANGE IDEA WAS HIGHLY ACCEPTED BY MORE THAN ONE MEMBER OF THE CLAN.

WHAAAT? ME A GREAT ILLUSTRATOR? BUT I CAN'T DRAW A STICK FIGURE!

WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO DRAW?

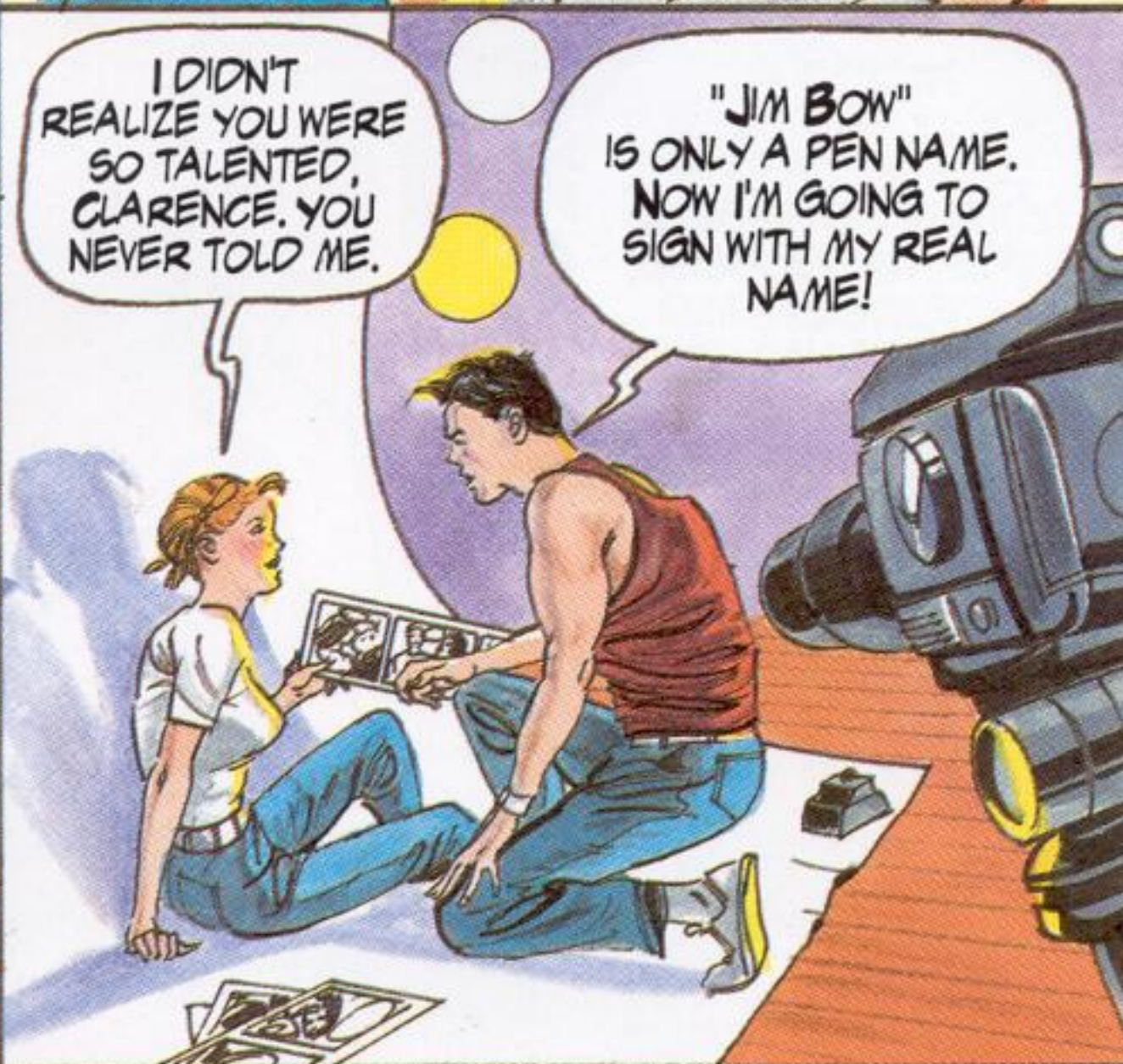
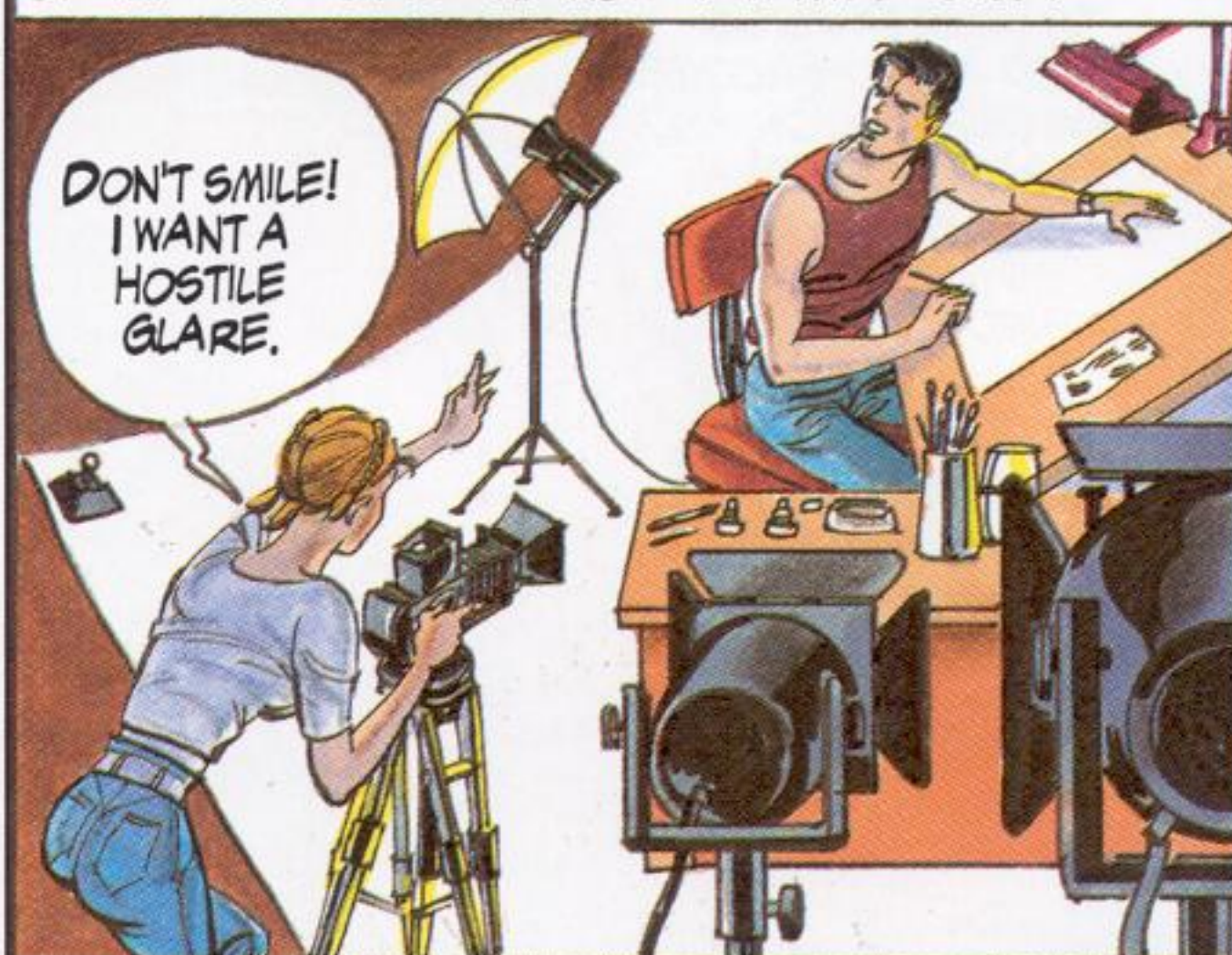
AND THAT'S HOW THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY FOUND HIMSELF INVOLVED IN AN EXPERIMENT: AN UNEXPECTED OCCUPATIONAL ADVENTURE.



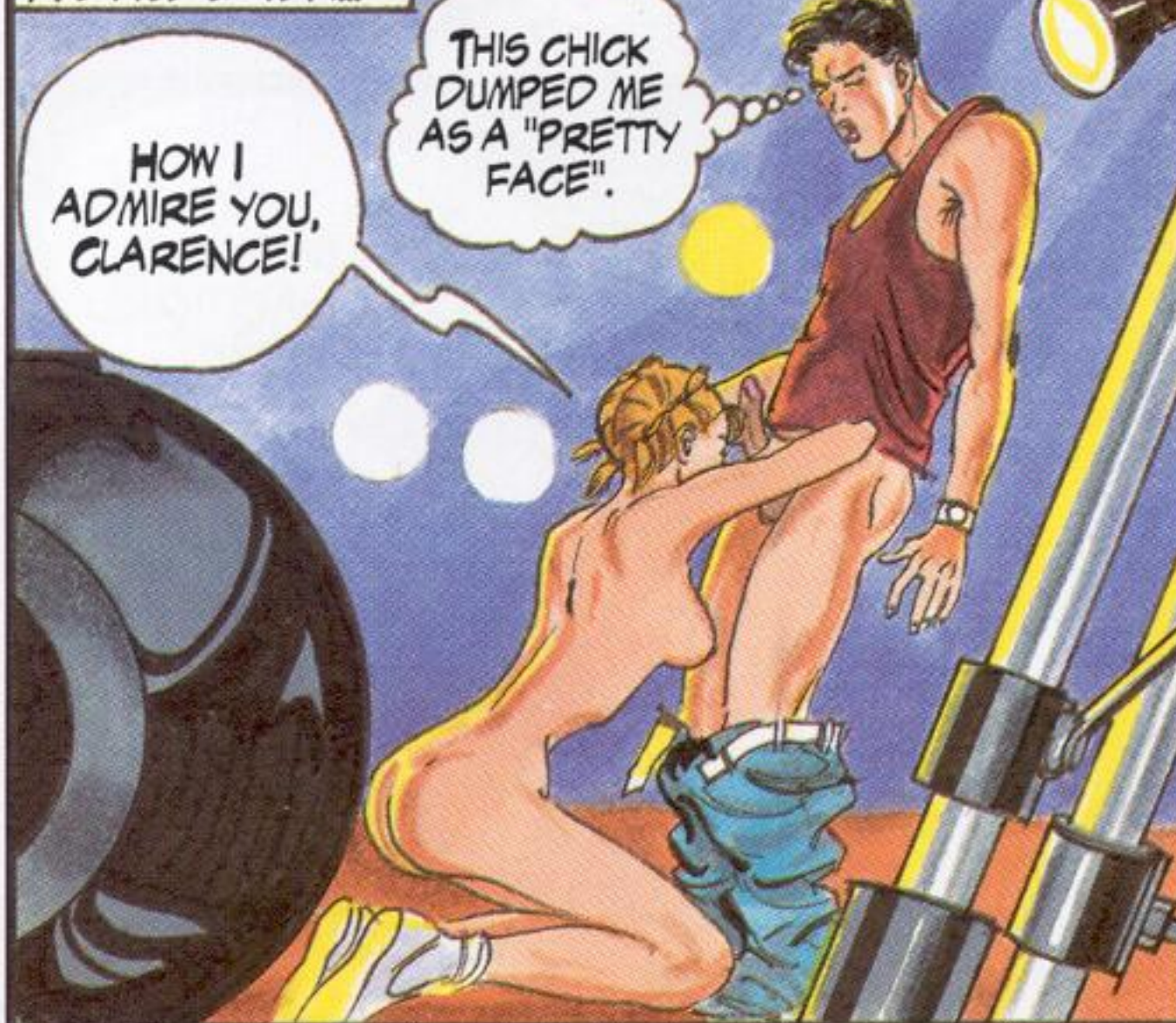
THEN THEY BEGAN THE PREPARATIONS TO LAUNCH THEIR "PRODUCT".



THE PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHER (WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE STORY) TURNED OUT TO BE A FORMER FUCK BUDDY OF THE ATTRACTIVE AND NOW "TALENTED" STUD.



A LITTLE LATER...

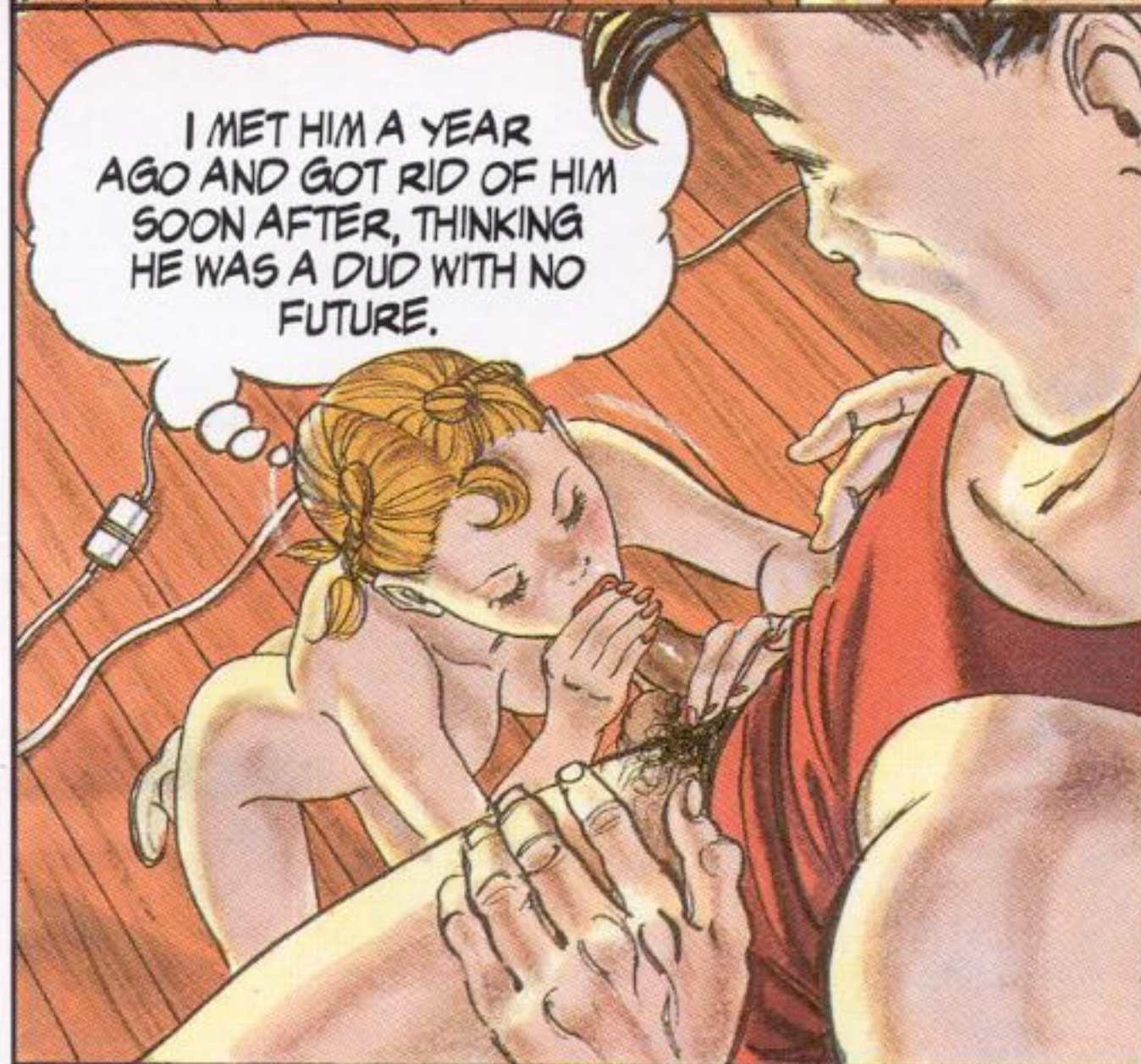




I'VE HEARD TELL THAT SUCCESS
RESIDES IN KNOWING EXACTLY WHOSE
DICK TO SUCK.



THIS GUY'S
GOOD FOR ME.
I DON'T GO DOWN
ON ANY OL' HOT
DOG. I'VE GOT
A GOOD
EYE.



I MET HIM A YEAR
AGO AND GOT RID OF HIM
SOON AFTER, THINKING
HE WAS A DUD WITH NO
FUTURE.



AAHH! THIS
IS FOR YOU!

DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD
HAVE BEEN SO OFF.



THIS IS THE
DELICIOUS TASTE
OF TRIUMPH.
I FEEL IT IN ME.

AAAHH!!

YESS!
COVER ME,
MY IDOL!



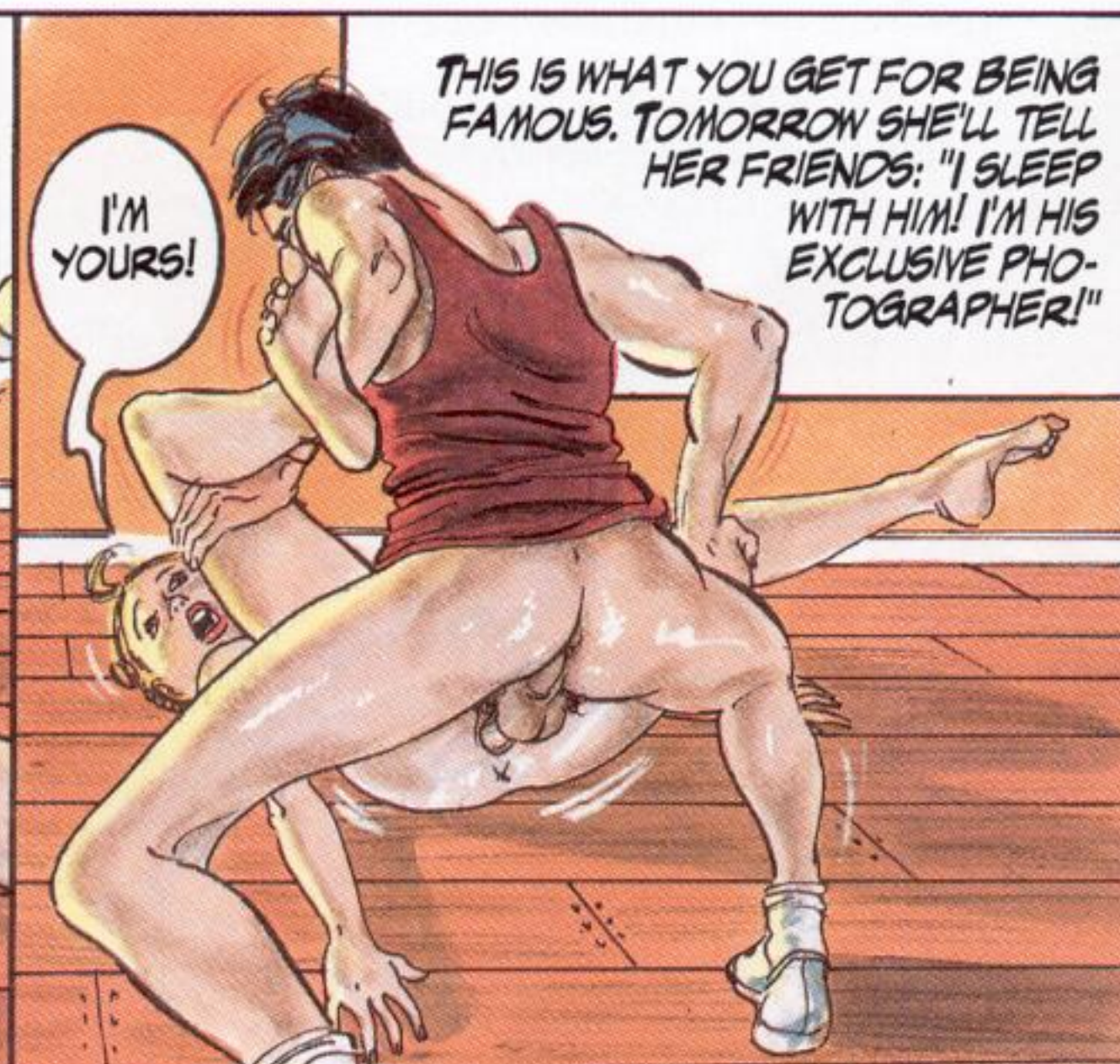
AAAGH!
IT'S SO
HOT!

I LOVE
YOUR
JIZZ!

19



THE GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER IS SO ENTHUSIASTIC WITH HER TALENTED LOVER THAT SHE DECIDES TO OPEN UP BOTH DOORS, FRONT AND BACK...



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING FAMOUS. TOMORROW SHE'LL TELL HER FRIENDS: "I SLEEP WITH HIM! I'M HIS EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHER!"

I'M YOURS!



DO IT FROM THE BACK! CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE HOLE.

HOW GENEROUS OF YOU! YOU'VE CHANGED A LOT!



OOO, YEESS! NOW IN THE OTHER ONE.



NO, THIS IS GOOD. THEN WE'LL SEE!

I JUST WANT TO PLEASE YOU!



YOU'RE THE BOSS.

WHAT A NICE VIEW FROM THIS ANGLE!

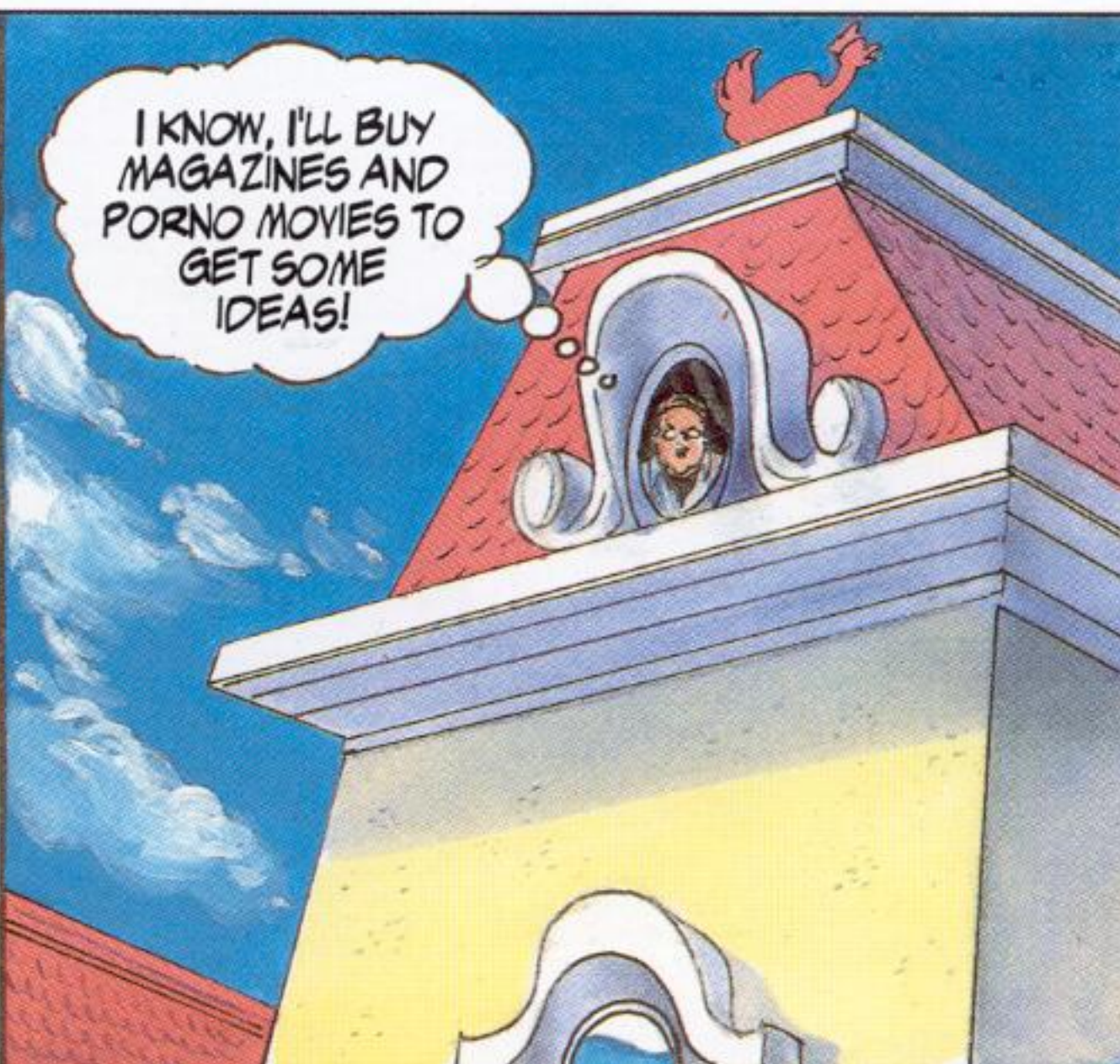
12



BUT, OLD JIM IS THE BRAINS OF THE PLAN. HE NEEDS SOME INSPIRATION.

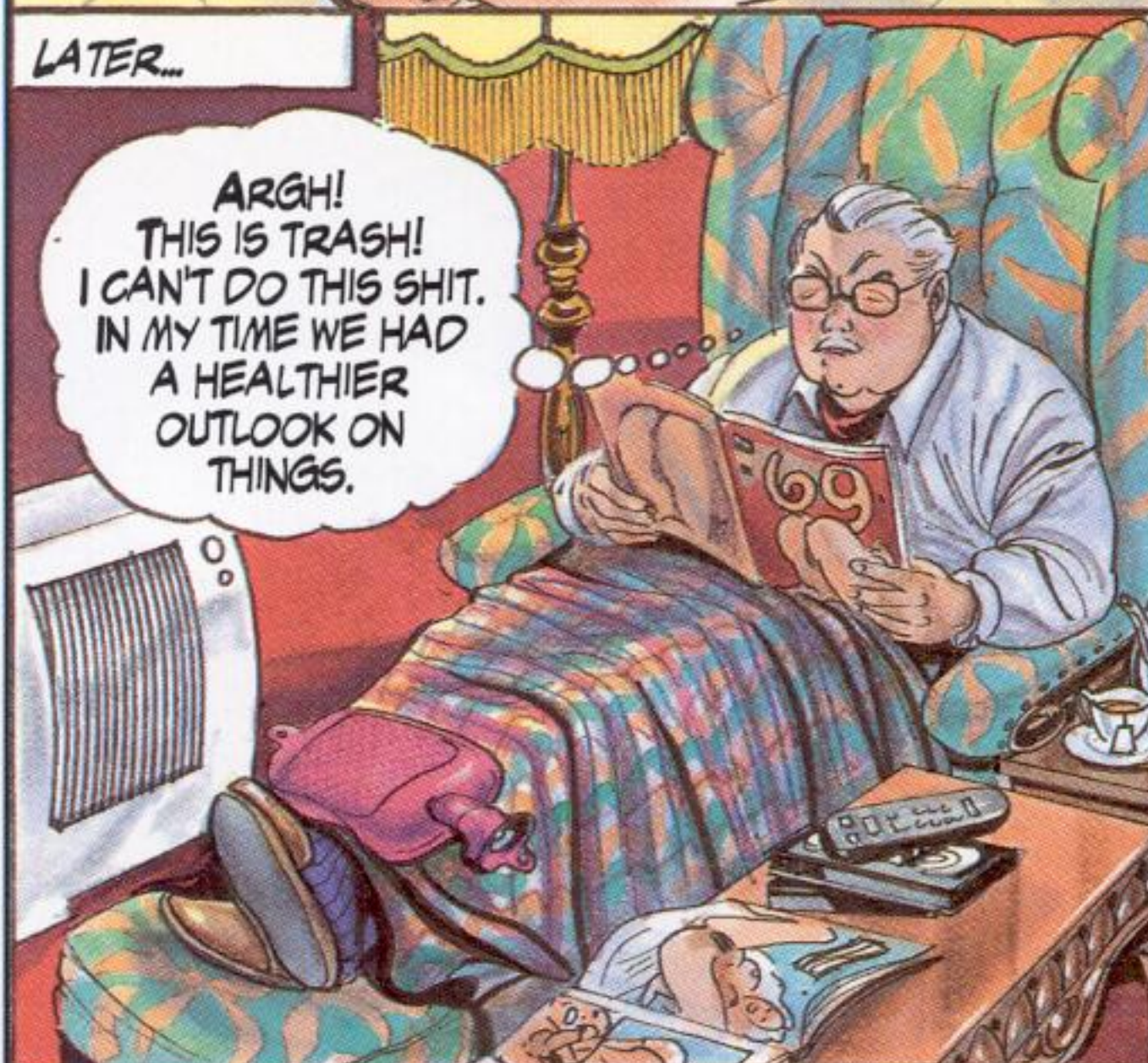


ME ILLUSTRATING PORNO? BUT I CAN'T EVEN SEE MY COCK WITH THIS GUT.

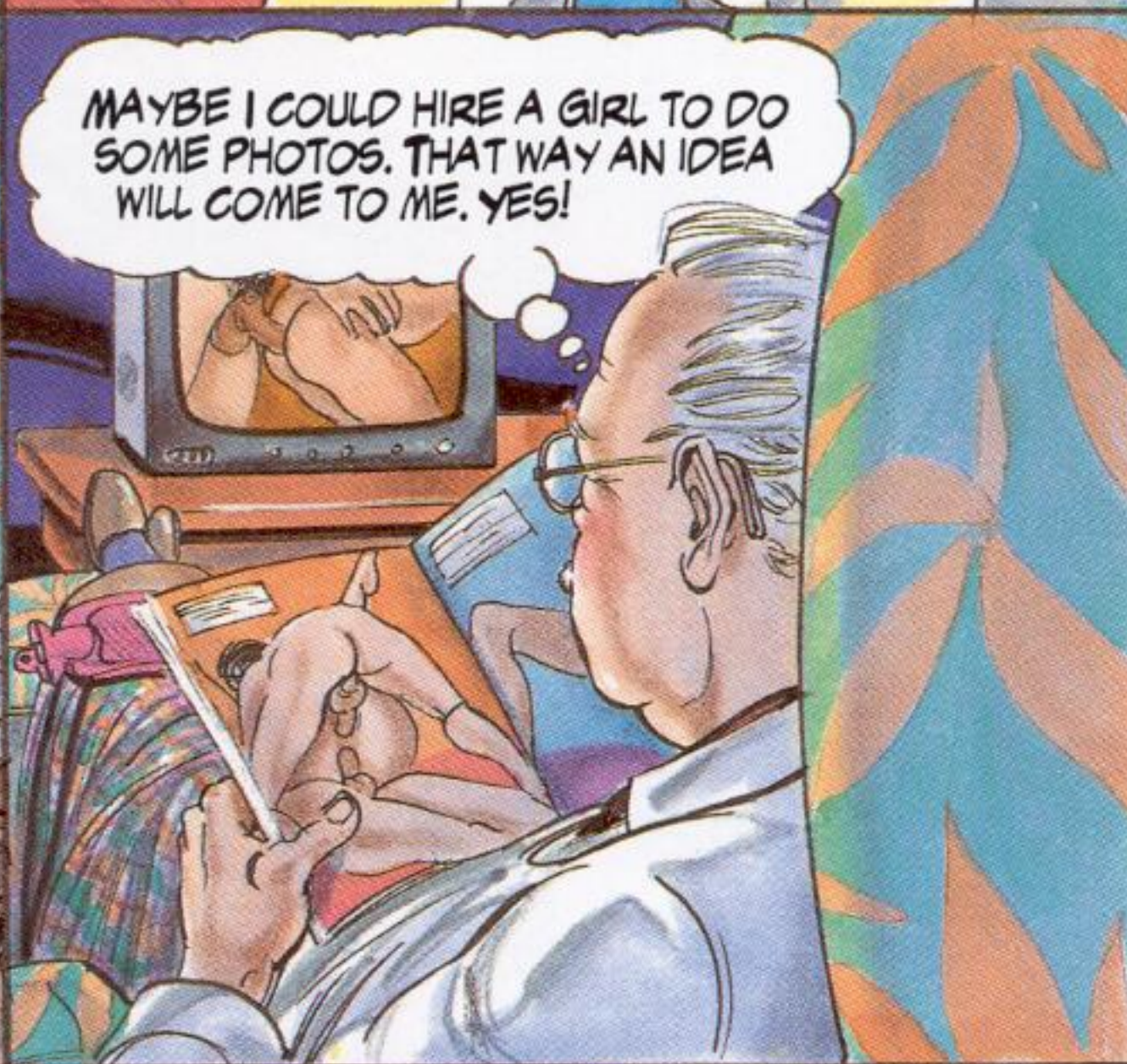


I KNOW, I'LL BUY MAGAZINES AND PORNO MOVIES TO GET SOME IDEAS!

LATER...



ARGH! THIS IS TRASH! I CAN'T DO THIS SHIT. IN MY TIME WE HAD A HEALTHIER OUTLOOK ON THINGS.

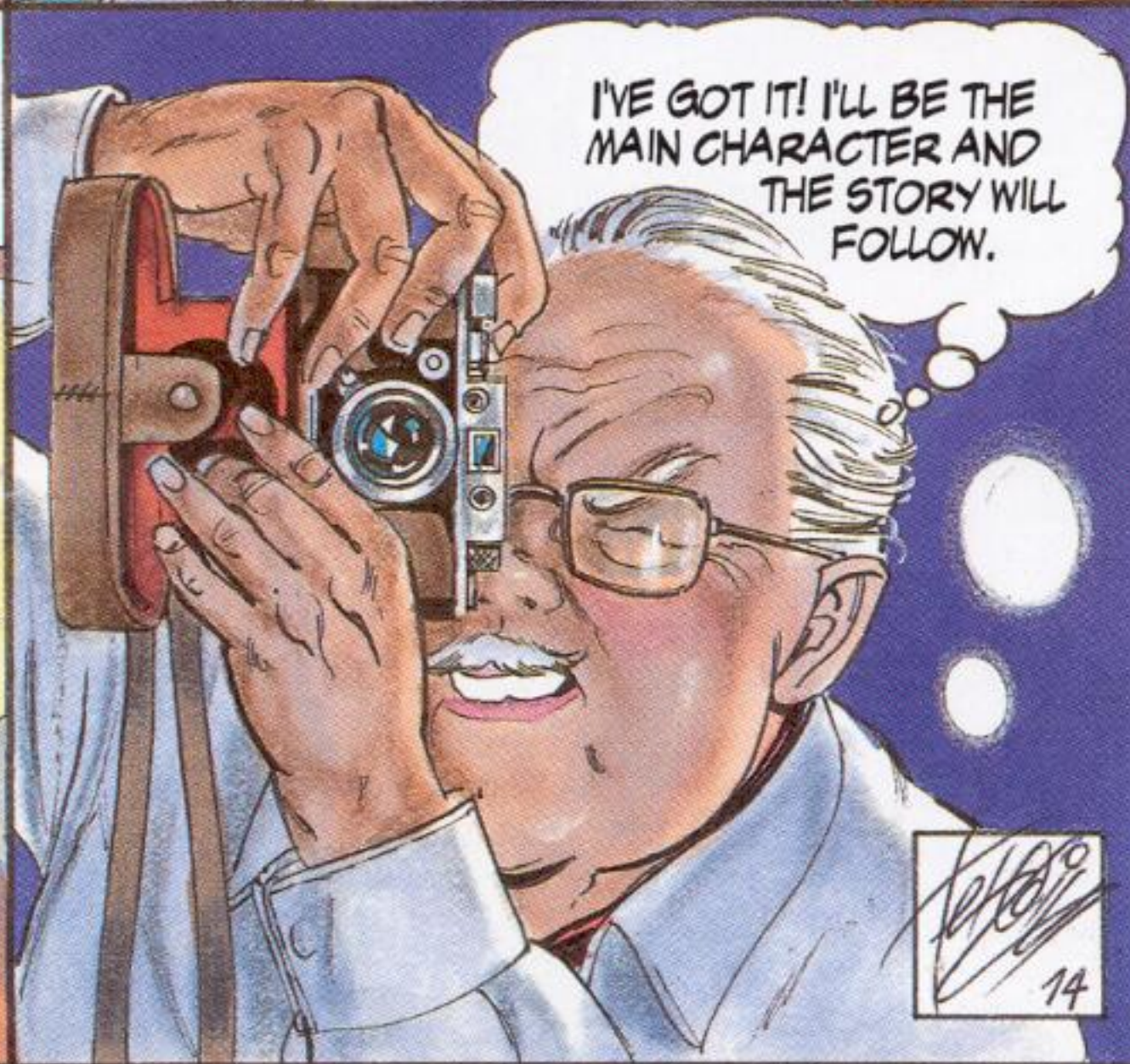


MAYBE I COULD HIRE A GIRL TO DO SOME PHOTOS. THAT WAY AN IDEA WILL COME TO ME. YES!

SO THE REFLECTORS WENT ON AGAIN IN JIM'S STUDIO AND HE STARTED TAKING PICTURES LIKE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



THAT'S IT. YOU DARE ME TO FUCK YOU AND MAKE ME FACE MY SECRET FEARS.



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL BE THE MAIN CHARACTER AND THE STORY WILL FOLLOW.



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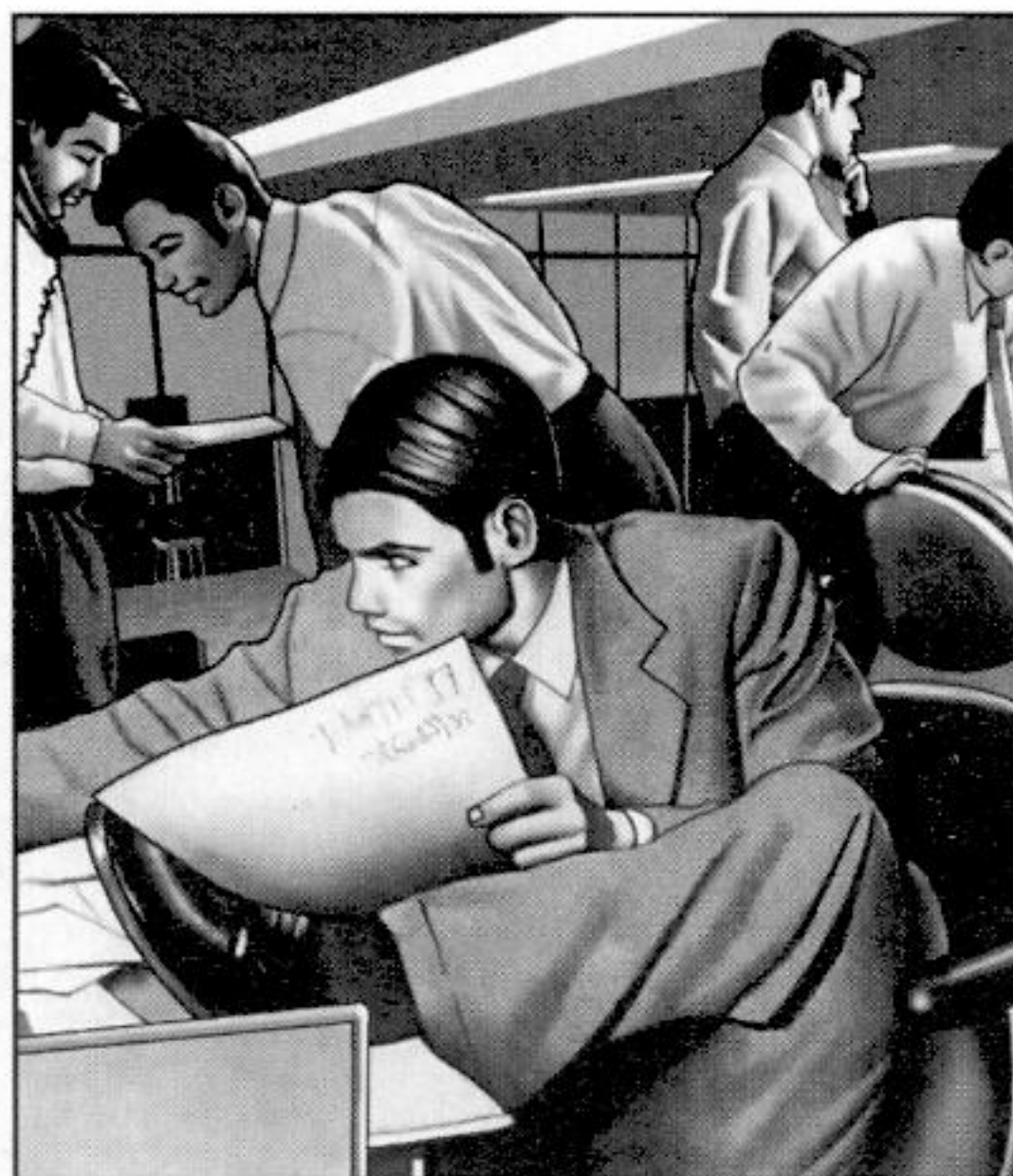
CONNECTED LIVES

J. DE HARO'S



ANY ONE OF US COULD BE SEPARATED FROM THE MOST UNEXPECTED PERSON BY ONLY SIX DEGREES. SIX PEOPLE, SIX DIFFERENT LIVES, SIX STORIES LINKED BY FATE. ONE DAY, WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT, WE MEET A PERSON WE COULDN'T HAVE IMAGINED IN A MILLION YEARS. AND SEX DOESN'T SEEM TO ESCAPE THIS PHENOMENON. OF COURSE, WITH SEX ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. WITH SEX ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

FRIDAY MORNING, TEN-THIRTY. IT HAD BEEN A HARD WEEK. REALLY FUCKING HARD. EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE SEEMED EXHAUSTED. FINALLY, THE GRUELING PACE WAS WINDING DOWN. I DECIDED TO TAKE A BREAK.



MY CO-WORKERS WERE FINISHING UP THE LAST DETAILS. THE CHAOTIC RACKET IN THE OFFICE SEEMED TO FALL TO TOLERABLE LEVELS. THE MOST FRENZIED, STRESSFUL PART OF THE WORK WAS DONE. AT MY DESK, I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND LEANED BACK.

ANGELA WAS SLIDING BETWEEN THE DESKS LIKE A DIAPHANOUS, SLINKY GHOST. THE HECTIC WORK DIDN'T SEEM TO AFFECT HER. SHE CAUGHT MY EYE AND SMILED.

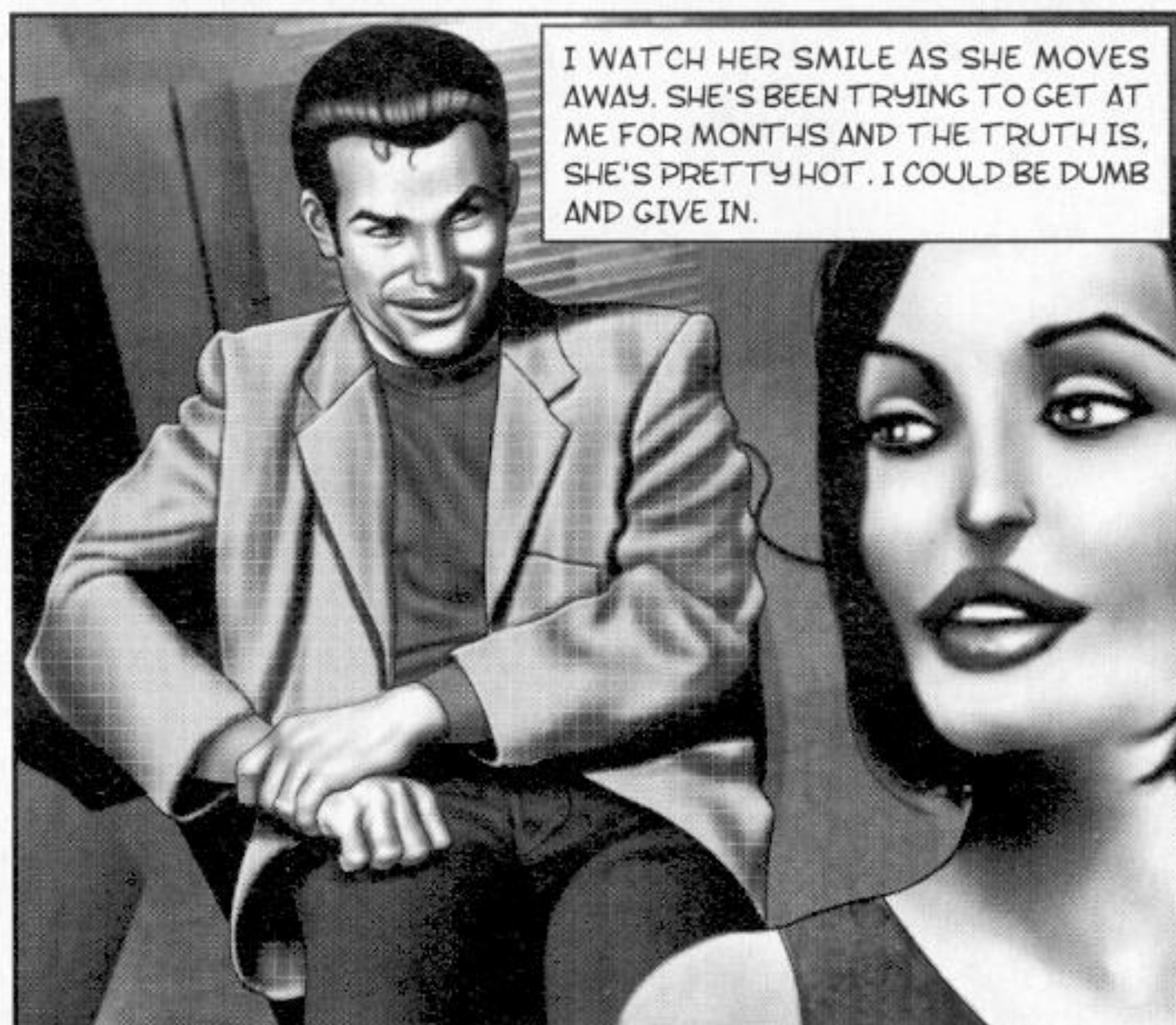


HI, ALEX. YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE A PRIVATE MEETING ONE OF THESE DAYS. YOU KNOW, A DEEP, TRANSCENDENTAL CONVERSATION.

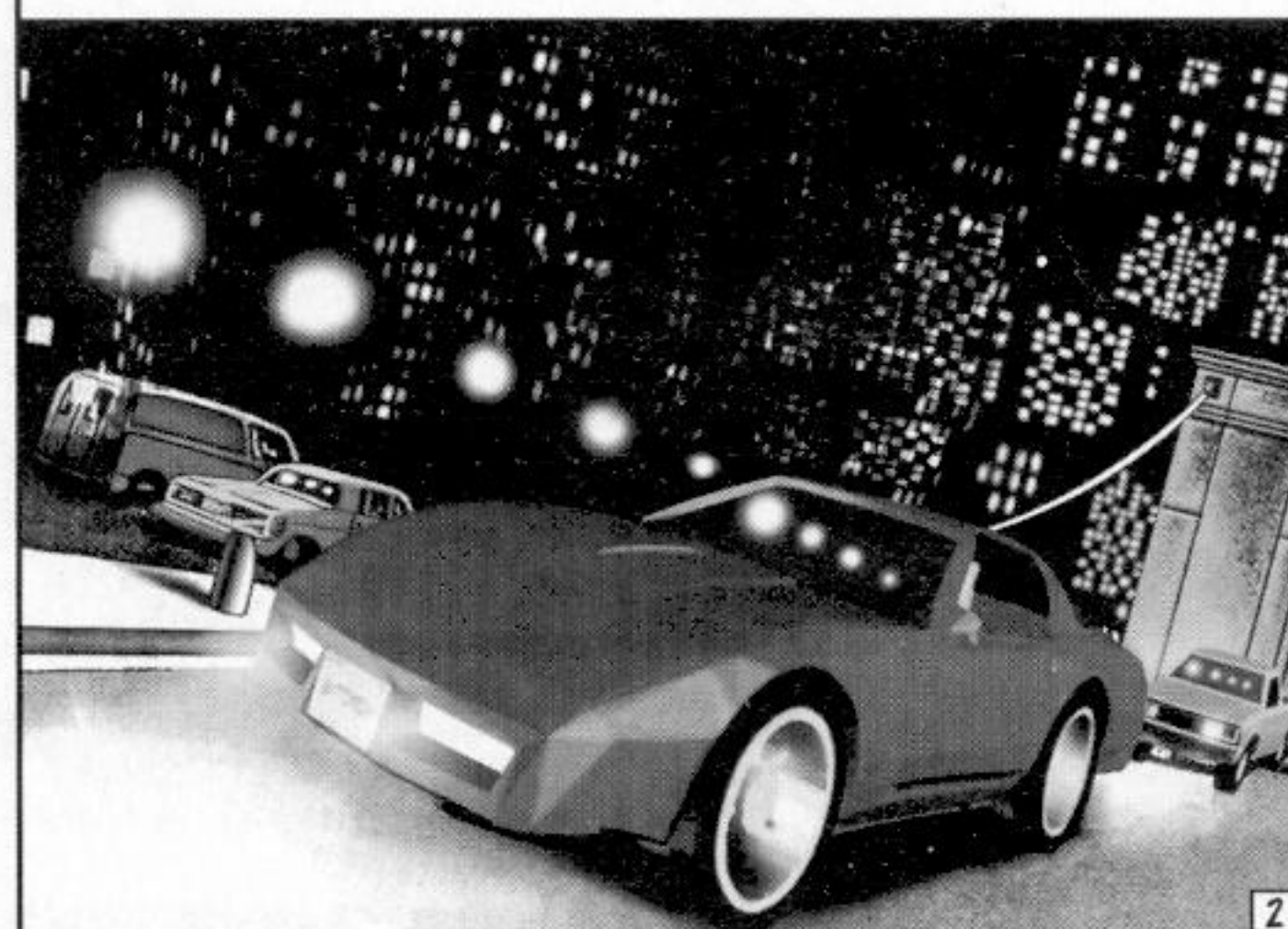
WHAT?
OH, YEAH.
SURE. ONE OF
THESE DAYS.

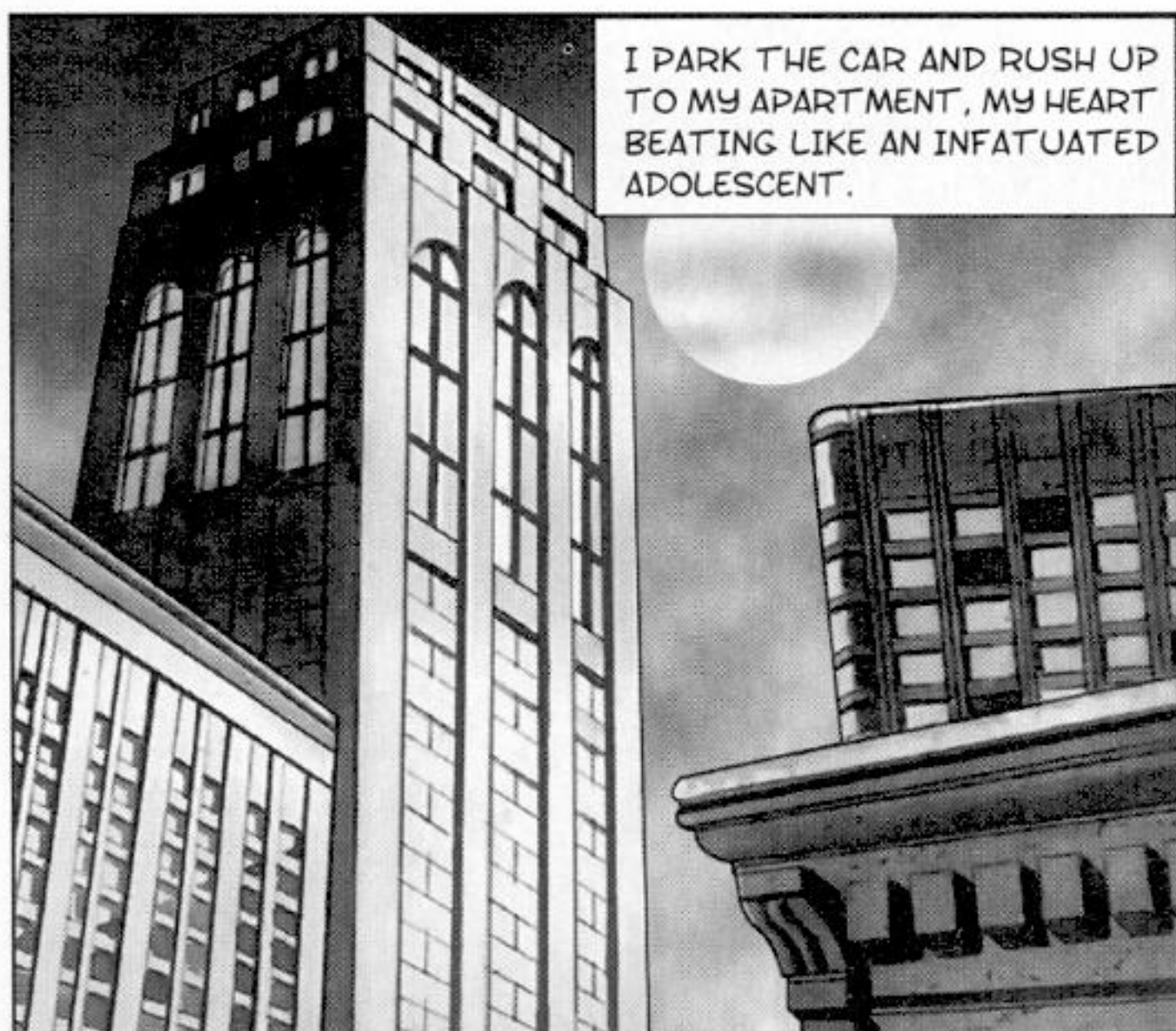


I WATCH HER SMILE AS SHE MOVES AWAY. SHE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET AT ME FOR MONTHS AND THE TRUTH IS, SHE'S PRETTY HOT. I COULD BE DUMB AND GIVE IN.



BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE OTHER THINGS IN MIND. AS SOON AS THE OFFICE CLOSES, I SPEED HOME, CURSING AT THE TRAFFIC.



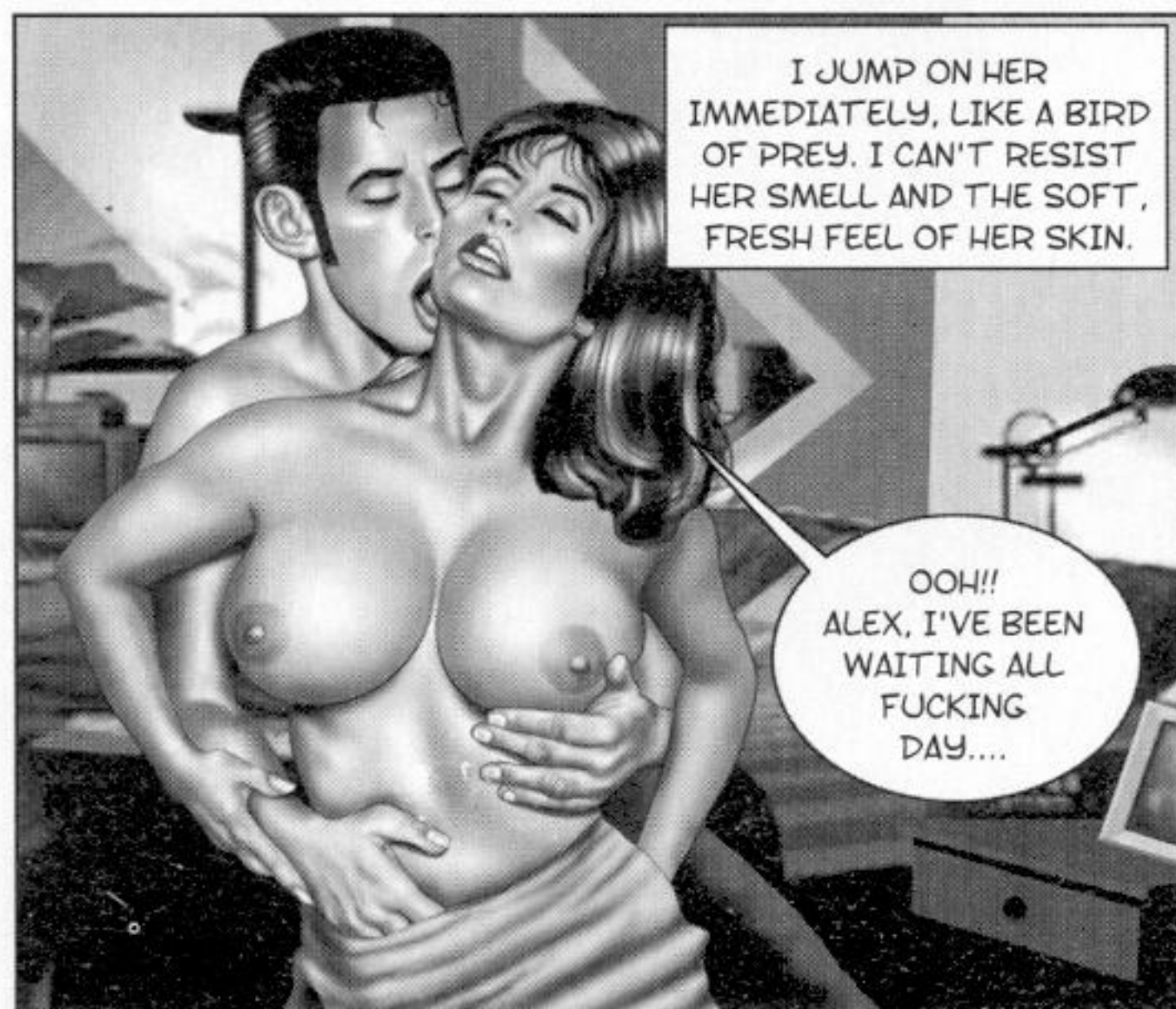


I PARK THE CAR AND RUSH UP TO MY APARTMENT, MY HEART BEATING LIKE AN INFATUATED ADOLESCENT.



I OPEN THE DOOR AND THERE SHE IS. DAVINIA, A RICH BABE WITH A BODY TO DIE FOR AND A SWEET, SINCERE NATURE.

HI ALEX,
YOU'RE LATE.
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
SOME TIME.



I JUMP ON HER IMMEDIATELY, LIKE A BIRD OF PREY. I CAN'T RESIST HER SMELL AND THE SOFT, FRESH FEEL OF HER SKIN.

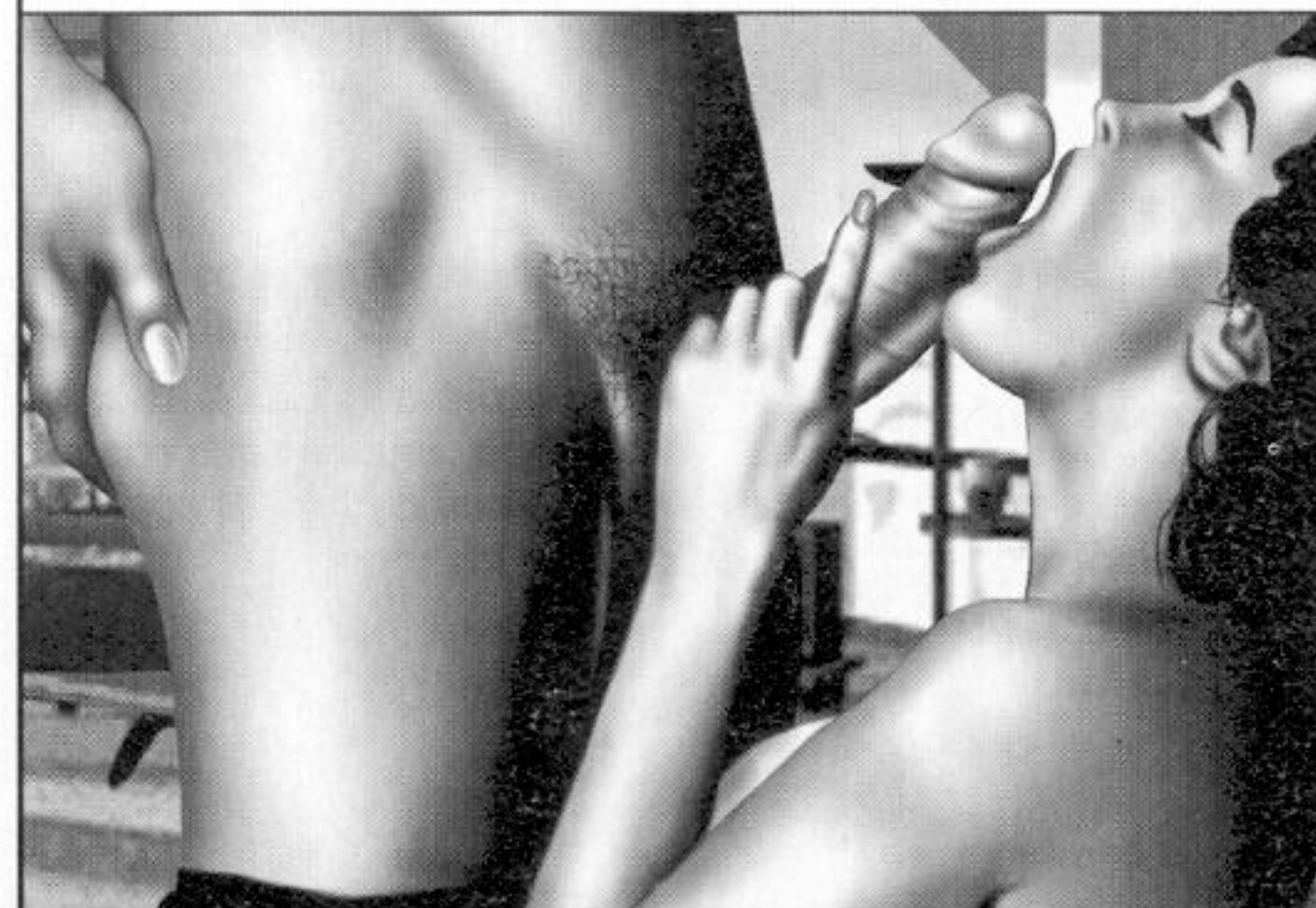
OOH!!
ALEX, I'VE BEEN
WAITING ALL
FUCKING
DAY....



MMmFF!!!
OH I LUF
UHH!!

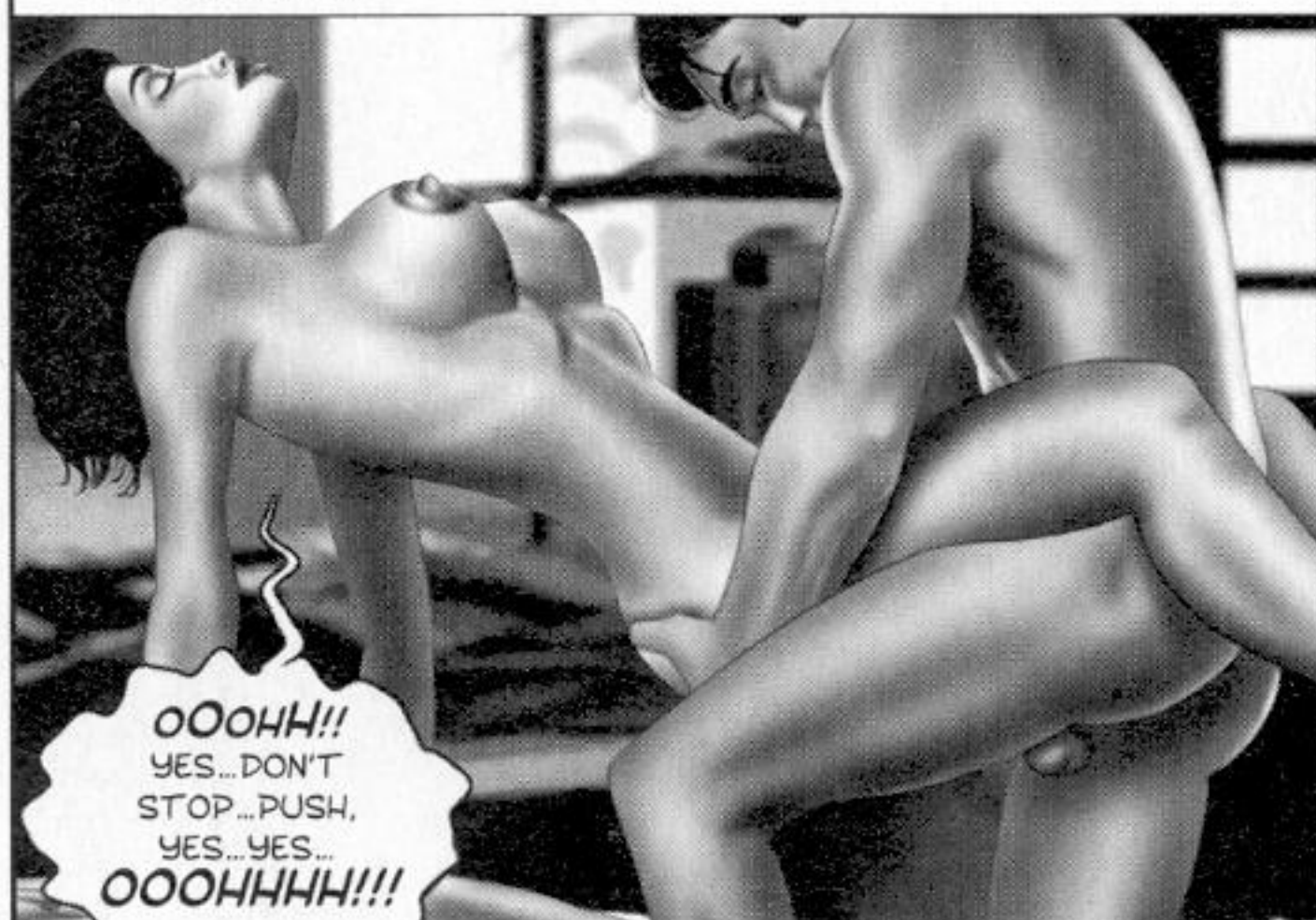
OOHH!!
MY GOD, KEEP
GOING...DON'T
TALK WITH YOUR
MOUTH FULL.

ACTUALLY, I HAD TO TEACH HER ALMOST EVERYTHING ABOUT SEX. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. NOW SHE'S AN AVID PRACTITIONER. WHAT I MEAN IS, SHE LOVES TO FUCK, REALLY.



MMMHHHH.....
I LOVE YOUR COCK, ALEX.
LET ME....OH GOD! COME ON.
COME HERE AND FUCK ME SILLY.
SLAM IT INTO ME.

AND DID I EVER SLAM IT IN. THIS GIRL MAKES ME SO HOT. I COULD SUGGEST ANY CRAZY GAME AND SHE'D ACCEPT WITH A SWEET SMILE. HER SPONTANEITY IS WHAT MAKES HER SO ATTRACTIVE.



OOOHHH!!
YES...DON'T
STOP...PUSH,
YES...YES...
OOOHHHHH!!!

I FELT HER BODY TREMBLE AND TENSE UP UNDER ME. HOT AND SWEATY, AN INVITATION FOR UNLEASHED PASSION.



AAAHHH!!!
MY GOD, HOW I
WANT YOU.
UUNNH!!!
YES!!!

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR THREE MONTHS, SINCE I MET HER. AND SINCE THEN, IT'S BEEN ONE CONTINUOUS SEX ORGY FILLED WITH DESIRE. I WONDER IF I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL. WILL IT BE THE END OF MY CAREER?



OH, BABY,
YOU'RE THE
BEST!

YOU TOO, ALEX.
UUNNH!! YOU'RE
IRRESISTIBLE
...



SHE HAD UPSET ALL MY HABITS
AND SCHEDULES. WHILE WE FUCKED
I WONDERED HOW I HAD INFLUENCED
HER LIFE.

SHE MOVED WITH DESPERATE DESIRE, CARRIED AWAY BY A HURRICANE OF SENSATIONS AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO COME. THAT MADE ME EVEN HOTTER.



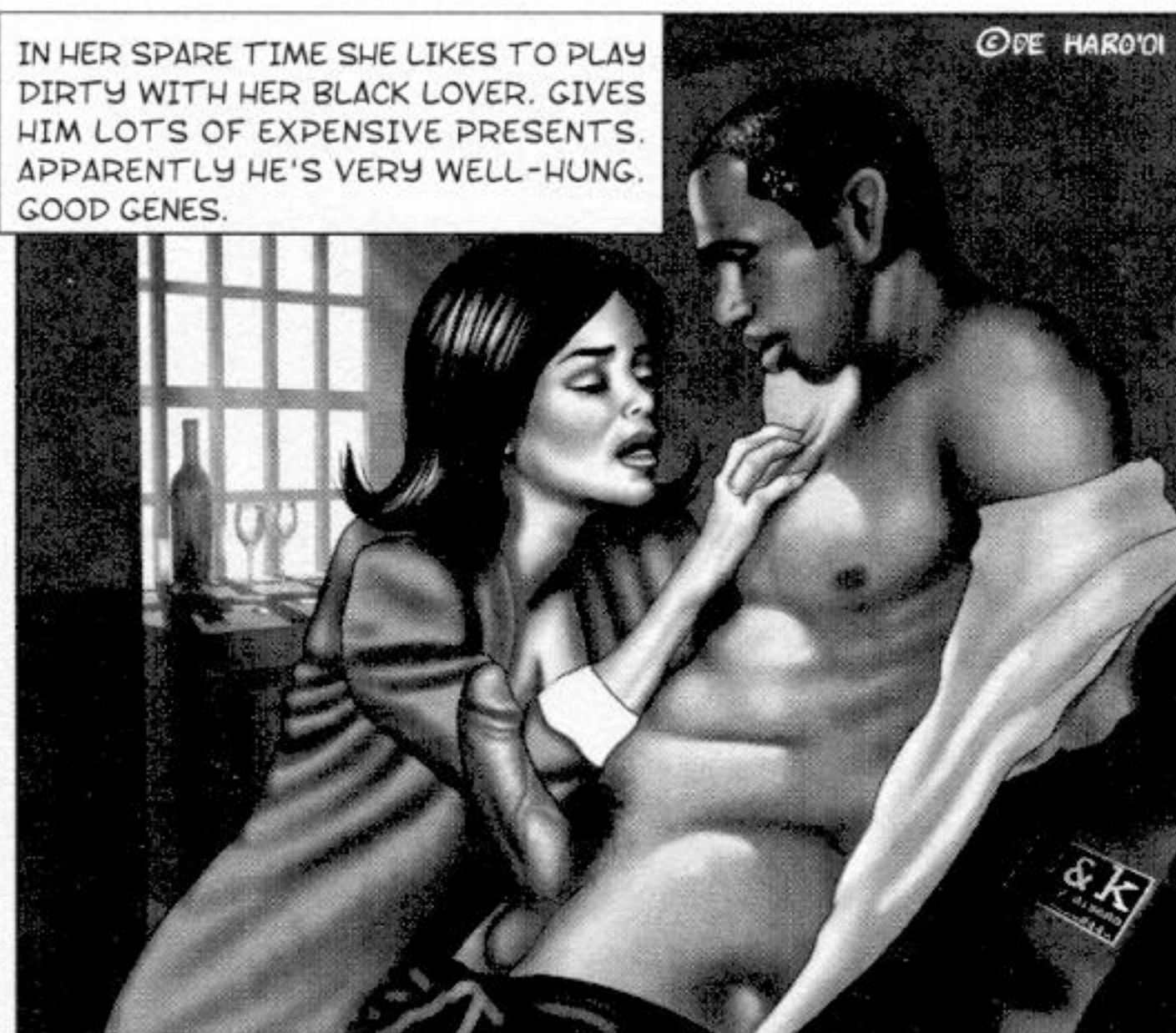
OOOHHH!!
YEES...PLEASE...
AAAHHNNH!!!
OH GOD...!!!
AAUHHHAH!!!

I HARDLY NOTICED HER SOFT HANDS ON MY COCK. I CAME IN AN UNCONTROLLABLE EXPLOSION, TOTALLY AT HER MERCY. MY WHOLE BODY SHOOK SAVAGELY WHILE I SHOT AN INCREDIBLY HUGE LOAD.



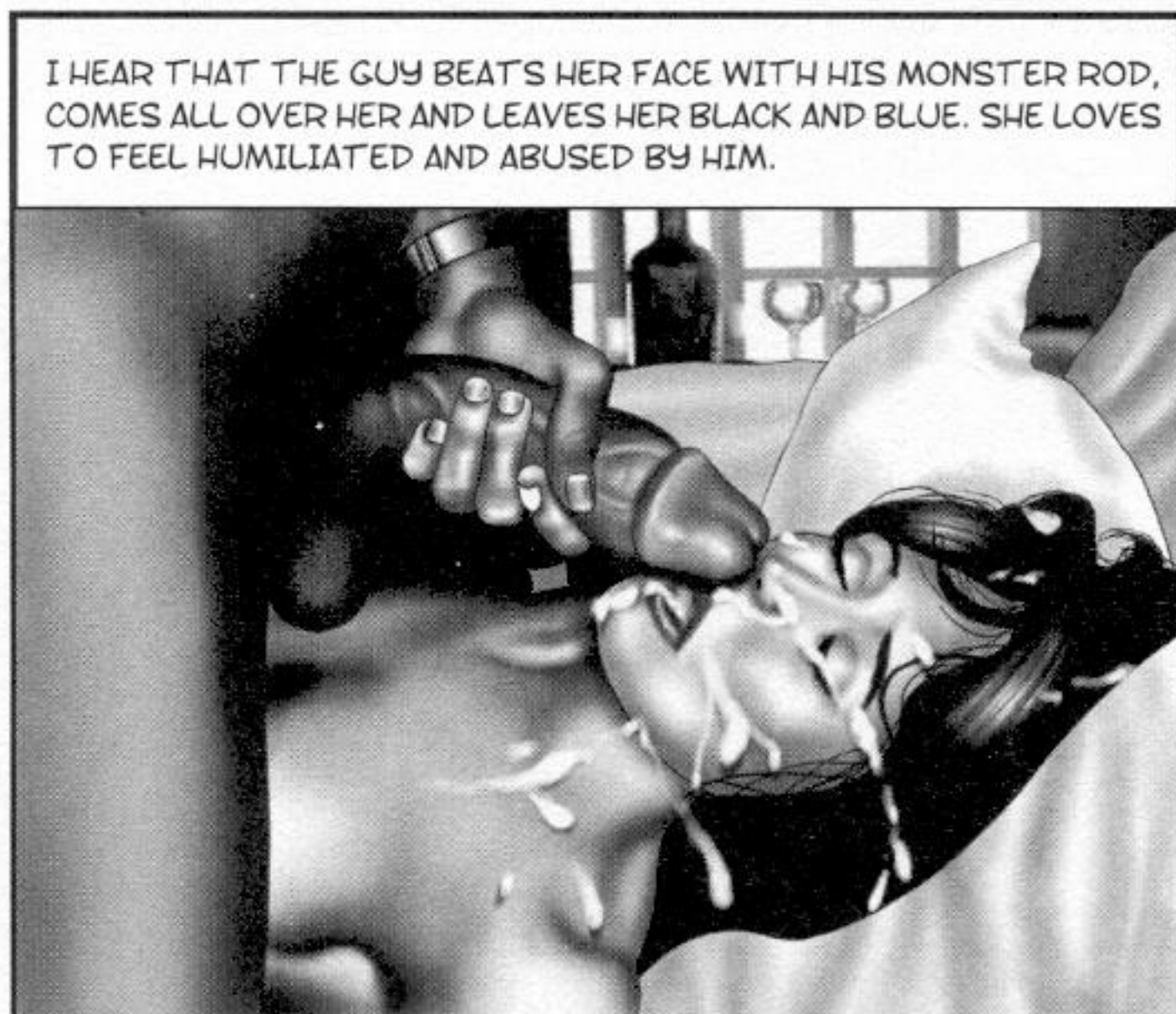


DAVINIA'S MOTHER IS A HIGH-CLASS BITCH, IMPECCABLE AND ELEGANT, THE TYPE THAT SEEMS TO HAVE ONLY ONE COMMITMENT IN LIFE: TO BE THERE. I'M SURE HER MOM PREPARED HER FOR THAT, AND SHE'S HOT.

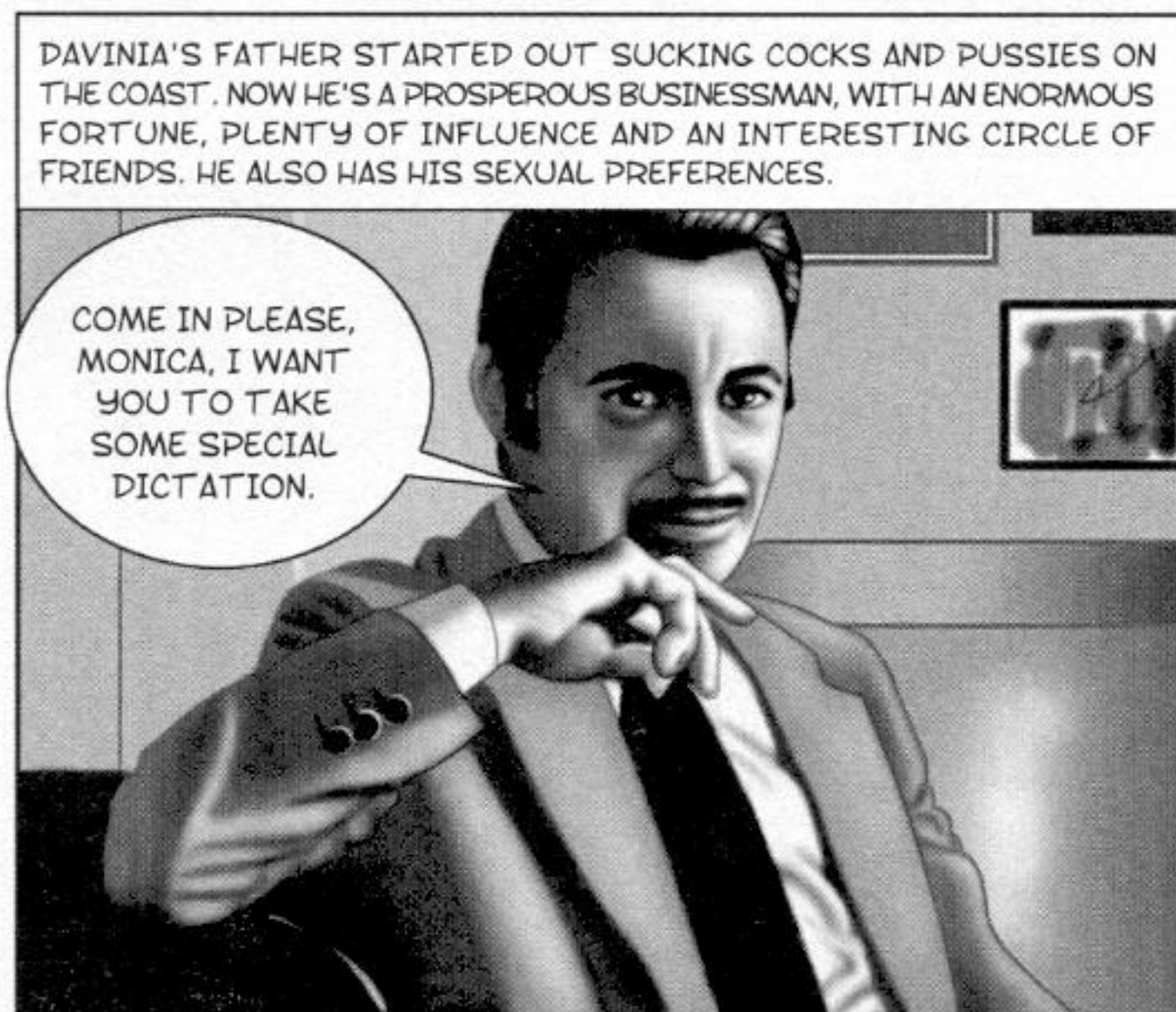


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IN HER SPARE TIME SHE LIKES TO PLAY DIRTY WITH HER BLACK LOVER. GIVES HIM LOTS OF EXPENSIVE PRESENTS. APPARENTLY HE'S VERY WELL-HUNG. GOOD GENES.

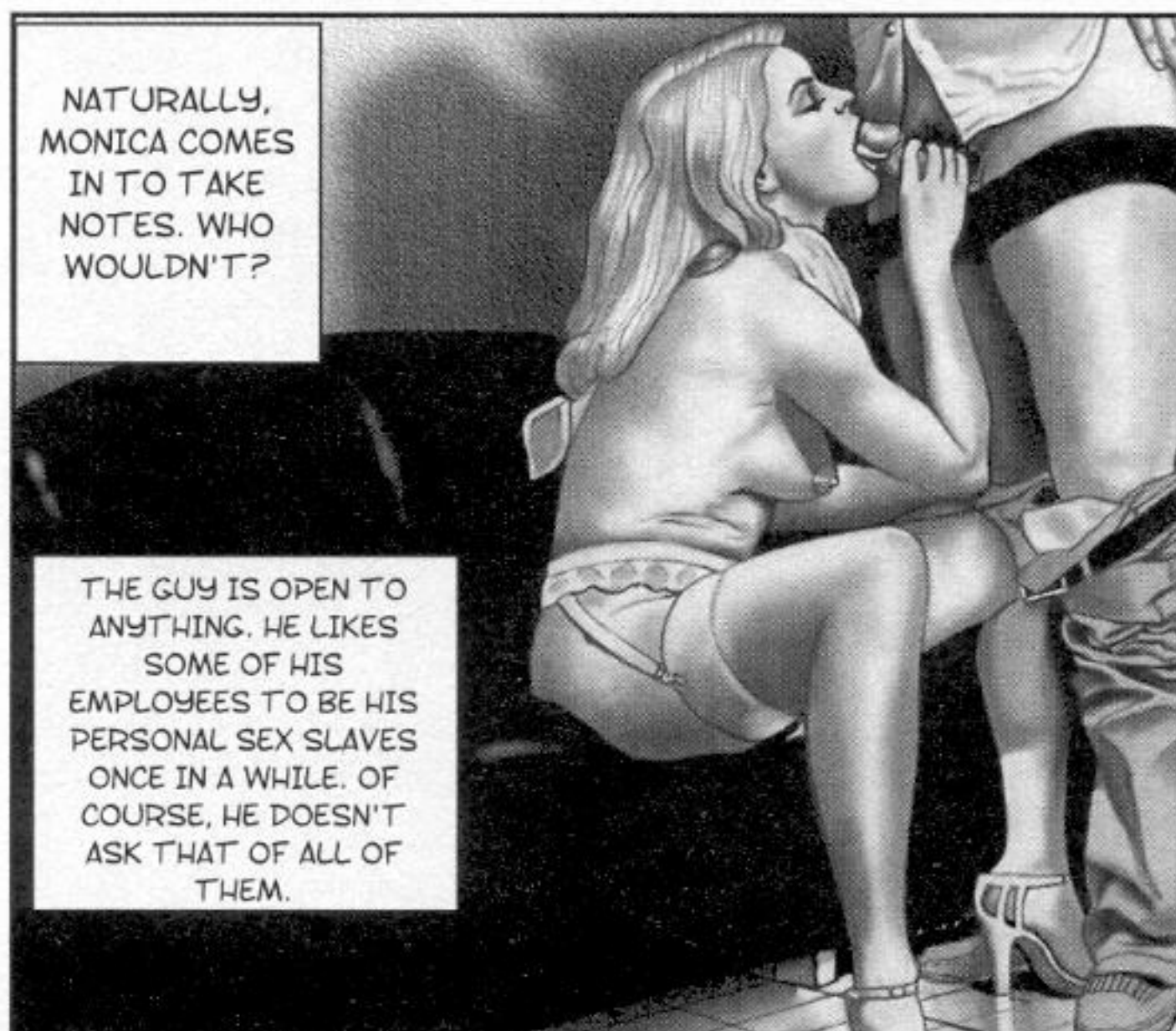


I HEAR THAT THE GUY BEAT'S HER FACE WITH HIS MONSTER ROD, COMES ALL OVER HER AND LEAVES HER BLACK AND BLUE. SHE LOVES TO FEEL HUMILIATED AND ABUSED BY HIM.



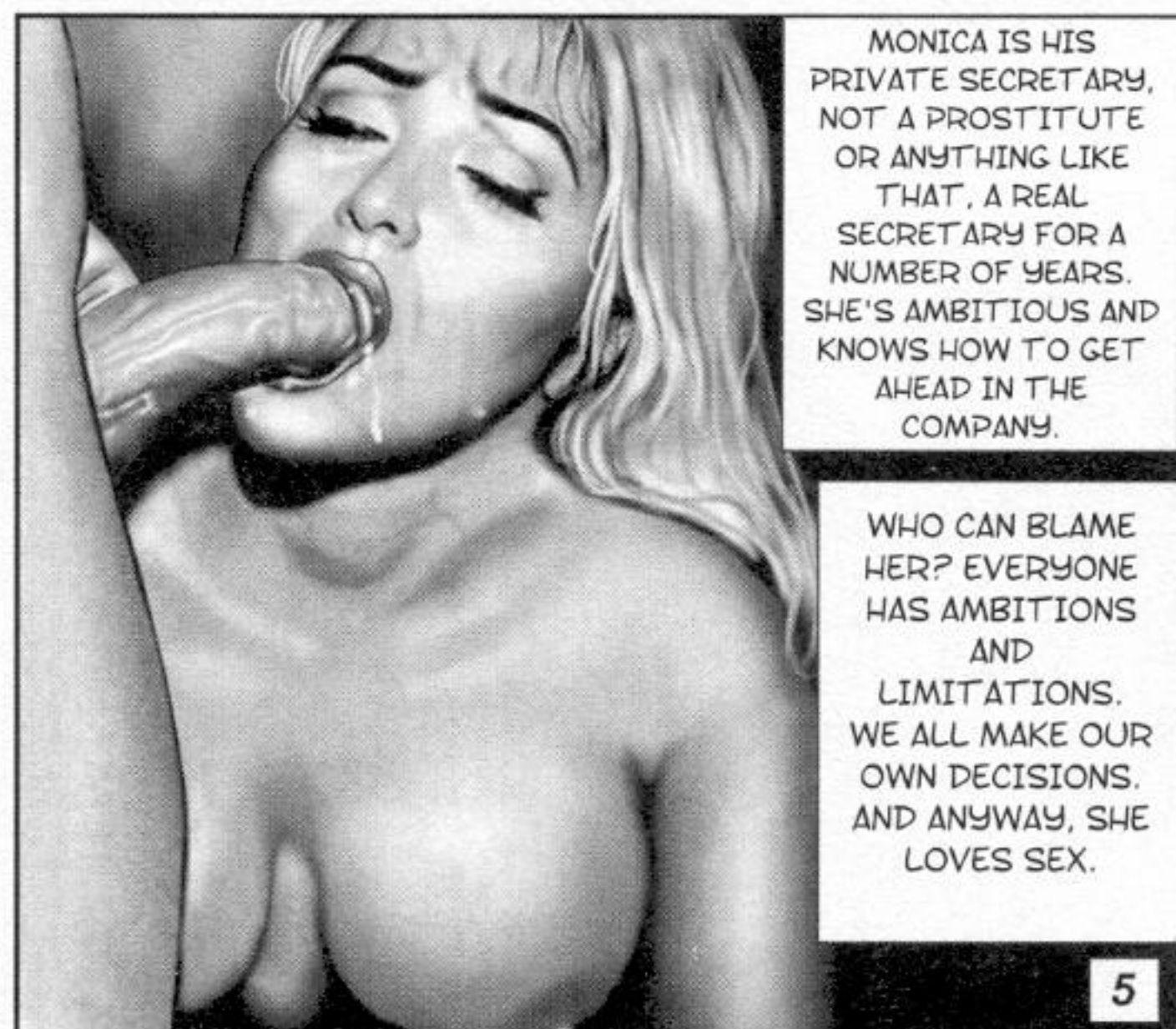
DAVINIA'S FATHER STARTED OUT SUCKING COCKS AND PUSSIES ON THE COAST. NOW HE'S A PROSPEROUS BUSINESSMAN, WITH AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE, PLENTY OF INFLUENCE AND AN INTERESTING CIRCLE OF FRIENDS. HE ALSO HAS HIS SEXUAL PREFERENCES.

COME IN PLEASE, MONICA, I WANT YOU TO TAKE SOME SPECIAL DICTATION.



NATURALLY, MONICA COMES IN TO TAKE NOTES. WHO WOULDN'T?

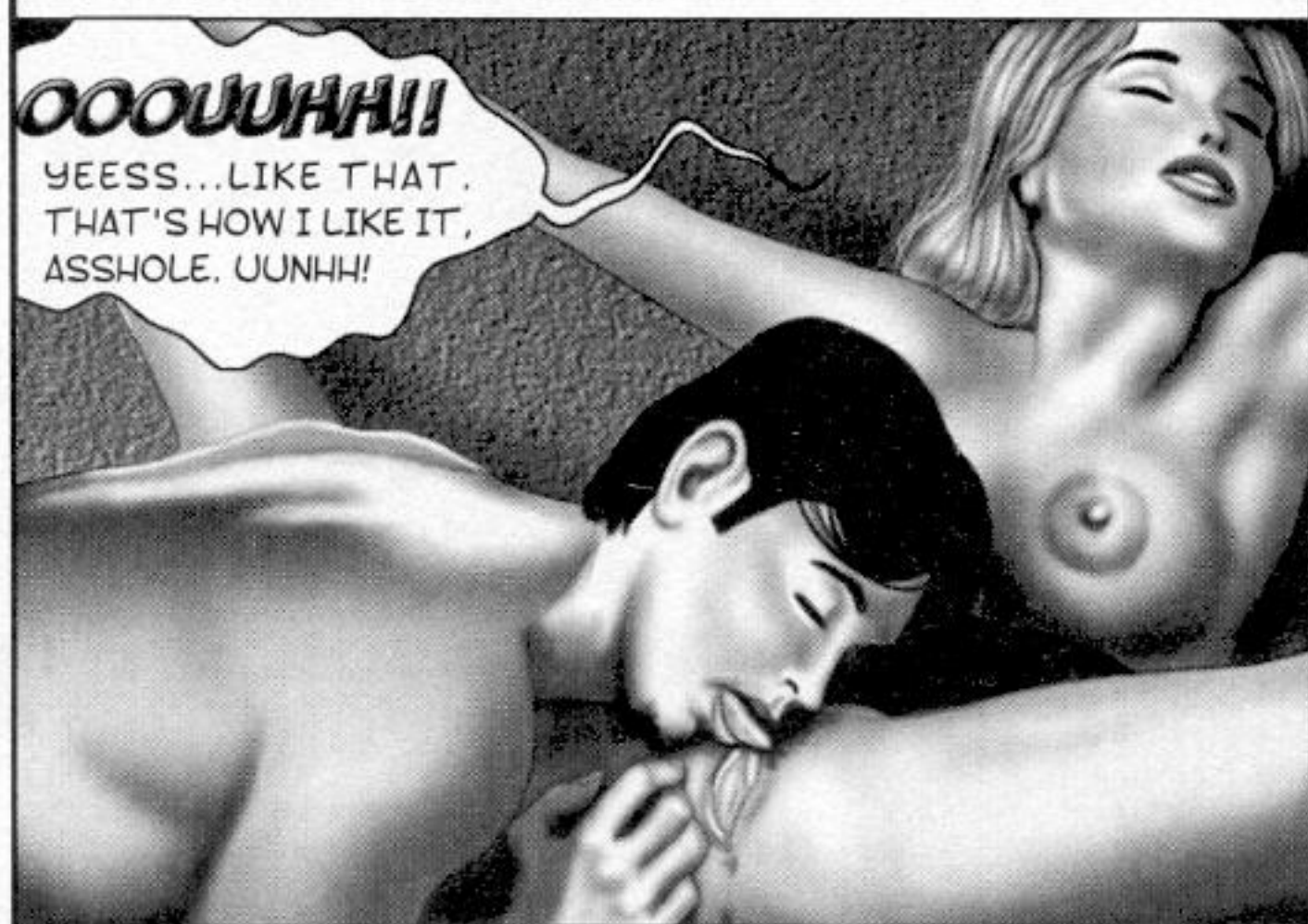
THE GUY IS OPEN TO ANYTHING. HE LIKES SOME OF HIS EMPLOYEES TO BE HIS PERSONAL SEX SLAVES ONCE IN A WHILE. OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T ASK THAT OF ALL OF THEM.



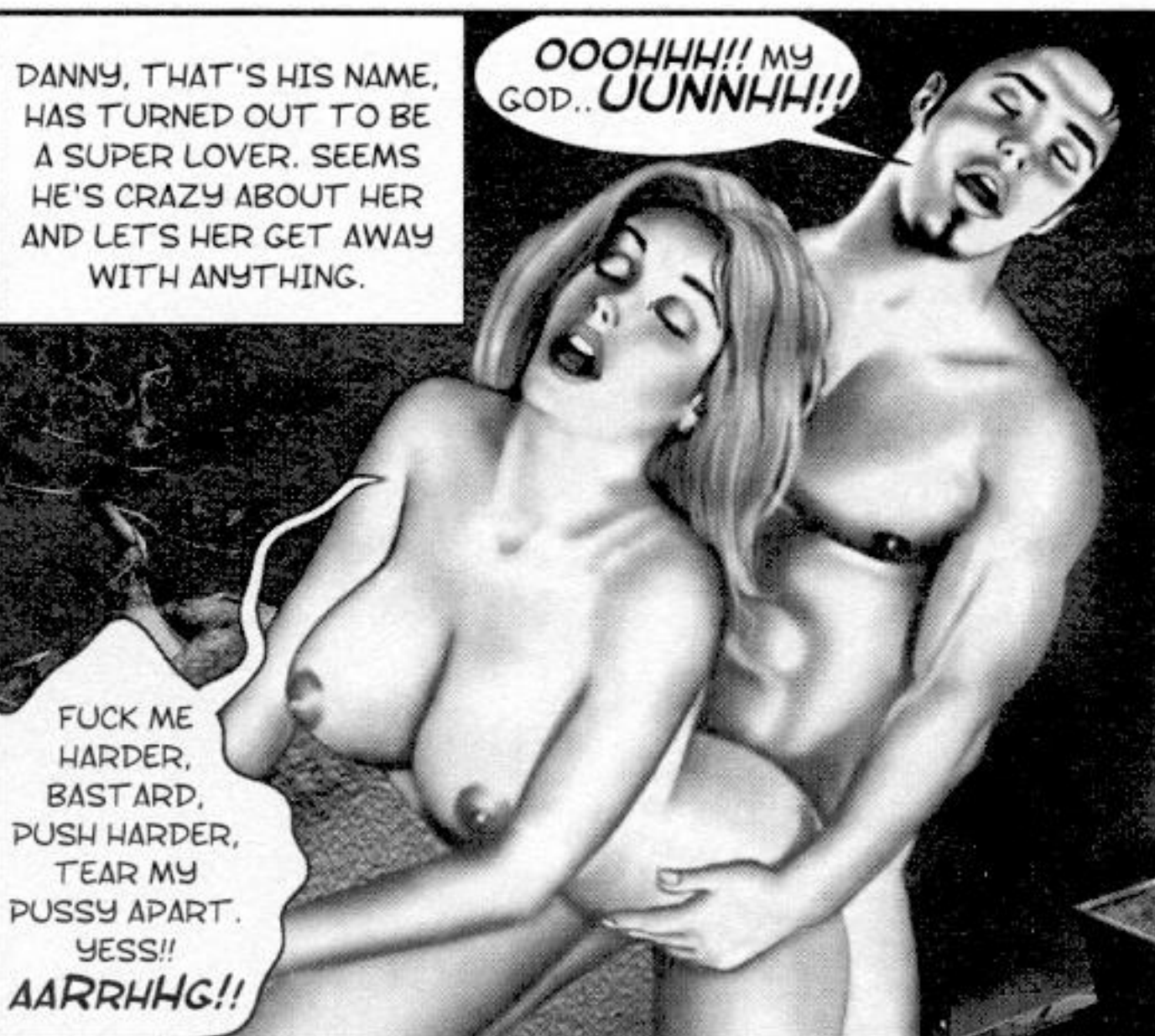
MONICA IS HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, NOT A PROSTITUTE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, A REAL SECRETARY FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. SHE'S AMBITIOUS AND KNOWS HOW TO GET AHEAD IN THE COMPANY.

WHO CAN BLAME HER? EVERYONE HAS AMBITIONS AND LIMITATIONS. WE ALL MAKE OUR OWN DECISIONS. AND ANYWAY, SHE LOVES SEX.

MONICA HAS A BOYFRIEND WHO'S A LITTLE YOUNGER. SHE MAKES HIM EAT HER MERCILESSLY. SOMETHING FROM HER BOSS HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO HER OWN SEXUAL TASTES AND MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE TREATS THE GUY LIKE SHIT.



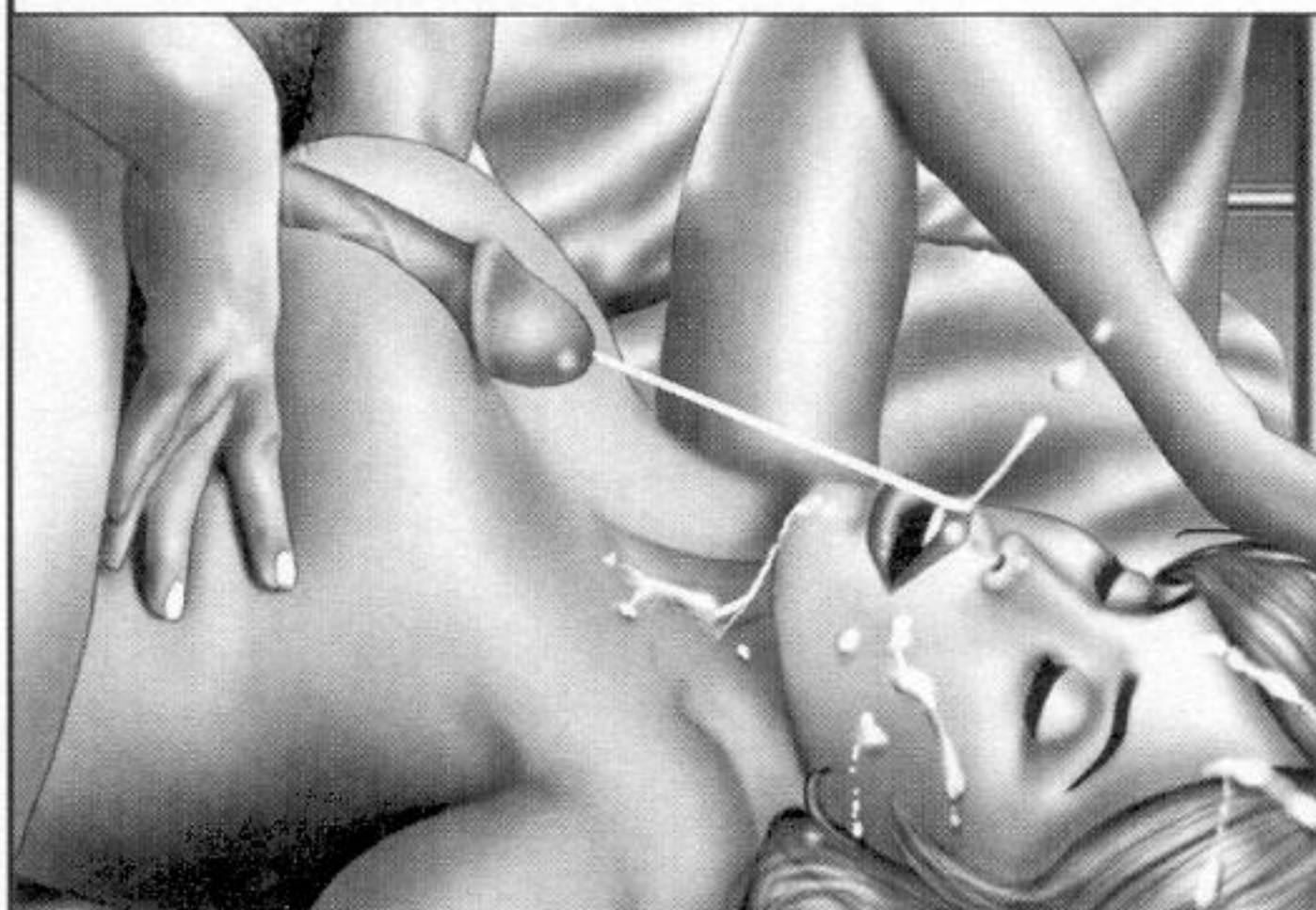
DANNY, THAT'S HIS NAME, HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A SUPER LOVER. SEEMS HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER AND LET'S HER GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING.



EVERY SEXUAL ENCOUNTER IS LIKE A BATTLE. SOMETIMES THE KID FEELS LIKE AN INFLATABLE DOLL, DISPOSABLE AFTER USE. ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE AS LONG AS HE CAN BE WITH HER, AND THE FUCKING MAKES IT WORTHWHILE.



SOMETIMES SHE EASES OFF A BIT (LIKE HER BOSS DOES WITH HER) AND THE KID MAKES SOME CREATIVE MOVES TO GET OFF. EVEN THOUGH SHE LOOKS BORED, HE ENDS UP CUMMING IN A BIG WAY.



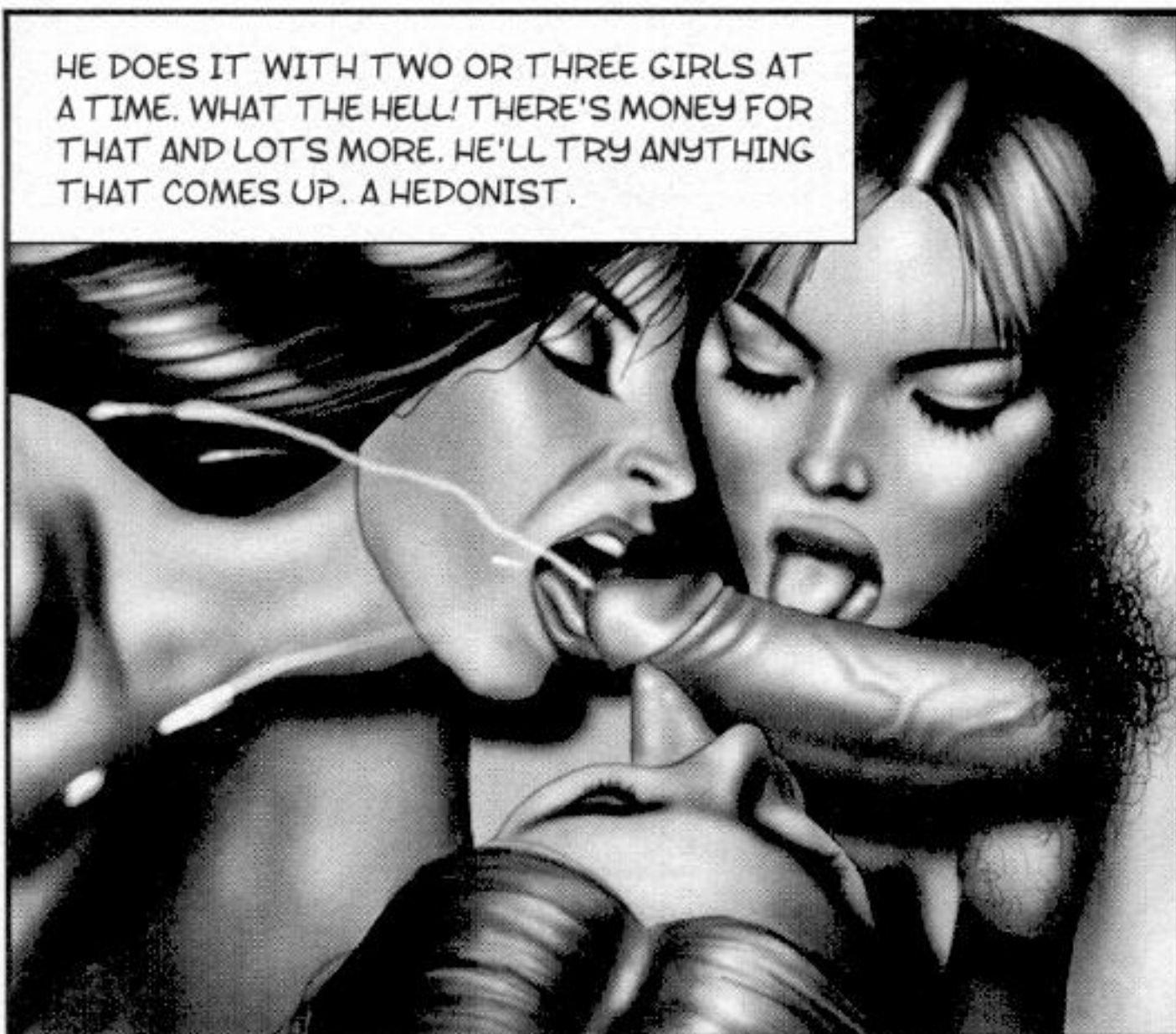
THE KID WORKS IN A MUSIC STORE THAT BELONGS TO A GUY NAMED ROMAN, A CITY DUDE, BIG BUCKS, WHO TREATS THE EMPLOYEES IN ALL HIS MANY BUSINESSES JUST FINE.



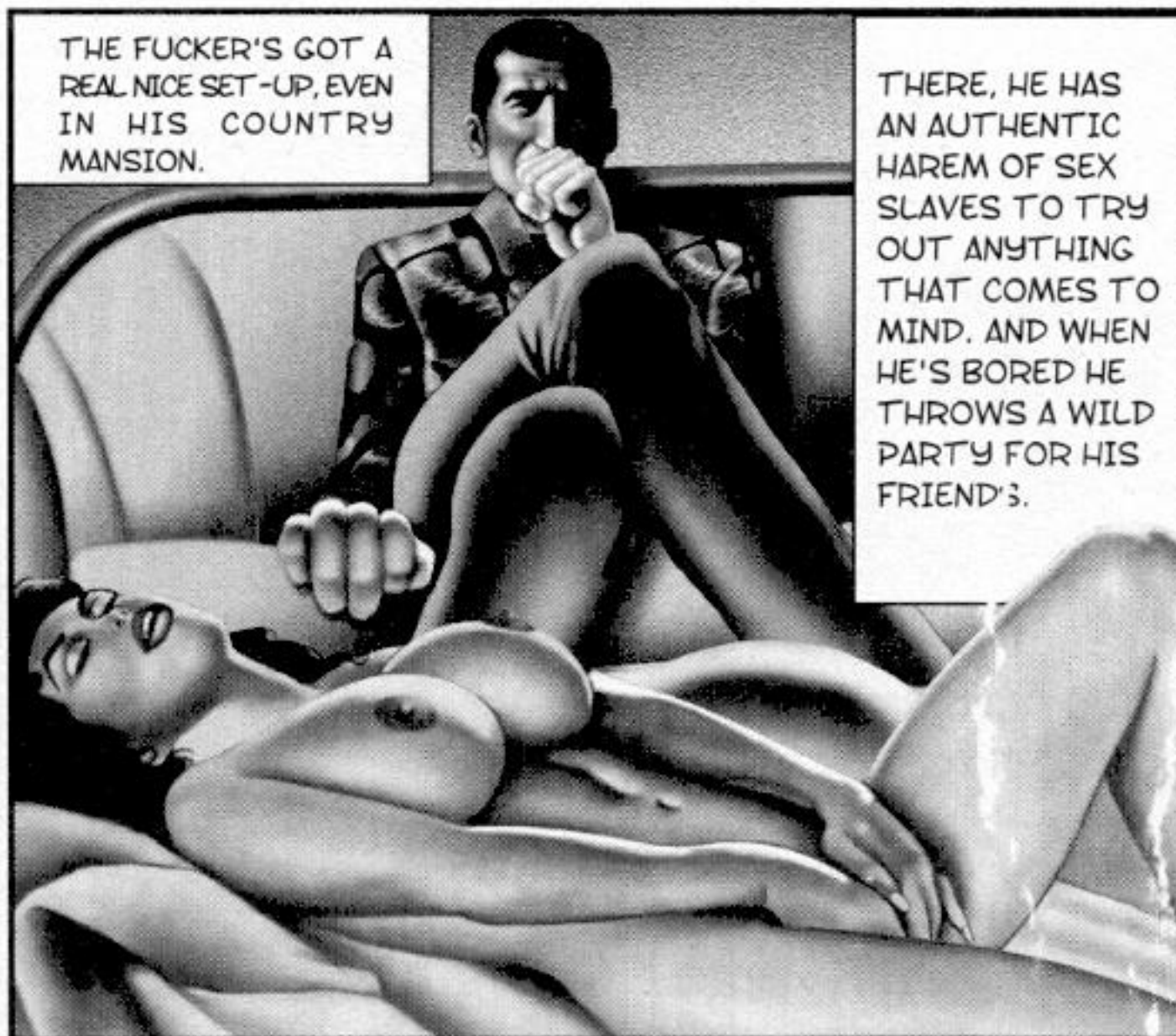
THIS ROMAN IS FAMOUS FOR HIS EVENING PARTIES. SEEMS HE LOVES WOMEN, AND BETWEEN DRINKS AND DESIGNER DRUGS THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF ROOM FOR SEX.



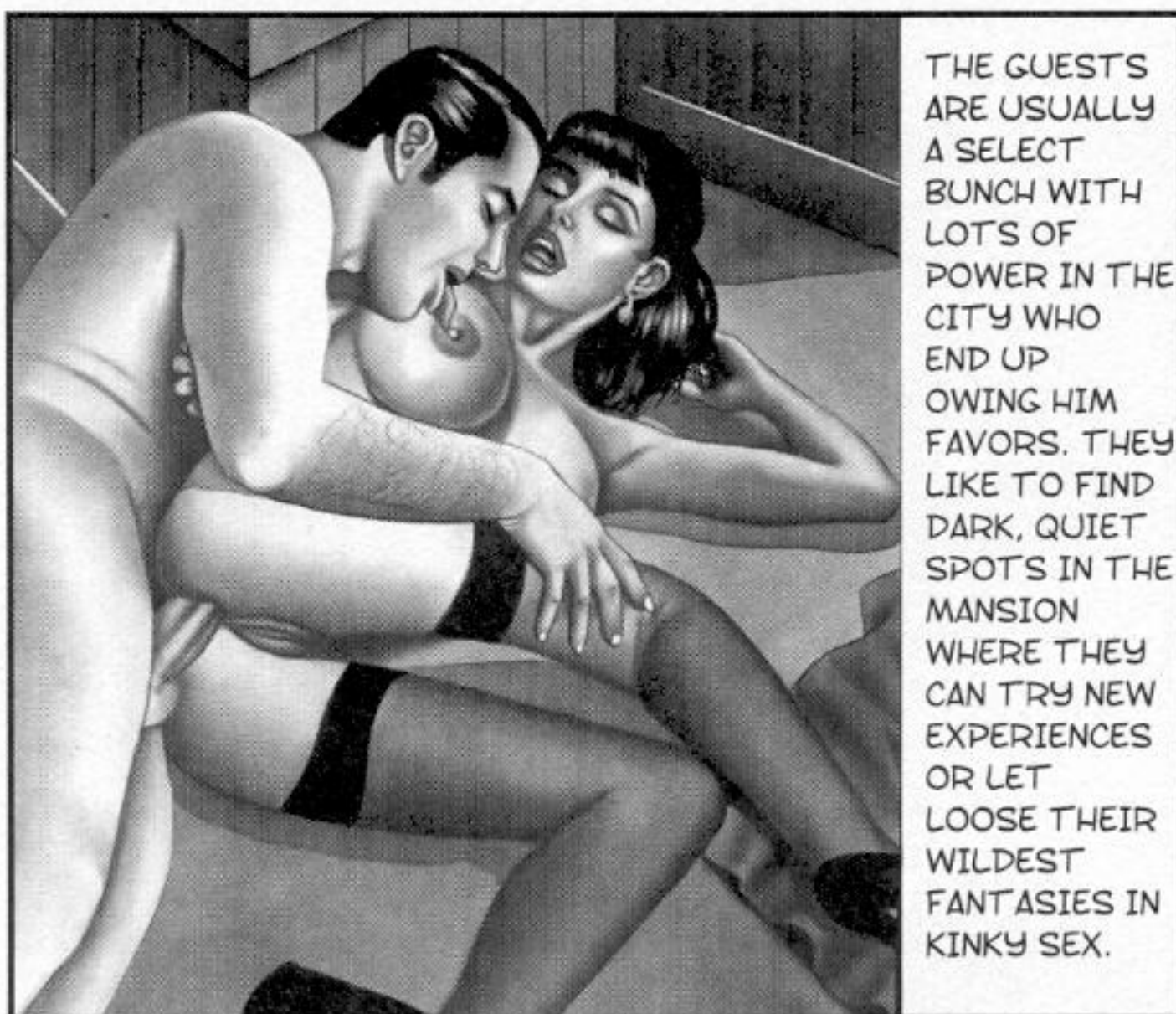
HE DOES IT WITH TWO OR THREE GIRLS AT A TIME. WHAT THE HELL! THERE'S MONEY FOR THAT AND LOT'S MORE. HE'LL TRY ANYTHING THAT COMES UP. A HEDONIST.



THE FUCKER'S GOT A REAL NICE SET-UP, EVEN IN HIS COUNTRY MANSION.



THERE, HE HAS AN AUTHENTIC HAREM OF SEX SLAVES TO TRY OUT ANYTHING THAT COMES TO MIND. AND WHEN HE'S BORED HE THROWS A WILD PARTY FOR HIS FRIEND'S.



THE GUESTS ARE USUALLY A SELECT BUNCH WITH LOTS OF POWER IN THE CITY WHO END UP OWING HIM FAVORS. THEY LIKE TO FIND DARK, QUIET SPOTS IN THE MANSION WHERE THEY CAN TRY NEW EXPERIENCES OR LET LOOSE THEIR WILDEST FANTASIES IN KINKY SEX.



OOHH!! YES! PUSH IN YOUR TONGUE! AAAHH!!!

TO TOP IT OFF, ROMAN HAS A GIRLFRIEND AS DEPRAVED AND SADISTIC AS HIM. A BISEXUAL JEWEL WHO FITS IN PERFECTLY WITH THE WHOLE DEMENTED SCENE. SHE'S CALLED SABRINA AND YOU SHOULD SEE HOW THE SLUT GETS OFF.

WELL, SABRINA HAS A BIG SISTER CALLED ANGELA. THAT'S RIGHT, THE GIRL IN THE OFFICE. WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THE CIRCLE CLOSES. SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION.



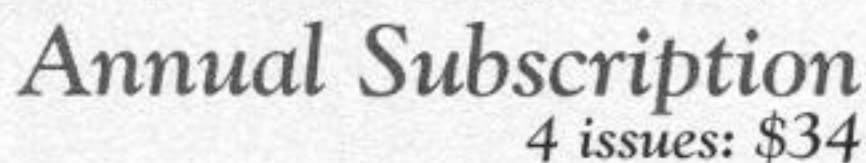
ON SECOND THOUGHT, IF I FUCKED ANGELA, IT WOULD BE LIKE KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY. VERY TEMPTING, REALLY. WITH ALL THOSE CONNECTIONS, THE GIRL COULD BE AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.



MAYBE I'LL END UP GIVING IN TO MY CO-WORKER'S ADVANCES. WHO KNOWS?

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YESTERDAY WE ARRIVED
IN FT. LAUDERDALE. TRUTH IS,
THE BEACH IS AWESOME AND
I'VE HEARD IT'S EVEN BETTER
AT NIGHT, BUT I MISS MAY. I'M
ALSO TIRED OF LISTENING TO
OLGA, TO HER STORIES ABOUT
HOW HER BOYFRIEND DUMPED
HER, AND THIS AFTER BEING
HERE FOR ONLY 24 HOURS...

HOW WAS HE NOT GONNA DUMP
HER, AFTER GOING OUT FOR 5
YEARS, WAITING TO GET MARRIED,
WITHOUT DOING ANYTHING WITH
HIM AND THEN TELLING HIM THAT
SHE GOT DRILLED IN THE ASS ONE
NIGHT WHEN SHE WAS DRUNK!

AND SHE WON'T QUIT
BLAMING IT ALL ON ME.

BUT I KNOW THAT SHE'S
ACTUALLY GRATEFUL.
I THINK SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO TO GET
OUT FROM UNDER JOHN.

NOW WE CAN HAVE A FUN
SUMMER, ALTHOUGH I'M PRETTY
BORED, DEVOURING CRIME AND
MYSTERY NOVELS.





WELL,
WELL..!

READING
GRAVEDIGGER
JONES AND COFFIN
JOHNSON? I LIKE
THOSE BLACK
SONS OF A
BITCH.

THE GUY
KNEW MY GAME.
CAT AND MOUSE.
I KNEW WHAT HE
WANTED...

BUT...
WHAT'S
THAT FUCKER
DOING?

SHUT
THE FUCK
UP!

YOU
REALLY LIKE
THEM? THAT'S
INCREDIBLE.

WHAT IS?
THAT A GUY
LIKE ME
READS?

I CAN
BE A BOX FULL
OF SURPRISES,
SUGAR.

LOOK,
YOU EVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS?

SO?
LIKE IT,
GIRLIE?

A SPECIAL
CHARACTER,
A BLACK
DETECTIVE WITH
A HUGE GUN.

MMM!
YESS!

I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT INSTEAD
OF SCARING ME,
GUNS TURN ME ON.
HE HAD TOTAL
CONTROL.

CHECK
YOUR
FRIEND!

SHIT!

IT WAS THE
SAME GUN COFFIN
JOHNSON USED
IN THE CHESTER
HINES NOVELS.

THE GUY
HAD A COLT
PYTHON.

SHHHH!

I TOLD
YOU I'M
ALONE.

YEAH?
AND DIDN'T YOUR
MOMMA TELL YOU
NOT TO LET
STRANGERS
IN?





THE GUY SOON GOT TIRED OF THE GUN PLAY.



I GOT ON THE COFFEE TABLE. LIKE IN THAT JACK NICHOLSON MOVIE, WHAT WAS IT CALLED?



THREATENED BY THE LIFESTYLE PRACTICED AND PROMOTED BY THE MOST FAMOUS ORIENTAL PORN STAR, HER COUNTRY OF ORIGIN HAS SENT TOJI AND FOUR ELITE SOLDIERS TO THE FREE WORD TO KILL HER. WHAT TOJI DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT AKIKO, THE GIRL HE'S ON A DATE WITH TONIGHT, IS THE SAME WOMAN...

ASIA

SOSA
MIGOYA

DO WE HAVE
TO PUT UP WITH
THOSE FOUR CHAPERONES
THE WHOLE
NIGHT?

OH... UH...
YOU'RE RIGHT...
I'LL TALK TO
THEM... JUST A
MINUTE...







THAT'S LOREEN, A FRIEND WHO WORKED AT FUCKTION PICTURES. SHE CAN FUCK LOTS OF GUYS.



AND WHY DOES THAT MAKE HER SPECIAL IN PORN?

OH, SHE DOESN'T DO IT LIKE EVERYONE. LOOK AND SEE.



ONE.



TWO.

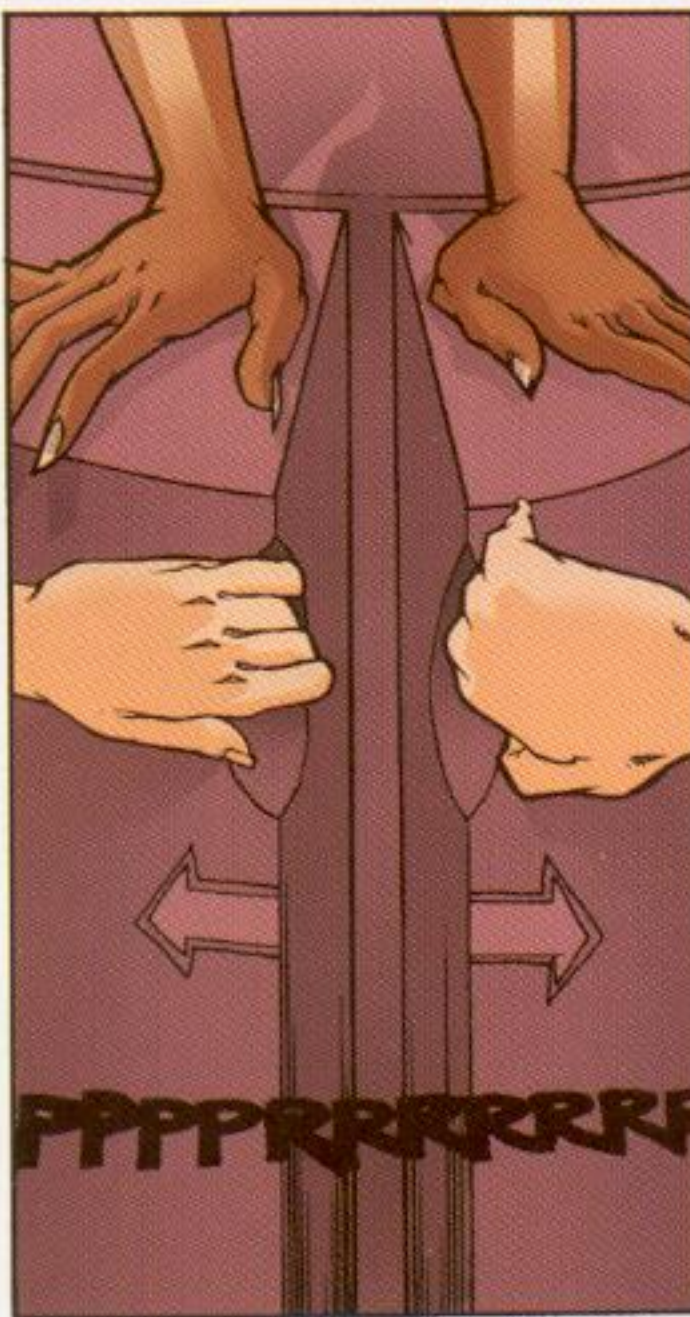


THREE.



AND FOUR!









YESS,
YESS! TEAR
ME UP! GOD,
IT'S SO
GOOD!

Oh oh Boom!!

SORRY,
BUT I FORGOT
TO TAKE
MY PILL
TONIGHT.

I
LOVE IT!
I LOVE
IT!

NOT IN
ME!

AAAH!
I'M GONNA
COME...

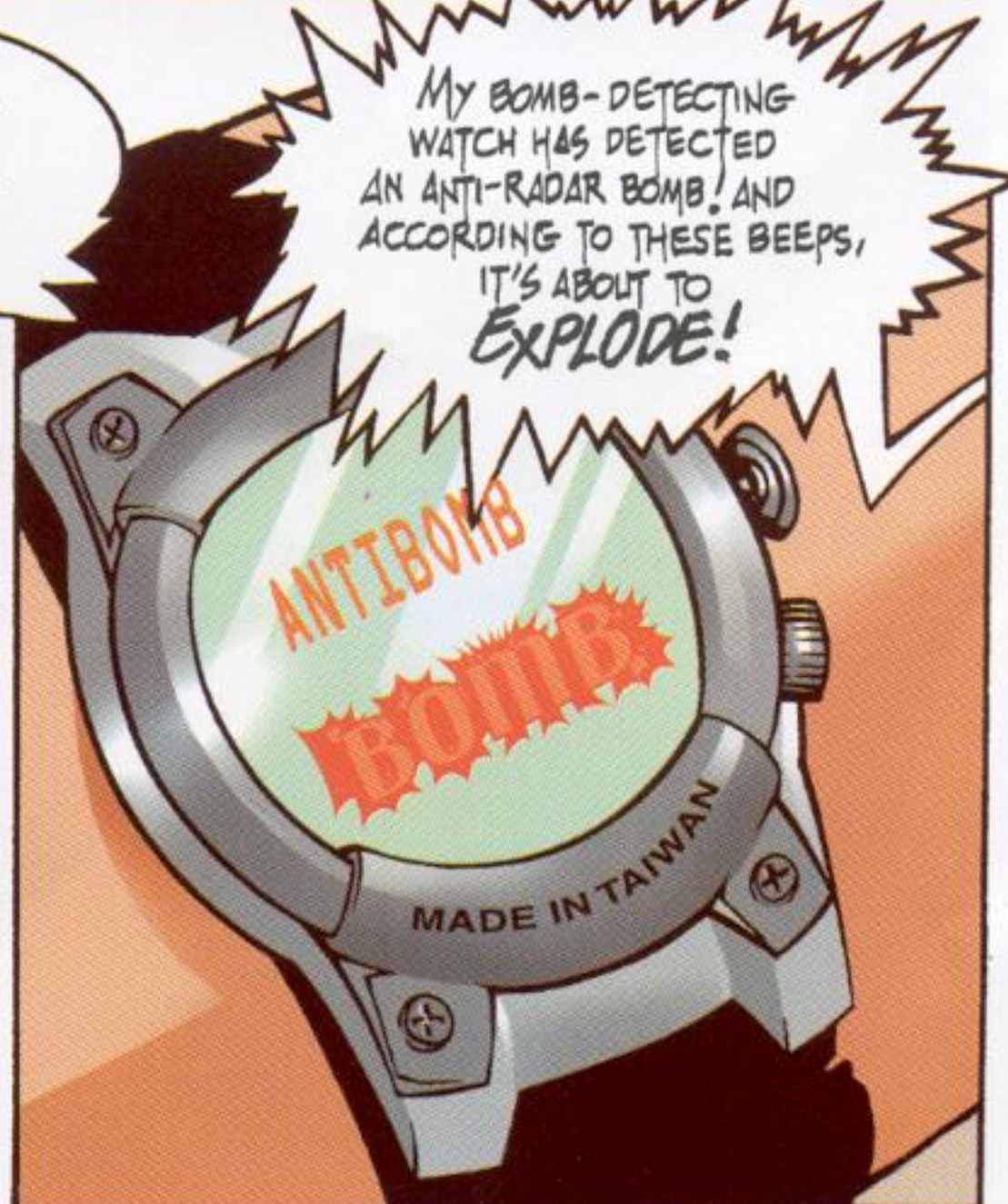


YOU KNOW? IN MY
COUNTRY, A WOMAN WOULD
NEVER BE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE
THE POSITION, MUCH LESS
REFUSE TO LET HER
PARTNER CUM INSIDE
HER.

YOUR
COUNTRY MUST
SUCK.



OH NO,
MY COUNTRY
IS FANTAS...
SHIT!



MY BOMB-DETECTING
WATCH HAS DETECTED
AN ANTI-RADAR BOMB! AND
ACCORDING TO THESE BEEPS,
IT'S ABOUT TO
EXPLODE!



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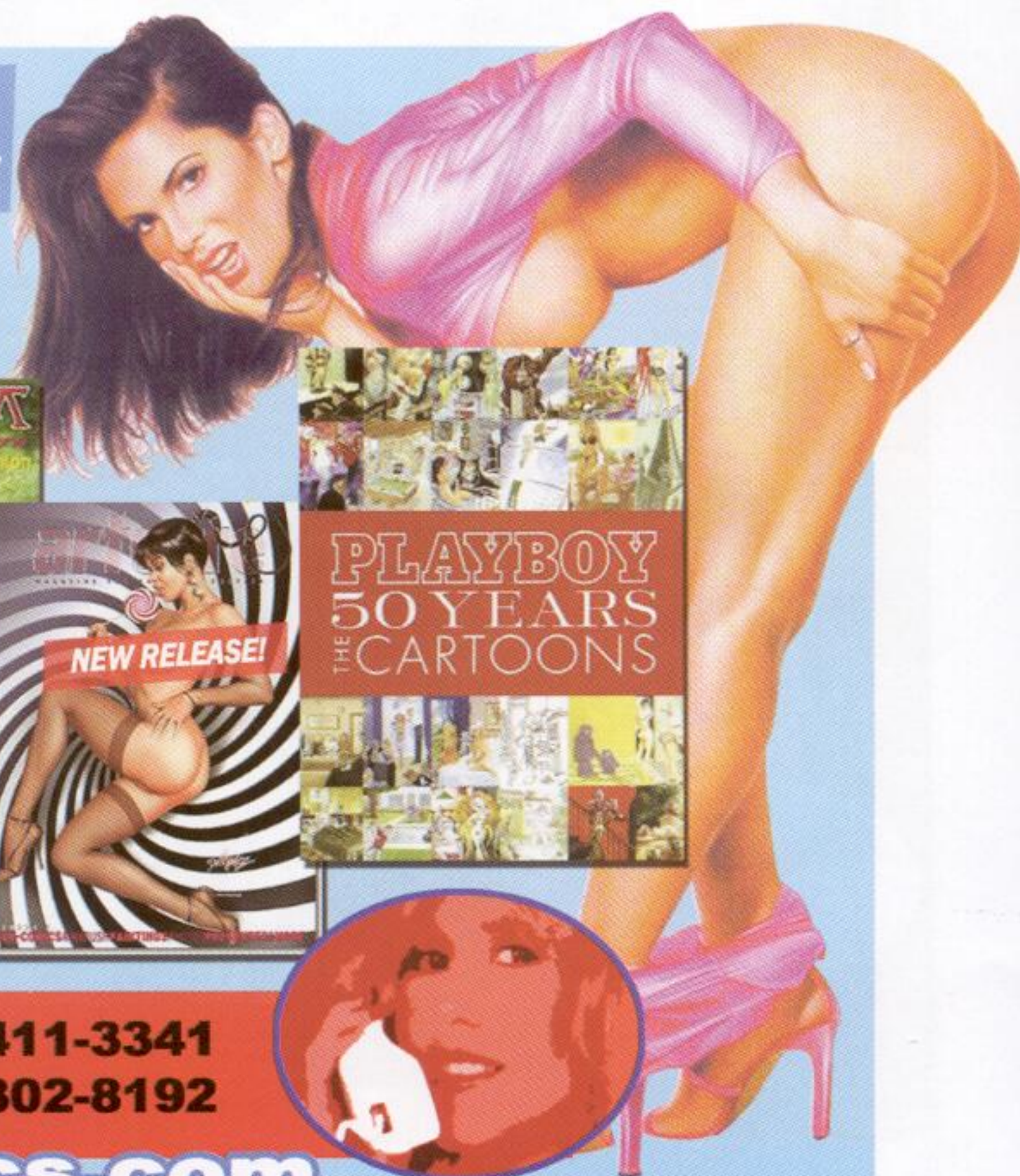
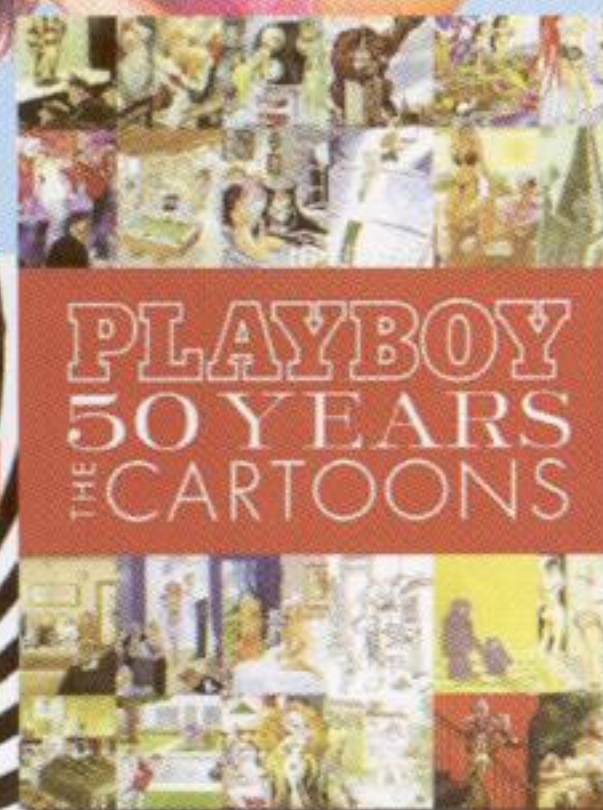
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ON THE BRINK OF TEARS• by Diego Greco & Erdosain



YEAH!
LET THE GROOM SPEAK.



THE WOMAN IN THE RED DRESS IS THE
WIFE OF JULES' UNCLE.



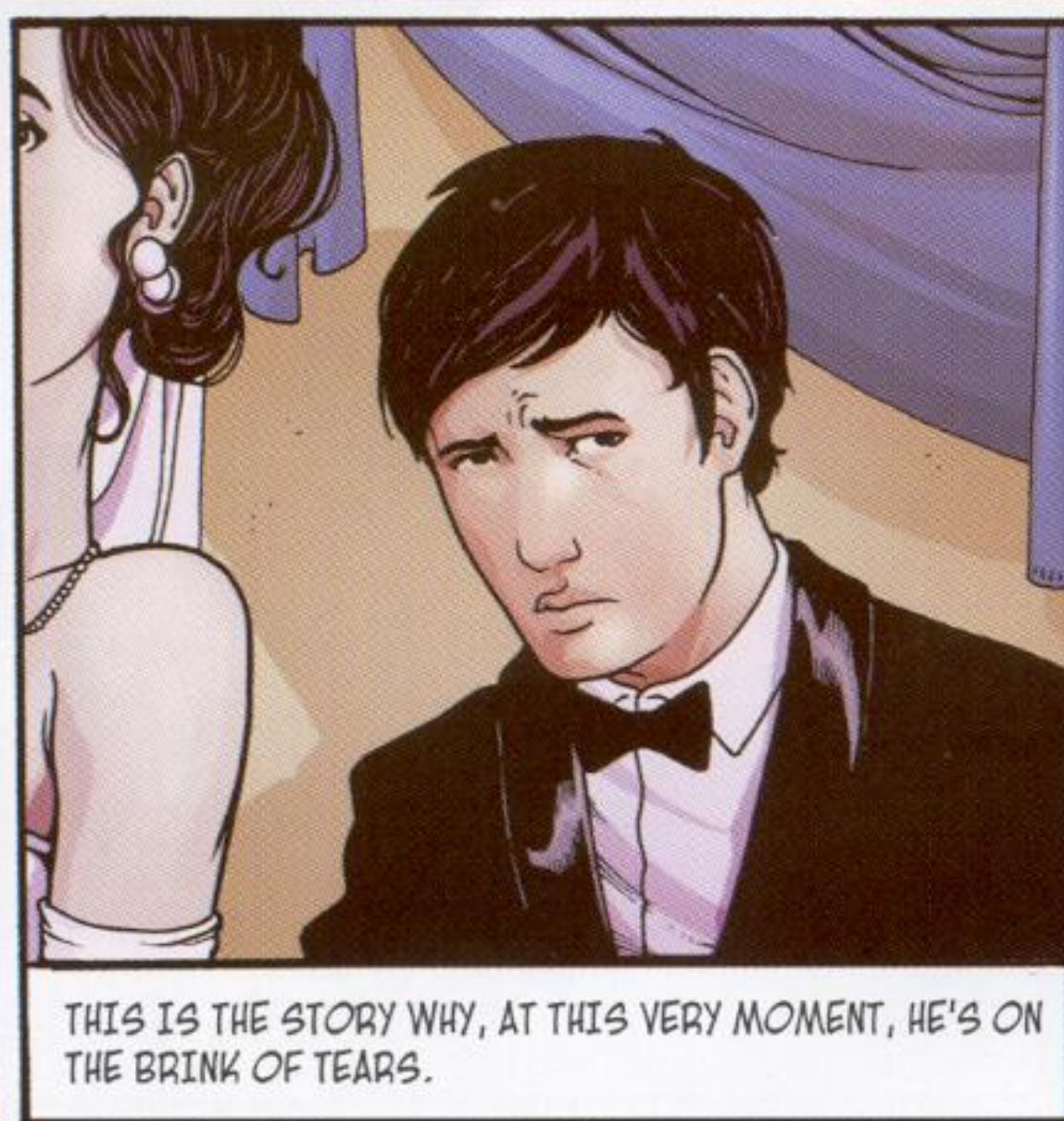
THE ONE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE IS ABEL, HIS
BEST FRIEND.



THIS IS JULES.



A SPEECH FROM THE GROOM!



THIS IS THE STORY WHY, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, HE'S ON
THE BRINK OF TEARS.



WHEN HE WAS EIGHTEEN, DUE TO ONE OF THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE, JULES HAD TO STAY AT THE HOUSE OF HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER FOR TWO MONTHS. HIS UNCLE HAD AN INCREDIBLY SEXY WIFE (JULES'S AUNT)...



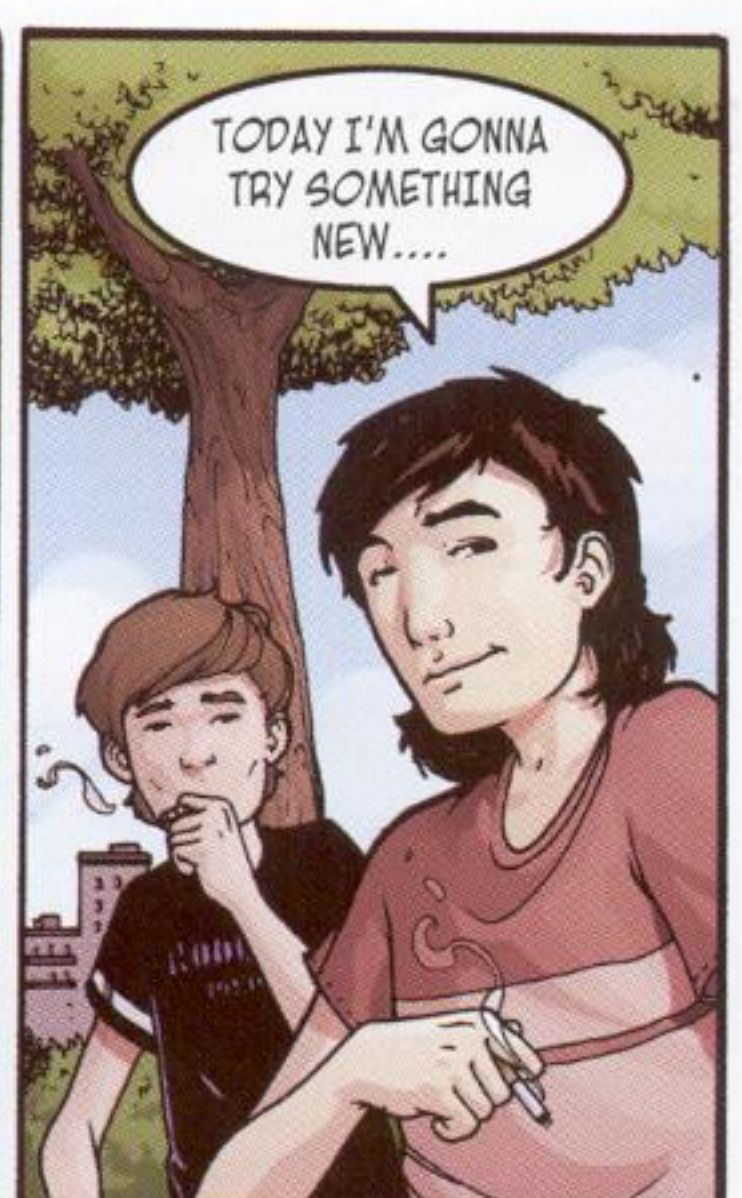
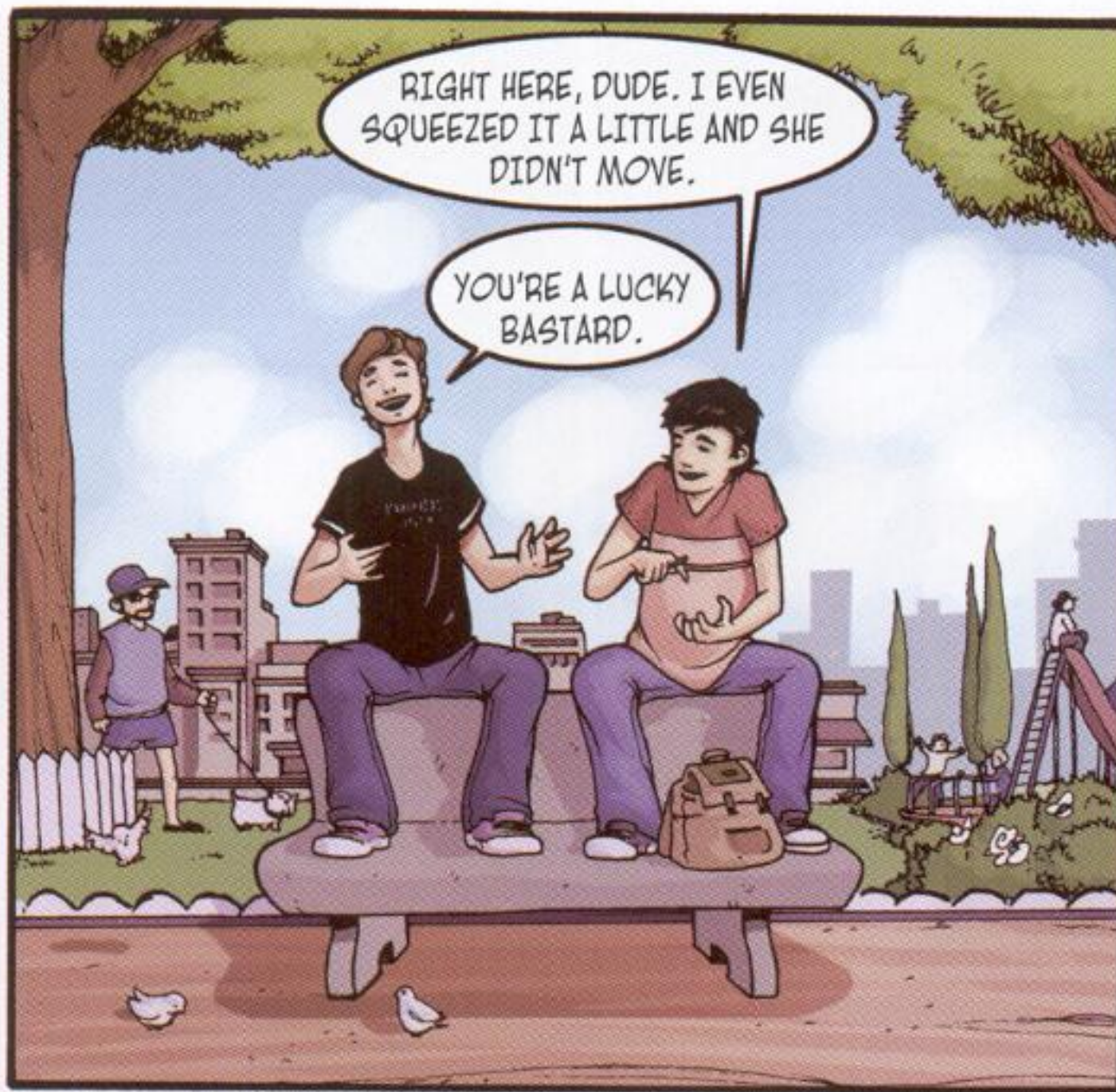
...THE HOUSE HAD ONLY ONE BEDROOM.



BY THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK JULES WAS OBSESSED WITH SEX.



THIS IS ABEL (HIS BEST FRIEND) AGAIN, YEARS AGO.



ABEL WAS THE ONLY PERSON THAT KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT JULES AND HIS AUNT.



AT THE END OF THE SECOND WEEK, JULES DISCOVERED THAT HIS AUNT WASN'T A DEEP SLEEPER. SHE'D BEEN LETTING HIM TOUCH HER.



FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS, WHICH FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY TO JULES, HIS AUNT DID THE SAME THING.



JULES THOUGHT HE WAS ABOUT TO GO CRAZY.



FINALLY, ONE NIGHT, HIS AUNT SWALLOWED ALL HIS CUM AND WENT ON LICKING TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT. JULES THOUGHT THAT THE DOOR TO A WORLD OF UNKNOWN PLEASURES HAD FINALLY OPENED UP FOR HIM.



OBEYING HER ORDERS, JULES DISCOVERED THAT HIS AUNT REALLY ENJOYED THE SEX PLAY THAT BEGAN WHENEVER THEY WERE ALONE, EVEN FOR FIVE MINUTES.





THIS HAPPENED - FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME - THE LAST NIGHT JULES STAYED AT THEIR HOUSE. BY THAT TIME HE HAD BECOME A SEX JUNKIE. HE DIDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING. HE GOT OFF JUST WATCHING HER.





WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR JULES TO GO HOME, HIS AUNT CLOSED THE DOOR TO HER FAVORS FOR ALWAYS. JULES NEVER MANAGED TO ACCEPT IT. TODAY, EIGHT YEARS LATER, HE WAS GETTING MARRIED TO TRY TO FORGET HER.



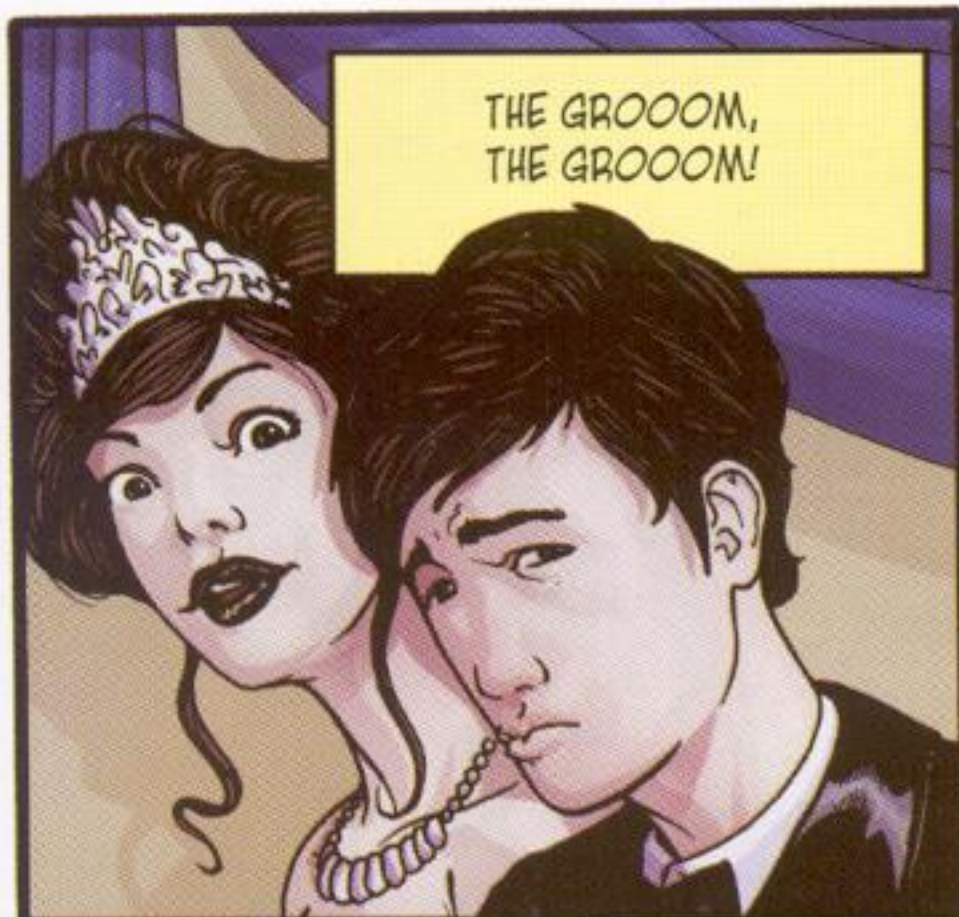
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS WEDDING PARTY, JULES WAS LOOKING FOR A QUIET PLACE TO RELAX AND SMOKE A JOINT.



THE ONLY PLACE HE FOUND WAS ALREADY OCCUPIED.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE ABEL? HIS BEST FRIEND, THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THAT JULES WAS STILL IN LOVE WITH HIS AUNT.



THE GROOOM,
THE GROOOM!



SPEEECH, SPEEECH!



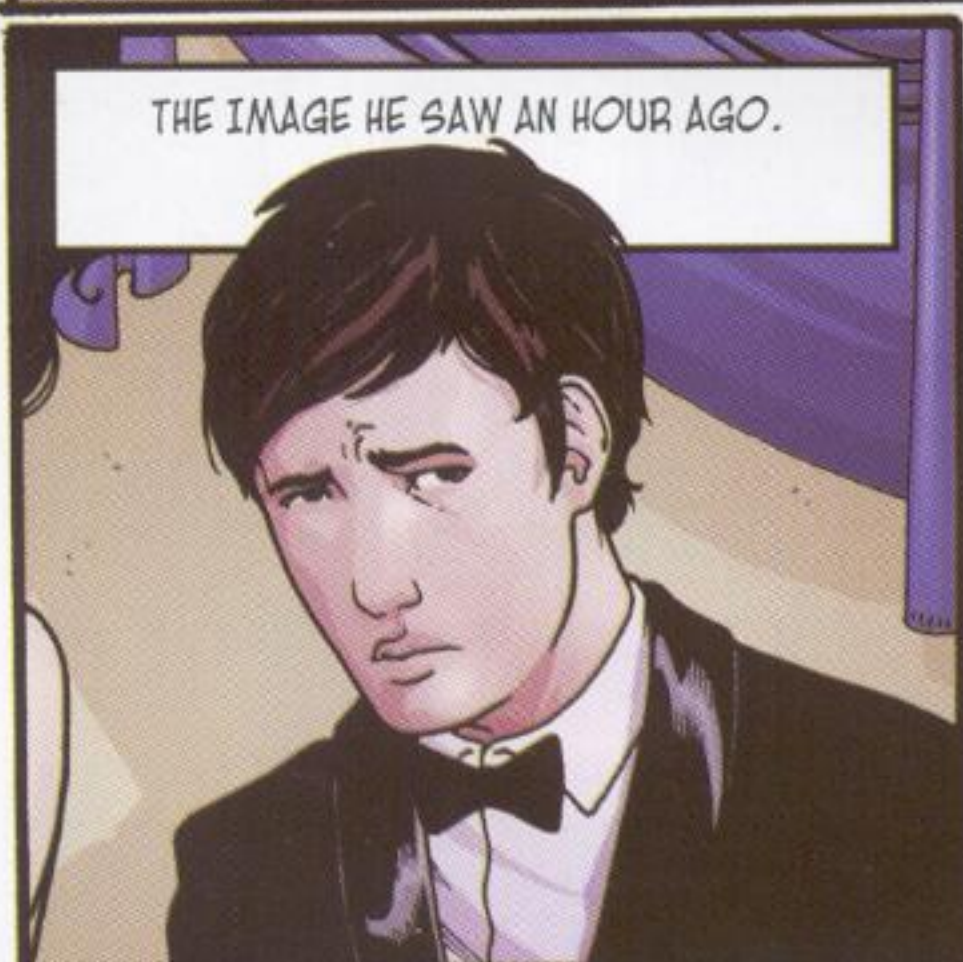
AND THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY WHY JULES
IS ON THE BRINK OF TEARS.

BUT I'D LIKE TO ADD ONE LITTLE DETAIL,
A BONUS TRACK.

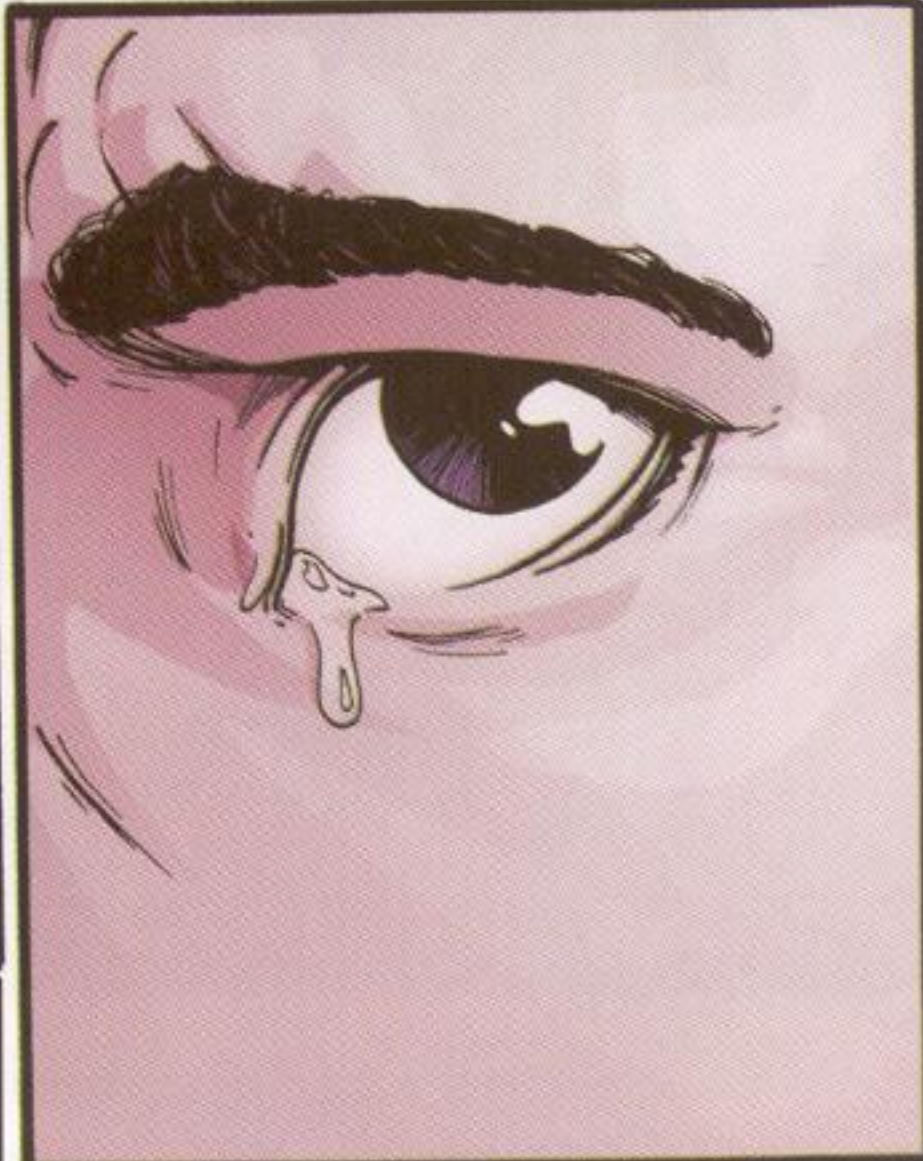
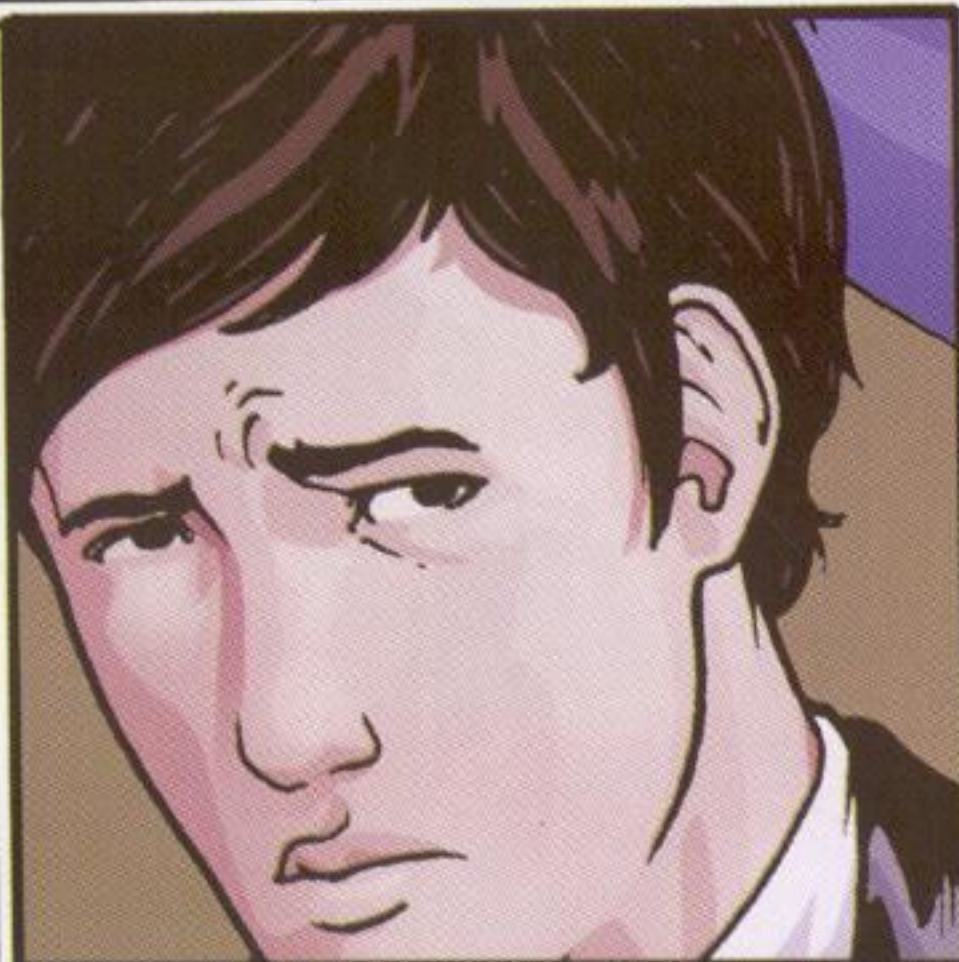
NOW, WITH SORROW CRUSHING HIS CHEST,
JULES CAN'T GET THAT VISION OUT OF HIS
HEAD....



A LITTLE... MORE....



THE IMAGE HE SAW AN HOUR AGO.



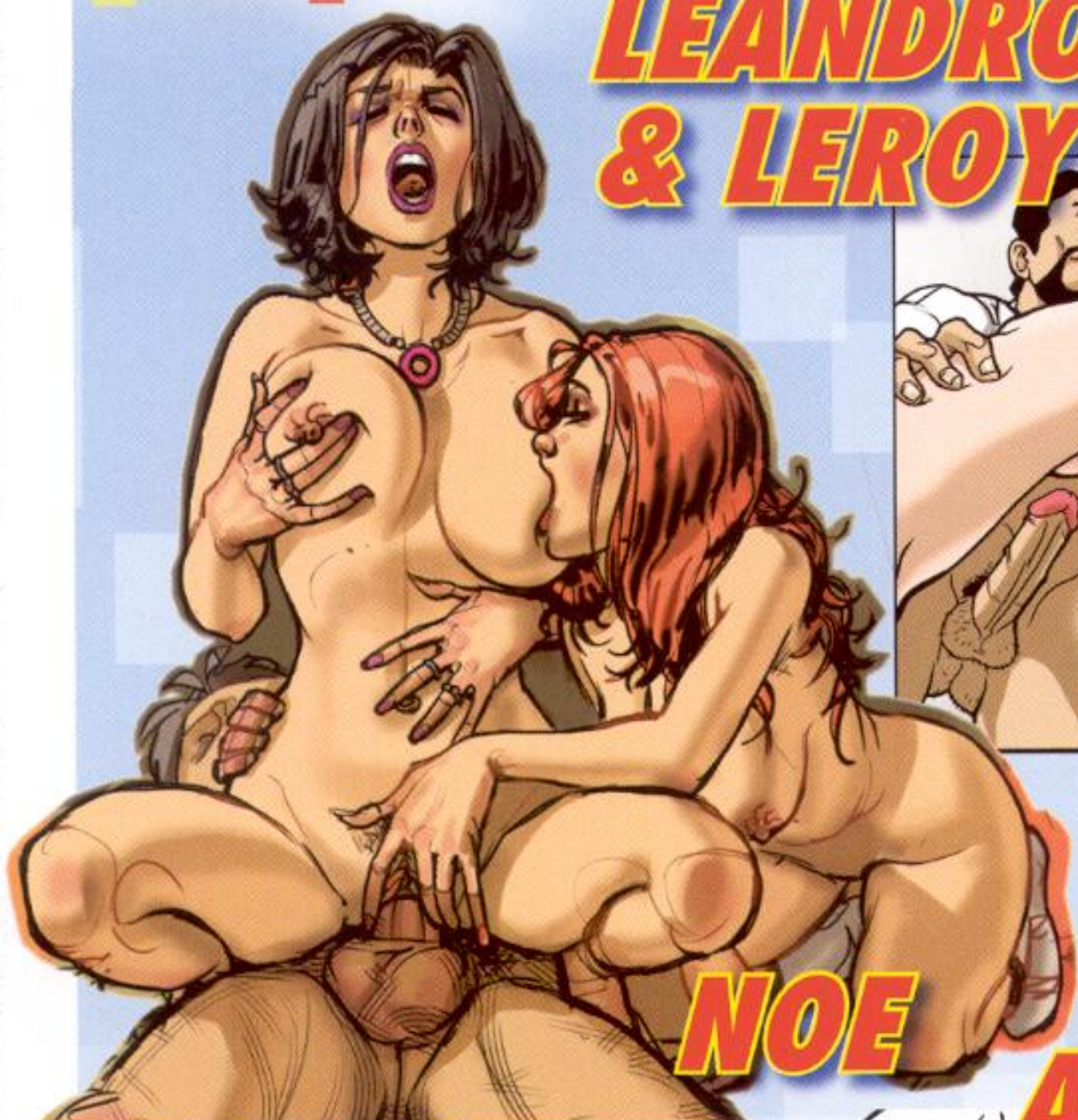
AND VERY SLOWLY...

...HE GETS A HARD ON.

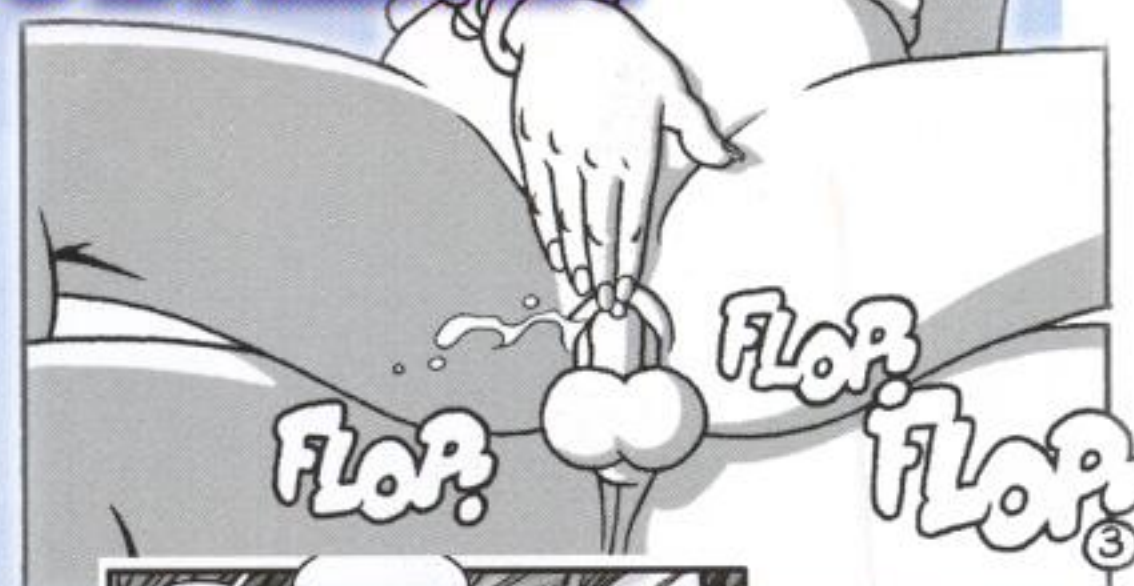
Next issue



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& LEROY**



TOBALINA



ALVARO



ARINO



**BRITO
& VAL**



DIEGO GRECO



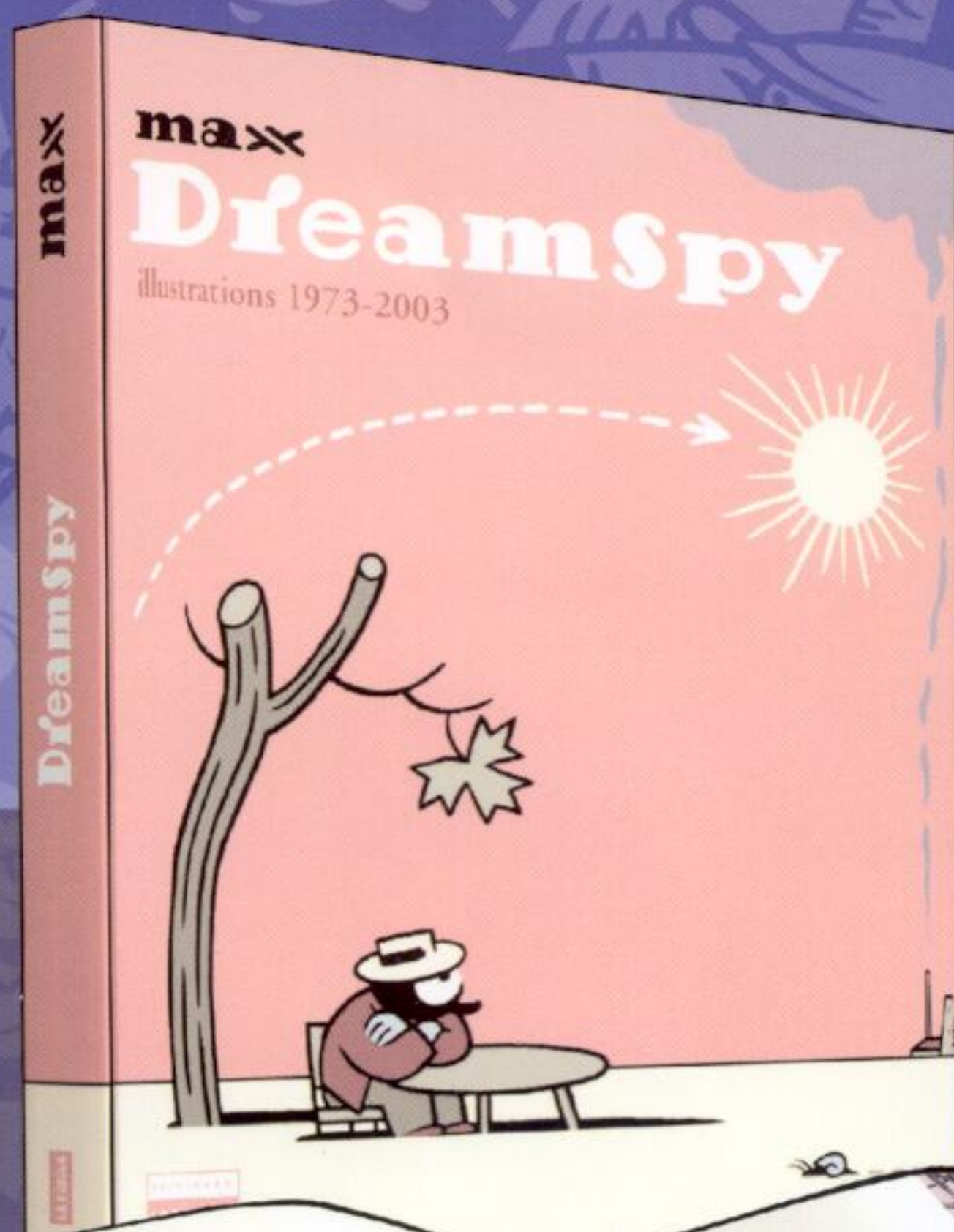
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